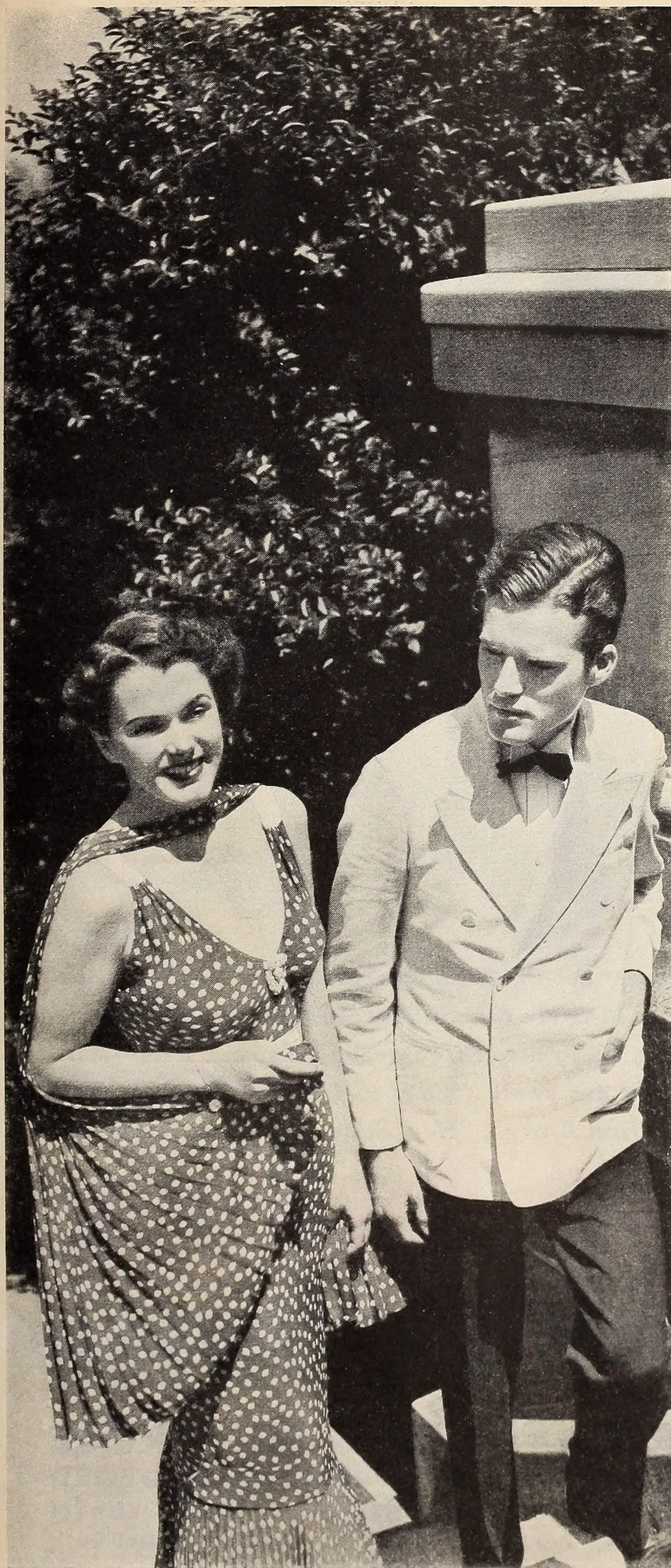




She always came with Brother

Poor thing . . . for years Ellen had been coming to parties with an irritated and unwilling brother . . . simply because no other man would take her! And yet, when she came out of college, everybody said that with such prettiness and charm she'd be married before she knew it. But the whispered story of her trouble went the rounds, as it always does, and simply ruined her socially. That is what halitosis (unpleasant breath) does to many a woman, many a man—without their even realizing its presence.

* * *

No Laughing Matter

People no longer laugh about halitosis. Research has established this offensive condition as being so real, such an everyday threat, that only the ignorant and careless fail to take precautions against it. The fastidious, realizing it is the fault unforgivable, are continually on guard.

A Notable Deodorant

There has always been one *safe* product especially fitted to correct halitosis pleasantly and promptly. Its name is Listerine, and it is the pleasantest tasting, most delightful mouth wash you can use. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine, here is what happens:

Four Benefits

- (1). Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.
- (2). Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.
- (3). Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.
- (4). The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, use Listerine. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend. *Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.*



LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
162 brushings in the 40¢ tube



She's back (and will you ever forget her in "Broadway Melody of 1936") in the Biggest Musical Show of this Year...M-G-M's dazzling successor to "Great Ziegfeld" ...brim-full of brilliant scenes, thrilling dances, gorgeous girls, and stars—stars—STARS! The Cole Porter songs are swell ("Easy to Love", "I've Got You Under My Skin", "Swingin' The Jinx Away", "Hey, Babe, Hey", and lots more).

BORN TO DANCE

Starring

ELEANOR POWELL

with

JAMES STEWART • VIRGINIA BRUCE

UNA MERKEL • SID SILVERS • FRANCES LANGFORD

RAYMOND WALBURN • ALAN DINEHART • BUDDY EBSSEN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Directed by Roy Del Ruth

REFLECTING *the* MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

DECEMBER 1936

VOLUME SEVEN
NUMBER TWO

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

for DECEMBER 1936

The Opening Chorus



Janet Gaynor

A Letter From Liza

DEAR BOSS:

Now really I don't know why I, the most fabulous fibber of my time, should suddenly see the light and go dashing about Hollywood with white banners of truth swishing from the inverted flower-pot which someone with a sense of humor sold me for a hat. I who could tell whoppers bigger than a whale could swallow. Maybe I'm just "in a phase" as we are constantly saying about Joan Crawford, but if I am in a phase I must say that there are a lot of movie stars in the same phase with me. Poor dears, they are so tired of being glamorized and vaporized and made to appear in print as somebody they aren't at all. They consider their real selves far more interesting than their reel selves, and they're right. Yes, indeed, I'm all for more and more movie stars coming out in the open and saying "I chew my finger nails, so what?"

One of the little pupils who gets a nice fat A in my debunking class is Janet Gaynor. Janet is pretty darned sick of playing ingenuish Cinderella rôles, and being publicized as a sweet bit of fluff, a ga-ga child of whimsy, and a darling little demented nincompoop. As a matter of fact Janet isn't darling, sweet, or whimsical at all. She's a very determined young woman with a temper—and she's no birdbrain. It was no fault of hers she became the leading Whimsy-Pooh of the screen, and now that she is through with her Fox contract and free lancing you'll be seeing the real Gaynor for a change. You probably never suspected it but Janet is really one of the best comediennes of Hollywood—you caught a whiff of it in "Small Town Girl" and "Ladies in Love." But just wait, she'll out-romp Lombard and Patsy Kelly any minute now.

Another gal who belies her publicity is Jean Harlow. According to her pictures and her stories Jean would think nothing of jumping on a table at the nearest party and doing a Gypsy Rose Lee (a strip dancer to those of you who have led a sheltered life)—though, of course, she was only doing it because her heart was breaking over Spencer Tracy or Clark Gable or what have you on the Metro lot. Jean, I suppose, is one of the least seen about town girls in Hollywood. You can't step out of your door without stumbling over Jeanette MacDonald, or Irene Dunne, or Barbara Stanwyck, but it's Jean, not they, who gets the rep for being a party girl. Jean lives in a small house, saves her money, fusses over her cats, and worries over her mother's health which has been bad lately.

And so farewell to Whimsy-Pooh Gaynor and Hot-Cha Harlow. And when it's truth you want come to—

Liza

Quickly...

Correct These Figure Faults
Perfolastic Not Only Confines,
It Removes Ugly Bulges!



Reduces Hips
Thighs and
Diaphragm

Takes away
Abdominal
Fat and Bulge
"Derriere"

IF YOU Do Not REDUCE
at least 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
... it will cost you nothing!

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the sure, safe way to reduce . . . Perfolastic! "Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and reduced my waist 9 inches", writes Mrs. Derr. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Girdle and Diaphragm Reducing Brassiere at our expense?

IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER!

■ You do not risk one penny . . . simply try Perfolastic for 10 days without cost. You will be thrilled with the results . . . as are all Perfolastic wearers! You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm . . . the spots where fat first accumulates.

MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISE!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. You reduce simply by the massage-like action of this "live" material. The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks . . . safely! You cannot lose. Mail the coupon now!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 7312, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

"You're Telling Me?"

To Win A Signed,
Framed And Inscribed
Photograph, Write
A Fan Letter.

Pat O'Brien and
Ann Sheridan work
together for "The
Great O'Malley."



Dick Powell's photo,
won by Ann Aquina.

Ginger Rogers'
photo, won by Mary
Louise Meyer.

"ALL the lady fans can have their Gables, Howards, Powells, and yes, even their Taylors, but if I had my choice I would take Henry Fonda and be more than satisfied. He's a star who can act, but acts natural, and on top of that he's one of the handsomest men on the screen," writes Sylvia Lewis of Rockdale Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Tut, tut. He's married now!

SHIPLEY W. RICKER of Monument St., West Medford, Mass., writes: "Here's to William Powell, from a constant admirer of his fine characterizations. On the screen I have watched with interest his suave portrayal of emotions none the less deep in that they are so carefully held in check. I should be proud to name him my friend."

Among his friends he is known as the wittiest star.

"AN ACTRESS that has everything—looks and the ability to act. That's Barbara Stanwyck. She is really one of the most talented actresses I've ever seen. Her acting is true and sincere," writes Elsie Ranta of 6th Avenue, Hibbing, Minn. "I just saw her in 'His Brother's Wife,' and I would like to see her in it over and over again.

This coupon must accompany your letter. Not good after Dec. 7, 1936

Editor,

"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"

SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.
In the event that my letter is selected for a prize, I should be pleased to have a framed and inscribed photograph of

My name is _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____

The fifty winners of the signed, framed photographs offered in August have been notified by mail.



I'm urging my friends to see it. I would cherish a picture of her."

A boost for Babs.

"WHAT A man Mr. Eddy is and what a voice," writes Jane Bieth of Locust St., Buffalo, N. Y. "If this doesn't win me a picture, I don't know what will. From the bottom of my heart I say he is marvelous."

He is Philadelphia's gift to the movies.

"FRENCH ACCENT, charming personality, excellent acting! Who else could it be but France's gift to Hollywood—Charles Boyer? He is really handsome, but I became his ardent admirer

because of his first-rate acting," writes Jean Holm of Nicholas St., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Vive le Boyer.

"CHARM AND magnificence is all I can think of when looking at that swell, real actor—Henry Fonda," writes Ellenann Estep of Wisconsin Ave., Peoria, Ill. "After trying for a long time to choose my favorite actor, I have at last discovered him to be none other than Henry Fonda."

You grow fonder and fonder?

"WILLIAM POWELL is my favorite movie actor," writes Priscilla Cox of Kensington Pl., Syracuse, N. Y. "The first picture I saw him in was 'The Thin Man'—it was very good. I like him because he has such a pleasing personality. He always makes everybody like him."

Be sure and see "Libeled Lady."

"TO BING CROSBY'S 'Rhythm on the Range' I say, 'Congratulations, Bing, on a fine piece of work,'" writes Jane Cale of Monroe St., Paducah, Ky. "I have always been one of his fans and I know this picture brought him many more."

He puts the rhythm in romance.



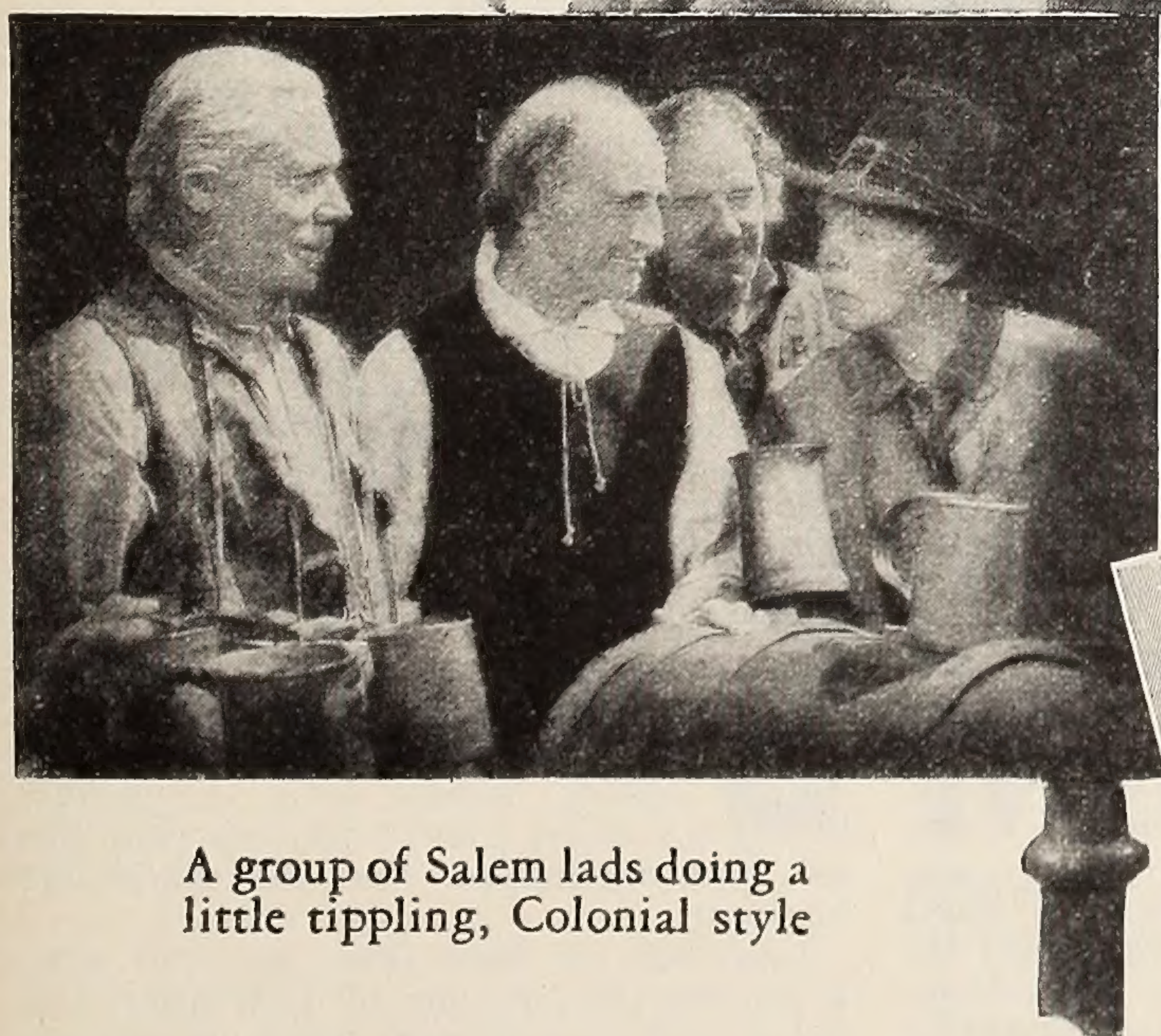
Frank Lloyd reads an amusing page in the script to the two stars, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray

With Frank (Mutiny on the Bounty) Lloyd as producer-director, with your favorites, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, in the lead roles, Paramount's "Maid of Salem" sweeps before the cameras. Here are the first glimpses of this mighty picture of a love which braved the blazing fury of Colonial New England's witchcraft persecutions.

Claudette Colbert as Barbara Clarke, the little "Maid of Salem"



One of the Salem gentry who has talked back to the law gets a day in the stocks



A group of Salem lads doing a little tippling, Colonial style

Claudette Colbert
and **Fred MacMurray** in
"MAID OF SALEM"

A Paramount Picture with Harvey
Stephens and Edward Ellis. Produced
and Directed by **FRANK LLOYD**

AN AMAZING NEW PERMANENT WAVE



NO ELECTRICAL HEAT
NO CHEMICAL HAIR-PULLING
NO WIRES

FREDERICS offers the most important beauty discovery since the advent of the curling iron—a Wireless Permanent Wave. Produces Permanently beautiful waves—INSTANTLY—NATURALLY—without intense Electrical Heat—without harsh Chemical Heat—without hair-pulling wires—without any discomfort. Sounds unbelievable—impossible—but it's true.

Send your name and address to Dept. I, E. Frederics, Inc., 235-247 East 45th Street, New York City

—for a list of Authorized Frederics Salons who give Frederics Vita Tonic and Vitron Wireless Perma-nents. We will also send you sample Vita Tonic and Vitron Magic Shield Wireless Wrappers to take with you when going for your Frederics Permanent. Make sure that only these Genuine Frederics Wrappers are used on your hair.



For a natural wave—a permanently beautiful—soft, lasting wave, demand a Frederics Wireless Permanent

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VITA-TONIC and VITRON
WIRELESS
Permanent Waves

BE BEAUTIFUL WHEN EVENING COMES

Make-up Secrets Which Give
That Well-Groomed Look.

THIS is the season for dates and dances and doing the town in the Grand Manner! So we're going to give you our very best advice on how to prepare for a gala evening.

Here's what we consider the proper procedure:

Cleanse your face and neck with your favorite cleansing cream, and don't be afraid to use soap and water if it's part of your regular beauty regime. If you use an all-purpose cream, like Primrose House "Delv," make a second application and leave it on. If your cosmetic supply includes a special lubricating cream, smooth a little of this over your face and neck instead. Teeth brushed? All right, now you're ready for your bath or shower.

A perfumed bath is grand to relax tired nerves and raise your spirits. Better still is a bubbling foam bath like Helena Rubinstein's new Pasturized Milk Bath.

Dusting with bath powder or a rub-down with eau de Cologne is luxurious and refreshing, only be sure the fragrance doesn't clash with the perfume you apply later.

If your coiffure runs to curls in the modern mode, they'll probably need some repairs. Have you discovered Pro-Curler? It's a dandy little gadget that will make soft, natural-looking curls easily and quickly. They can be held in place as long as you wish with bob pins that are invisible. Actually, you can start from scratch and make all your own curls with a Pro-Curler. And it's fun to use!

Now for the all-important make-up. While you've been bathing, the cream you left on your face has eased out fatigue lines and softened your skin so it's prepared for whatever make-up is best to give you a flattering, natural-looking and lasting complexion that will stay with you, whatever amusement the evening may hold.

Your evening make-up must be lasting, so that you'll be confident you look your best without resorting to your vanity every little while. No make-up will stand too much repairing. The first essential for lasting make-up is a good foundation. Cream rouge is the most dependable for the "long pull." However, we realize it's hard to apply unless you know the rules. Your face should be moist with a foundation, not a liquid powder. Pat the cream rouge gently in little dabs over the cheek-



Claudette Colbert's
slim beauty is suited
to gowns of distinc-
tion.

bone area, then smooth it carefully up and out. Here's a trick to keep you from looking fatigued toward the end of the evening: Bring your cream rouge right up to the edge of the lower eyelid and smooth it well over the outer half toward your temple. This prevents dark circles or that too-white-around-the-eyes look from stamping you as a girl who ought to be home in bed when the party is still going strong. The effect is one of warmth and vitality.

Powder is applied *after* cream rouge, and the same goes for liquid powder or any finishing lotion that leaves a powdery film on the skin. Do a thorough job of powdering, and then as little repairing as possible as the evening wears on. Pat your powder generously on your forehead, nose, chin and cheeks. Then blend it gently over every exposed surface—except your eyelids, using your fingertips in the crevices. Whisk off the excess with a powder brush. Now a touch of compact rouge if you want

added brightness.

We're against powdering arms and the rest of your décolletage as gross injustice to escorts. So if you want to extend your evening make-up below the chin-line, use a liquid powder or finishing lotion that won't rub off. Max Factor's Make-Up Blender is excellent to bring the beauty of your neck, arms, back and even hands into harmony with your face, and it won't rub off.

To make your lipstick doubly adherent and non-transferable, try this trick: After your lips are thoroughly rouged, place a folded cleansing tissue between them. Hold it firmly with your lips and press it against each one. The excess comes off in the imprint and what remains will stay where you put it.

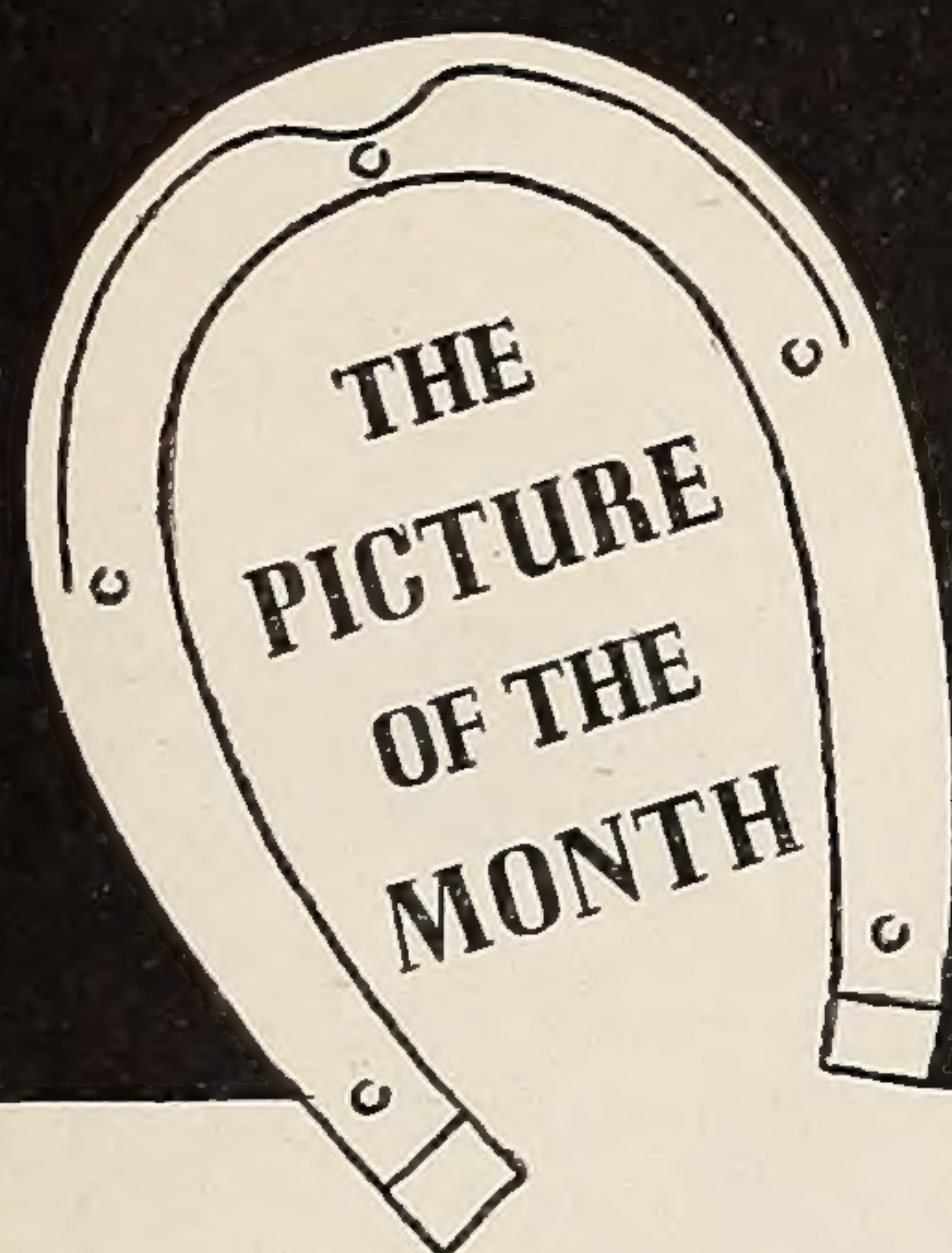
Personally, we're addicted to the new Tattoo lipstick because it is wonderfully lasting yet moist enough to keep your lips soft and unchapped. And the shades are luscious!

Last, but far from least, are your eyes. Brush any stray powder off your brows and lashes with your eyelash brush. If you use eyeshadow, and it does have a way of adding to the depth and brightness of your eyes, apply it from the middle of the eyeball and edge of the lid up toward the brow and out toward the temple.

By
Mary Lee

WINNER OF THE LAUGH SWEEPSTAKES!

Thanks to the inspired "Oiwin" of that bewildered young man, Frank McHugh, "THREE MEN ON A HORSE" is both the picture of the month and the farce of the year! Take our tip and be in the grandstand when it romps into town!



'Oiwin' had two great passions—poems and ponies. But when his tearful bride faced him with a notebook filled with strange feminine names and numbers 'Oiwin' became an "also ran!"



The "mob" discovered 'Oiwin' and found a walking gold mine. His penchant for picking ponies made paupers out of bookies but millions for the mob!



"Oiwin, you're the first guy to really prove that man's best friend is the horse."

"It's the horse that deserves the credit—all I did was pick him—he had to go to the trouble of running."



When his bride found out that the names in the notebook weren't pretties but ponies—all was forgiven—and 'Oiwin' forgot about races and went back to rhymes. It's the big cheek-to-cheek finish of the Laugh Sweepstakes of the year!



"3

MEN ON A HORSE"

"Three Men On a Horse," the sensational stage success is in its second big year on Broadway and still going strong! The greatest comedy hit in 10 years played by 6 companies in 4 countries to capacity crowds!

Warner Bros.

A MERVYN LEROY
Production with
FRANK MCHUGH
as "OIWIN"
JOAN BLONDELL
GUY KIBBEE • CAROL
HUGHES • ALLEN JENKINS
SAM LEVINE • TEDDY HART

The Choice of Stars!



PARAMOUNT PICTURES STARS

IF you would be certain of smooth, evenly-spread face powder, then use the famous Screen Star Powder Puffs—the choice of famous screen stars. Zephyr-light, soft as down, they're carefully made under the most sanitary conditions. Their deep pile, consistently fine, evenly-textured surface is composed of thousands of tiny silky-soft plush fibres. Screen Star Puffs hold your powder on top—where it belongs—and dust your powder on with the delicate touch of a summer's breeze—the way it should be done. Use Screen Star Puffs for a satin-smooth powder finish. And change your puff frequently for health as well as beauty. A clean skin demands a clean puff. Five cents at all leading chain stores.

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YOUR FAVORITE SCREEN STAR

SCREEN STARS Powder Puffs

"HITCH YOUR BEAUTY TO A STAR"

Don't forget—with each Screen Star Puff is a Hollywood Beauty Secret. Save these folders. They're good for free premium.



TIPS ON PICTURES

Brief Reviews to Insure
Happy Evenings.



Mae West puts a punch in her picture, "Go West, Young Man." Warren William is on the receiving end.



ADVENTURE IN MANHATTAN—Good. Joel McCrea and Jean Arthur are a pleasant team in this story concerning a famous jewel that is missing, with Joel as a screwy reporter and Jean an actress, both of whom get mixed up in its recovery. It's light and amusing.

AS YOU LIKE IT—Interesting. From England comes a screen version of that whimsical pastoral idyll by Shakespeare known as "Are You Like It." Elizabeth Bergner is charming as Rosalind and Laurence Olivier is excellent as Orlando. While the film is nowhere nearly as lavish as our own Shakespearean efforts, it is a faithful transcription of the written play.

CAIN AND MABEL—Fine. All about a waitress who turns Broadway hooper and finds herself messed up in a love affair, organized for purely publicity reasons, with Clark Gable, a pugilist. How these two manage to get over their pretty obvious dislike of one another furnishes the nucleus of a sprightly story. (Allen Jenkins, Roscoe Karns, Ruth Donnelly.)

CRAIG'S WIFE—Excellent. This may not be the liveliest type of film fare, but it is recommended to all those who take life seriously and like it depicted sincerely and honestly on the screen. The story deals with a wife whose home becomes an obsession to her—of more importance than the husband who loves her. The cast includes Rosalind Russell, John Boles and Billie Burke.

DANIEL BOONE—Fair. A picture based on the life of a famous backwoods' pioneer. It has some effective scenes of cross-country treks but, for the adults, little else to recommend it. Children, however, will enjoy the fighting, the Indians, and the performance of the ever-popular George O'Brien.

DEVIL ON HORSEBACK, THE—Fair. A story of the South American pampas, produced in color, and with Lili Damita, Fred Keating and Del Campo in the cast. There is a pleasant blend of music, melodrama and romance and it will do nicely on a dual bill.

15 MAIDEN LANE—Good. This concerns those old meanies—the jewel thieves—once again, but it is cleverly produced and has a nice share of comedy, drama, thrills, etc., to make it seem quite new. The excellent cast includes Claire Trevor, Cesar Romero, Lloyd Nolan, Robert McWade.

GAY DESPERADO, THE—Fine. An hilariously funny comedy with music, featuring the celebrated concert and opera singer, Nina Martini, and Leo Carrillo as a couple of gay Mexican bandits. There's plenty of action, color and romance, the latter supplied by pretty Ida Lupino.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED—Fair. Zane Grey is responsible for the plot which we need not go into here inasmuch as you probably know it all by heart. However, the settings in the Northwest mountains are authentic, gigantic and awe-inspiring and do their level best to make you forget the familiar story structure. (Alan Dinehart, Robert Kent, Rosalind Keith).

MAGNIFICENT BRUTE, THE—Good. A field day for Victor McLaglen who once again

plays a big two-fisted guy whose rowdy rivalry with the boastful mill boss furnishes most of the plot. The mill makes an impressive background and the atmosphere of the milltown is very effective. (In cast, Jean Dixon, Binnie Barnes, Henry Armetta).

MAN WHO LIVED TWICE—Good. A study in criminal psychology, with special emphasis laid on a new scientific experiment which is supposed, if effective, to rid a criminal of all tendency toward crime. It is dramatic and exciting as worked out here. (Ralph Bellamy, Isabel Jewel, Marian Marsh.)

MY MAN GODFREY—Fine. One of those delirious farces which if taken in the right mood will amuse you no end. But be sure you're in the proper devil-may-care mood. The plot concerns a group of screwy socialites, one of whom, during a treasure hunt, brings a bum—played to the hilt by William Powell—into the house. The fine cast boasts Carole Lombard, Alice Brady and Gail Patrick.

NINE DAYS A QUEEN—Fine. One of the better English films. The story, concerning the unhappy Lady Jane Grey who reigned as Queen of England for nine brief days, will capture your emotions completely. The period is the 16th Century and the production is technically and artistically perfect. An excellent cast is headed by Nova Pilbeam (Little Friend), Cedric Hardwicke & Sybil Thorndyke.

POLO JOE—Amusing. Joe E. Brown is the star of this opus. He's a polo expert who actually knows none of the fine points of the game at all, and that's the basis of the comedy sequences. Carol Hughes is the love interest.

PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY, THE—Interesting. The idea for this mystery was evolved by President Roosevelt, and each chapter was written by a different famous author. It has a novel twist and plenty of thrills and will furnish a very satisfactory hour's entertainment. (Henry Wilcoxon, Evelyn Brent, Sidney Blackmer, Betty Furness.)

THREE MARRIED MEN—Amusing. With three such reliable comedians as Lynne Overman, William Frawley and Roscoe Karns in the title roles, you can't go very wrong if you choose this comedy of domesticity for your night's entertainment. Mary Brian and George Barbier are also in the cast and the famous Dorothy Parker and her husband wrote the dialogue.

THANK YOU, JEEVES—Fair. This features the droll Arthur Treacher in the role of Jeeves, Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's pompous butler, whose dour face and saturnine manner have brought grins of appreciation from every magazine reader with the merest excuse for a sense of humor. As a picture, however, the humor falls sadly flat. (David Niven-Virginia Field.)

VALIANT IS THE WORD FOR CARRIE—Fine. From a best-selling novel of last year comes this dramatic film concerning a woman whose reputation is not of the sunniest, but who, through her love and care for two waifs, redeems herself in the eyes of those who scorned her. Gladys George is excellent in the title role, and two newcomers play the kids' roles delightfully. When they grow up, Arlene Judge and John Howard play these two rôles.

New York's glorious prize play becomes the year's prize picture

(We nominate "Winterset" for the Best Picture of 1936)

Like a thunderbolt of naked light, "Winterset" struck Broadway! Youth's impassioned cry for love, rising out of a great city's sound and fury!...Crowded audiences sat enthralled by its swift, burning drama. For months, they warmed their hearts in its deep-glowing romance... "Winterset" won the Critics' Award as the best play produced in New York last season. Now, with the three exciting stars who made it a stage sensation, it tears at your heart on the screen.

"Winterset"

Maxwell Anderson's Famous Play with
BURGESS MEREDITH
MARGO

EDUARDO CIANNELLI
in the roles they created on the stage
John Carradine • Edward Ellis

Directed by Alfred Santell
AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE
A Pandro S. Berman Production



BURGESS MEREDITH... brilliant young actor who scored a triumph as "Mio," sworn to avenge his martyred father.



MARGO... who captured New York's heart as "Miriamne," the girl who fled to Mio's arms from a world of hate and danger.



EDUARDO CIANNELLI... unforgettable as the assassin whom Mio hunted down. Cold, savage killer, he could not kill love.



GEORGE
ARLISS

LORD OF THE ORIENT . . .
Subtle . . . Sinister . . . All-powerful . . . but powerless to impose his will on two young people madly in love . . .



EAST
MEETS
WEST

with **LUCIE MANNHEIM**
GODFREY TEARLE • ROMNEY BRENT
Directed by **HERBERT MASON** Story by **E. GREENWOOD**



COMING TO YOUR
FAVORITE THEATRE

A  **Production**



Arlene Judge puts the finishing touches to her own dinner table on special occasions.

HOLIDAY MEALS THAT BUSY WOMEN CAN PREPARE

IT'S Christmas again, probably the most important and busiest of all the holidays, a season doubly hard on the busy housewife and the career women with meals to prepare. For such women everywhere the following "Christmas Special" has been carefully worked out. Close adherence to these menus and recipes will enable you to feed your family and your guests well, and yet allow you time out for pleasure and happy hours around a glowing fire or a brightly lighted tree. Excepting the meat course, which once in the oven requires only an occasional "look-see" these meals can be made ready for your table in as little as 30 minutes.

First, there is breakfast, a meal that can be a "thing of beauty and a joy forever" with very little effort. Here are three menus that may be varied to suit individual tastes.

Menu 1

Half a grapefruit
Scrambled brains and eggs
Hot Bisquick Biscuits
Coffee Milk
Marmalade

Menu 2

Kellogg Corn Flakes with sliced bananas
Spanish omelette Buttered toast
Preserves
Coffee Milk

Menu 3

Stewed prunes
Broiled sweetbreads on toast
Toasted English muffins
Ginger marmalade
Coffee Milk

**SCRAMBLED EGGS
AND BRAINS**

Prepare the brains the night before. Wash and skin them under cold water and place

in refrigerator until ready to use. Scramble brains, adding beaten eggs (3 to 4 eggs per set of brains) when they are thoroughly done. Cook until eggs are also scrambled.

SPANISH OMELETTE

Make a plain omelette by beating egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Add a tablespoon milk to each egg used and salt and pepper to taste. Beat whites until stiff and dry and fold into first mixture. Pour into hot, greased omelette or frying pan. Cook until underside is rich brown. Place in a moderate oven (350° F.) until top is dry and firm. Loosen from pan with spatula and turn onto platter. The following sauce is poured over omelette.

Sauce

Fry chopped onions in butter in a sauce pan until tender. Add can of Del Monte tomato Sauce, chopped celery and green peppers and cook slowly for about 15 minutes.

BROILED SWEETBREADS

Sweetbreads may also be prepared the night before. Soak them about 25 minutes, longer if you have time, in enough water to cover. Cook in boiling water to which salt and 1 tablespoon vinegar has been added, for 20 minutes. Drain, plunge into cold water. Dry and separate tubes and membrane from meat. Split lengthwise. Next morning sprinkle with salt and pepper and broil in butter slowly for 20 minutes. Serve on toast with strips of crisp bacon.

Next let us consider our gala Christmas spread. Keep your decorations simple and in the Christmas spirit. The emotions which recur with the coming of Christmas belong to the whole world and to all time; it is not a

It Is No Longer Necessary
To Spend Long
Hours In The Kitchen.

By Ruth Corbin

national feast of the season like Thanksgiving.

CHRISTMAS DINNER MENU

Oyster cocktail Crackers Mock turtle soup
Roast turkey with dressing
Baked cranberry sauce
Canned French peas Candied yams
Boiled cauliflower—Drawn butter
Celery Olives
Mince pie with grated cheese
Black coffee

A nice substitute, and an unusual one, for the proverbial bird is a haunch or saddle of venison. Buy it a day or two before Christmas and wipe it off each day with vinegar. On Christmas morning wash it with warm, then with cold, water. Wipe perfectly dry, encase in a stiff paste of flour and water and wrap this in 2 layers of stiff white wrapping paper. Fill dripping pan $\frac{1}{3}$ full of hot water. Baste often with this, adding hot water if it evaporates too fast. Keep paper from scorching by baking and you need not fear for meat. Three quarters of an hour before dinner take from pan, remove paper, test with fork to make sure it is done; return to oven rubbed well with butter and as this is absorbed dredge with flour. Repeat baste three or four times while meat is browning. This will form a fine glaze. For gravy, stir into dripping pan, after meat is removed, a little brown flour for thickening, a tsp. of walnut catsup, a great spoonful of currant jelly and juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ a lemon. Garnish venison with alternate slices of lemon and pickled beet root laid on edge of dish. Currant or grape jelly belong to venison as cranberries do to turkey.

If your pocket book is too lean for venison or turkey, roast beef isn't a bad substitute. Remember happiness comes to those who can manufacture it from the on-hand materials. It is not a monopoly of the rich. And, if it is to be roast beef, prepare it in this way and feel sure you need not take off your hat to any hostess anywhere.

Wipe roast with damp cloth. Rub with salt and pepper allowing $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. salt and $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. pepper to each pound of meat. Dredge with flour, place in roasting pan and sear for 30 minutes in a very hot oven (475° F.). Reduce heat to slow (250° F.) and cook uncovered. For rare beef allow 18 minutes per pound; medium—20 minutes, and fairly well done—25 minutes.

BAKED CRANBERRY SAUCE

This is a *real* taste sensation.

1 pint cranberries 1 pint sugar
1 cup water (about)

Put berries in granite or porcelain pan large enough for each berry to touch bottom of pan. Dissolve sugar in water and pour over berries. Place berries in moderate oven and cook till plump and tender. Let cool in pan before placing in dish.

CANDIED YAMS

Parboil yams, then peel and slice lengthwise. Place in baking dish, sprinkle with sugar, dot with butter, little lemon juice and about 2 tbsp. syrup. Put in oven and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) and bake until sugar is dissolved and a thick syrup is formed.

Make your Mince Pie with Crosse and Blackwell Mince Meat. I don't think there is anything finer on the market. If you prefer a lighter dessert try this original one, never before published.

AMBROSIA A LA GWIN

In a round deep dish place a layer of whipped cream; sprinkle with sugar, place over this a layer of grated coconut, dot thickly with pineapple and tiny chips of Maraschino Cherry, then another layer of whipped cream. Repeat layers until dish is full ending with coconut and halved cherries. Serve in sherbet glasses.

NOSE PORES

Largest Pores on Your Body— A Test of Your Cleansing Methods!

By *Lady Esther*

The pores on the nose are the largest on your body. For this reason, if allowed to become clogged with waxy excretions, they will become conspicuously large and noticeable.

The pores on your nose, therefore, are a good test of your skin-cleansing methods. If the pores are plugged with waste matter and gaping large, it's a sign your methods are insufficient. By keeping your pores—and this includes the pores of your nose—*thoroughly* clean, you can keep them normal in size, invisibly small.

A Penetrating Cream Required

To get at the dirt and waxy matter that accumulates in your pores, you must use a face cream that penetrates, one that actually works its way into the pores. Such a cream is Lady Esther Face Cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. It actually penetrates the pores, and does it in a gentle and soothing manner.

Penetrating the pores, Lady Esther Face Cream goes to work on the imbedded dirt and waste matter. It dissolves it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable. In a fraction of the usual time, your skin is thoroughly clean.

Cleansed perfectly, your pores can again function freely—open and close as Nature intended. Automatically then, they reduce themselves to their normal small size and you no longer have anything like conspicuous pores.

Lubrication, Also

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It re-supplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth.

Make a test on your face of Lady Esther Face Cream. See for yourself how thoroughly it cleans out the pores. Mark how quickly your pores come down in size when relieved of their choking burden. Note the new life and smoothness your skin takes on. One test will tell you volumes.

See For Yourself!

All first-class drug and department stores sell Lady Esther Face Cream, but a 7-days' supply is free for the asking. Just mail the coupon below or a penny postcard and by return mail you'll receive the cream—PLUS all five shades of my exquisite Lady Esther Face Powder. Write today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.)

(28)

FREE

Lady Esther, 2062 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail your 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

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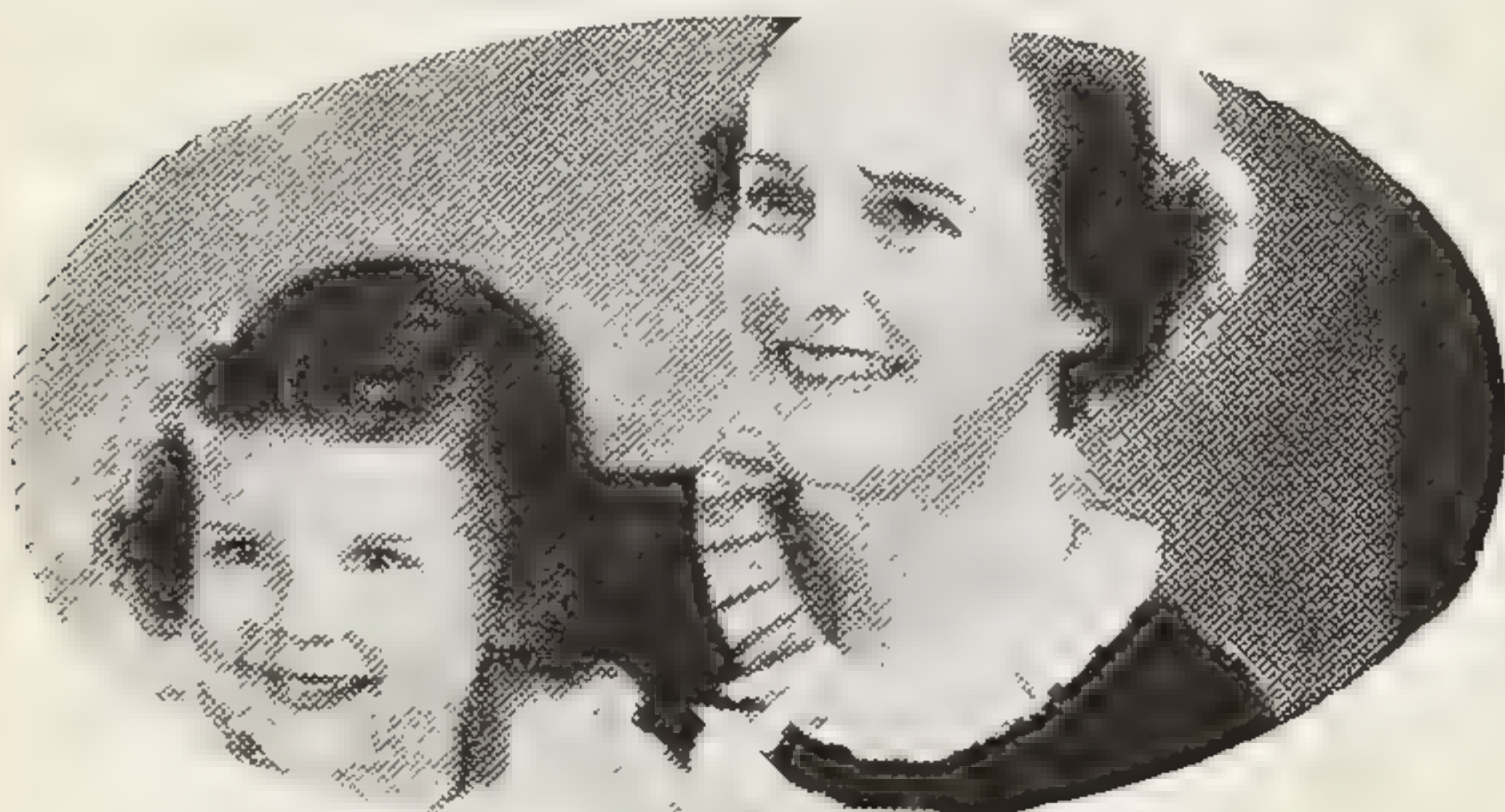
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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

ANOTHER DIZZY SPELL!



● I felt sick all over—bilious, nervous. My complexion was a sight. The trouble? Constipation! Then I remembered FEEN-A-MINT. I didn't think it *could* be as good as my friends all said it was, but I decided to try it. I chewed one tablet. Now I wouldn't *think* of using any other laxative.



● Next day—happy, radiant, full of vim! For FEEN-A-MINT brings such blessed relief. It's so gentle! There's no griping, nausea, no disturbance of sleep. Non-habit-forming. Don't be constipated. Use FEEN-A-MINT—the delicious chewing gum laxative. More than 16 million people prefer it.

FEEN-A-MINT

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE
THE 3 MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME



YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired

shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded, or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



STOP!

YOU'RE NOT GETTING YOUR PORES REALLY CLEAN!

A cleansing tissue only takes the cream and make-up off the surface. But I've found the most marvelous way to remove every bit of cleansing cream and dirt out of the pores themselves, and keep my skin free from annoying blackheads, skin blemishes, and wrinkles. It's called

HOLLYWOOD BEAUTIFIER

a clever new scientific invention that removes all your make-up and cleanses those clogged pores in a jiffy—and all those ugly blackheads that act as the starting point for pimples are GONE! At the same time the HOLLYWOOD BEAUTIFIER gives your face a delightful massage and tissue tone. So easy to use—and it lasts a lifetime. It only costs \$1.00!

Let me tell you as one friend to another not to risk your lovely complexion another night with ordinary inadequate cleansing methods and harmful treatments. Order this wonderful new invention NOW! Send cash or money order for \$1.00 today. Money back guarantee.

HOLLYWOOD BEAUTIFIER, P. O. Box 573, Hollywood, Calif.



In "Melody for Two," Fred Keating and James Melton dramatize the difficulties of broadcasting.



A Tour Of The Busy Sets To See The Stars At Work.

By S. R. Mook

LET me start this month's chronicle with a correction brought about by a letter from Santa Barbara signed "Just A Nurse." "Nurse" advises that my statement in the July issue crediting Florence Nightingale with founding the Red Cross is all wet—that Clara Barton founded the organization and Miss Nightingale merely started the training school for nurses. Thanks for the information. I do not profess to be a walking encyclopedia and when a Publicity Department hands out dope about their pictures I naturally assume they know what they're talking about. Now that that's settled, we'll proceed to—

United Artists

TWO pictures shooting here, both Samuel Goldwyn productions. One is "Come and Get It" which I have already told you about and which is nearly finished.

The other is the new Merle Oberon picture called "Love Under Fire." Henry Stephenson is a high muck-a-muck in the British diplomatic service. He is sent to Ireland to investigate the rebellion, of which Brian Aherne is one of the heads. Brian and Stephenson's daughter (Merle) meet and fall in love. There is a price on Brian's head (aha, Brian, the public is catching up with you!) and Merle realizes not only that it increases his danger if she is seen with him but that it puts her father in a spot, too. So they agree not to see each other any more. Later Mr. Stephenson is returned to England and a truce is signed with the Irish while a delegation comes to England to see what can be done. Mr. Stephenson is giving a reception at his home in Belgrave Square in honor of the delegates.

What a home it is. There is a small hall,

a few steps down and one enters the ballroom—or something. This room is about the size of the concourse in Grand Central Station (New York). The pillars are massive enough to support the roof of the Parthenon at Athens (Greece). There are real flowers wherever one looks (Mr. Halchester, take a bow). The arrangement of the flowers is unique. One bowl I particularly noticed combined golden rod with giant yellow chrysanthemums in a most effective manner.

Merle and Brian meeting for the first time since their big renunciation scene, are quite cool on the surface. They give no outward sign of their feelings as they start walking—several feet apart.

"We can't see each other alone," Brian mutters without looking at her. "I gave my oath."

"I had to do something like that, too," she admits.

They are interrupted by an elderly diplomatic couple saying goodnight to Oberon. As the couple move on they turn and look back at Merle and the fiery Brian.

"Perhaps I should go—" Brian begins tentatively as they resume their march.

"No—please—" Merle begs.

"It's torture seeing you like this," he continues.

"It's better than not seeing you at all," she counters.

Still walking, they come to a door opening off the ballroom. They pause as he glances in. Then he resumes his walking and she moves with him.

"What things in your life happened in that room?" he wonders.

"That's where I played the harp," she smiles. "When I was fourteen—in a pink dress."

They come to another room, pause and move on.

"And that one?" he questions avidly.

"My mother's sitting room," she says simply. "I used to say my prayers in there

before she died. Then for ten years I never went into it once—(looking at him) 'til now."

"And do you pray there now?" he queries softly.

She nods, not speaking.

"For peace?" he persists.

"And for you," she whispers. "I pray there for you." For the first time she comes close to him, all her love in her glance and his love in the look he returns.

"Cut!" yells the director harshly.

Merle's dress is especially worthy of attention. It is of a very pale blue starched tulle with a million sequins (more or less) all sewn on by hand. About the hem of the skirt are about six rows of them, one right next to the other. That's to weight it down. There is a wide butterfly bow in front, one wing spreading to each shoulder. In back there is nothing—above the waistline.

I haven't seen Merle since she finished "These Three."

"How you been?" I greet her.

"All right," she answers somberly, and adds, "I've been spending every spare minute with Norma." She means Norma Shearer.

Even I cannot kid in the face of a simple statement like that, especially when I realize the connotation. Mr. Thalberg's death is an irreparable loss to the industry and any reference to it sobers the most facetious. So I bid her goodbye and proceed to—

Warner Bros.

[GET a break here. "Once a Doctor" with Jean Muir and Donald Woods is rehearsing so there's nothing to see. In a way I'm sorry, because Jean and I are so clubby these days we're practically eating out of the same plate. In addition, since her hair has gone back to its natural color (dark brown) she's too beautiful for words.

"No Hard Feelings" with Glenda Farrell, Barton MacLane and Craig Reynolds is supposed to be on Stage 9—but they have disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed them up. That would be a catastrophe because Glenda and Craig are two of my favorite people. Barton, I don't know.

"The Black Legion" with Humphrey Bogart, Joe Sawyer and Ann Sheridan is supposed to be on Stage 7—but they, too, have disappeared. Warner Brothers had better get out a searching party.

That leaves "Melody for Two," starring James Melton and Patricia Ellis. Well, I always say half a loaf is better than none. Or even, as in this case, a fourth of a loaf.

The picture is woven around the current popular craze for swing music and the voices of Herr Melton and Pat.

Melton opens with his orchestra at a night spot that had been especially built for him, but walks out on the boys when he feels his friends have turned against him and made him a laughing stock. (Of course, he only jumped at conclusions—the wrong conclusions. The moral is, get all your friends to make as many explanations as possible before you start leaping). As a result of his independent attitude he is promptly barred by The Music Corporation. This puts him, his manager (Fred Keating) and his press agent (Charles Foy) in quite a spot.

Mr. Melton, in a red polka dotted foulard dressing gown, is sitting at the piano in his apartment, disconsolately accompanying himself on the piano as he sings a number called "Stars Over Broadway" and Mr. Foy is listening—appreciatively—or pretending to. He is absent-mindedly doing a few dance steps as he listens.

"Nice number," Jim comments when he's finished.

"Yeah," Foy agrees sourly, "but where're we gonna use it?"

"Nowhere, I guess," Melton shrugs.

"You know," Foy announces, "if some-



MERRY XMAS TO ALL (and a carton of Kools)

WHERE'S the holiday throat that won't enjoy their soothing touch of mild menthol? Where's the smoker of either sex who won't relish KOOL blend of superior Turkish-Domestic tobaccos? Remember that each pack not only carries a valuable coupon,

but there's two extra coupons in a carton! — a good start toward those attractive B & W premiums (offer good U. S. A. only). So give 'em all KOOLS . . . they'll appreciate 'em most! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.



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Bridge Table Cover—Washable suede. One side green, other red. 100 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

30¢ 60¢

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA



Be Wise—Alkalize

Alka-Seltzer Makes a sparkling alkalizing solution containing an analgesic (acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains.

UPON THE QUESTION OF RELIEF
My plan is simple, plain and brief. Take Alka-Seltzer, tried and true. It's good for colds and headaches too.

HEADACHES • COLDS



LET NOT INFLATION CAUSE ALARM.
If you're prepared, it will do no harm. After you eat, if gases rise, just simply Alka-Seltzer-ize.

ACID INDIGESTION



AND IF BY CHANCE YOU CELEBRATE
A victory or defeat. A glass of Alka-Seltzer's great to put you on your feet.

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Your favorite snapshots of children, parents and loved ones are more enjoyable when enlarged to 8x10 inch size—suitable for framing.

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Just to get acquainted, we will enlarge any kodak picture, print or negative to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose 25c to help cover our cost of packing, postage and clerical work. The enlargement itself is free. It will also be beautifully hand tinted in natural colors if you want it. We will acknowledge receiving your snapshot immediately. Your original will be returned with your free enlargement. Pick out your snapshot and send it today.

GEPPERT STUDIOS Dept. 303 Des Moines, Iowa



thin' don't break pretty soon I'm gonna have to go back to hoofin' to buy wolf poison for this household. I was just tryin' a few steps and the old arthritis ain't got me yet." He lifts one foot and regards it speculatively. "Guess I'll start soakin' my dogs in salt water tonight to kinda toughen 'em up—"

The door bursts open at this juncture and in bounds Fred Keating. "Boys!" he exclaims exultantly, crossing to the piano, "stop doin' whatever you're doin' and listen to little old Remorse. Prosperity's here. Yes, sir. I ran right around the corner and grabbed it and dragged it back—just as it was getting set to make another turn." He stops short and eyes Melton. "Well, what are you sitting there for? Get dressed. Hurry up. They're waiting for you!"

"Who's waiting?" Melton asks wonderingly. "And for what?"

"Klepper's Korn Krinkles," Keating explains. "I've got an audition for you—all set—in half an hour."

"Will you stop talking about that breakfast hay and say something we can understand?" Foy demands impatiently.

"Okay," Keating acquiesces, "I'll say it slow—so that even you can understand. Klepper's Korn Krinkles are going on the air—next week. They want a singer. Tod's it." Once again he pauses and glares at Melton as he adds, "If he ever gets dressed."

"Oh, I'll get dressed, all right," Melton pouts, "but it won't do any good. We're still on the N. B. A. black list."

"Forget it," comes impatiently from Keating. "I've got it all figured out. While you and I are knocking over this audition, Scoop (Foy) will be callin' on Julius Storm at the N. B. A. office and squaring the rap."

"Who, me?" Foy ejaculates.

"Sure," Keating replies. "It'll be easy for you. All you have to do is act natural. You're always beefing about something. This time, you serve your beef with tears."

"Kinda like consommé, huh?" Foy suggests.

In the early part of the scene, when Keating crosses to the piano to take his place there he can't help standing between Jim and the camera. During the ensuing

dialogue, Jim (who has little to say in the scene) is practically standing on his head trying to figure out how to be in the scene so people can see him. Of course, since he isn't playing any more, he could stand up and look over Fred's head but the director seems to want him seated. And Fred has his troubles, too. "When I come in," he complains to the director, "I have to slam the door after me and it's going to bang so loud when it shuts, it'll drown out my voice."

Now, these may all sound like minor details to you but they are far from trifles in the life of an actor. For a time it looks as though the President is going to have to appoint a special ways and means committee to figure some way out of these dilemmas. For a time it looked as though they might have to shelve the picture entirely and start over with a new plot so Jim could be standing by the fireplace instead of sitting at the piano. And the new plot could utilize swinging doors that don't slam so none of Fred's dialogue would be lost.

The director is the soul of tact and patience and eventually everything is ironed out. They re-take the scene to the satisfaction of all concerned. But by that time I have been on this stage about an hour and I can't wait to see if they get off the N. B. A. blacklist or not. I just let Fate take its course and I go over to—

R-K-O

FIRST, there's my darling, Anne Shirley, in "Make Way for a Lady," formerly called "Daddy and I," Herbert Marshall being "Daddy."

This story concerns itself with a girl (Anne) whose mother died. One day she hears a couple of gossips talking about her and her father, saying that it's too bad but he'll never marry again on account of her. So the rest of her life is devoted to trying to get him married. Every time she meets a woman she looks on her as a possible wife for Herbie. She finally picks on a silly, gibbery novelist (Margot



Gloria Stuart and Lee Tracy in the midst of a heated argument which creates the embattled atmosphere of "General Delivery."

Grahame) as the one, completely overlooking her father's secretary (Gertrude Michael) who gets him in the long run. They ought to write a story for *her* sometime called "Gertie Gets Her Man."

At any rate, Anne is upstairs in her room when she hears the front door open. She rushes out onto a balcony overlooking the hall below and finds Marshall just entering the door.

"Daddy!" she cries and rushes down the stairs to greet him. "Daddy!" she repeats when she reaches the foot of the stairs, kissing him effusively.

"Hello," Marshall returns, somewhat surprised at the warmth of her greeting as he had only left her that morning.

"Let me help you," she offers, taking his hat and brief case (he's a publisher). "How are you?"

"Fine," says Herb.

"You feel all right?" she persists.

"Yes," he smiles.

"Did you have dinner?" she rattles along.

"Yes, I ate in the city."

"Miss Broughton (Margot Grahame) dropped in today," Anne informs him, in what she hopes is an inconsequential tone. As a matter of fact, Miss Grahame is still there and Anne's unnatural tone of voice is designed to hide the fact she's up to mischief.

"Congratulations on your new contract," I offer Anne when the scene is finished.

"Thanks," says Anne as though that were of no consequence. A moment later she becomes what you might describe as rapturous. "You ought to see my new dressing room that they fixed up for me!" she gushes. "It's too lovely."

The way they photograph this scene is most interesting. The camera is mounted at the end of a long steel crane, which, in turn is mounted on a little rubber tired truck. When the scene begins the camera is high up in the air—on a level with Anne's face as she stands at the railing on the second floor. As she starts to run down the stairs the truck is pulled rapidly backwards, the crane swings to the left and downward at the same time so it is always the same distance from her face as she descends the steps. Just as the truck moves back past the door, Marshall steps hurriedly in so that by the time Anne and the camera reach the door it seems as though he has been standing there all the time.

Next at this studio is "Winterset" adapted from the phenomenally successful stage play. It's a beautiful story, and one of the most impressive and realistic sets ever designed has been built for it. The story is fictionized in this issue of SILVER SCREEN, so I won't go into it here.

Next we have "General Delivery" featuring Lee Tracy, Gloria Stuart and Pat O'Malley. The story is concerned with their efforts to capture a crook who is using the mails for fraudulent purposes. They are all in Tracy's hotel room. They rehearse the scene a few minutes and then the director says, "Gloria, let's cut out that 'Yes, sir, Inspector.'"

But Gloria, who doesn't like having any of her lines cut out, says, "But why?" After some argument they decide to leave the history-making words, "Yes, sir, Inspector" in. Then they proceed with the take.

Lee is pacing furiously around the room. O'Malley exchanges glances with Gloria who is refurbishing herself with a lipstick at a wall mirror.

"I'll get out all right," Lee exclaims furiously. "Soon as I set this Crowley on the hot seat." He storms back to Gloria. "Forget about your face and get down to that mail desk. You're not here for any beauty contest."

"I'll be there on time," she says sweetly. "But first I've got a date."

[Continued on page 77]

*For cheeks as soft and mouth as rosy as a baby's, go to your **BEAUTY SHOP** weekly! Also, it aids facial circulation as well as beauty of mouth to enjoy **DOUBLE MINT** gum daily.*



**"My wife
thinks
I'm cruel"**

"I adored the exquisite girl I married—And then—I *saw her change after marriage*...grow careless, neglect her daintiness, *actually offend* anyone who came near her. How *could* she?"

"Perhaps other men can speak out, *but I can't. I've retreated into a shell of reserve* which she resents, thinks cruel.

"If someone could only speak for me—I know we'd recapture that first glorious happiness."

AVOID OFFENDING—Even those dear to us hesitate to speak of an offense that robs a woman of all her glamour . . . perspiration odor from underthings. We don't notice it ourselves so—*never* take chances. Lux underthings after *each* wearing. Lux removes odor and protects colors.

Don't risk ordinary soaps which may contain harmful alkali, or cake-soap rubbing. These may fade and injure fabrics. Lux has *no* harmful alkali! Safe in water, safe in Lux!



DAINTY WOMEN LUX UNDERTHINGS AFTER EVERY WEARING

HOLIDAY TIME

Topics for Gossip



ACCORDING to Ros Ponselle, who really ought to know, we have a potential grand opera prima donna right in more years of serious study Crawford ready for go. Ponselle recently told us

HERE'S an "intelligent" Paul Lukas tried in of the "Maytime" cast we hate to say what some of the players rated. I probably know, came years ago without knowledge of English. He has studied most foreigners now know language than we do. not one person in 100 correctly the following Data, gratis, culinary, confusion, impious, chic, in despite.

BOB BURNS, he who is the latest screen permission of the company name. His real name prefers Bob Burns. Ask him for that. A big want to have people call

SONJA HENIE and holding hands. And and Robert Kent. And and Louis Hayward.

DO YOU know his biggest attraction his name? It was given Mayer's secretary, and out of a list of names. She first presented him but Bob objected strongly so finally a compromise Robert. Neither Mr. tary, nor his studio idea how important come. Bob's real name ton Brugh, so you just why Mr. Mayer changed. Mr. Brugh

AT HIGH SPEED

By
Edys Hall

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activities listed above
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EVER SCREEN

Errol Flynn, planning a trip to Borneo after the preview of "Charge of the Light Brigade," the completion of "The Green Light," the preparation of "White Fang," brought some wild animals into his home so that he and the lovely Lili Damita, his wife, may become inured to the habits of Big Game before they encounter the beasts in the wilds of Borneo . . . so limited is his time that he must needs move Borneo into the bedchamber. He takes Lili on hurried, between the scene, camping trips to Arrowhead and other handy wilds so that she may learn the rigors of camp cooking and camp life before she begins to live them.

Take Dick Powell—he won't know the difference—he was working in "Stage Struck," preparing for "Gold Diggers," editing a fan magazine, building a new house for himself and bride, rehearsing his radio broadcasts, making

Clark Gable are seen at the races . . . Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond are seen at the Coconut Grove . . . Gloria Swanson and Bart Marshall at the Derby . . . all right, then, Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor, George Raft and Virginia Pine, Henry Fonda and his "heart" . . . these and how many others must be "seen," too, lest they be listed among the Forgotten (movie) men and women . . . lest tongues wag and rumors raise dust and heads shake and the waters of oblivion close

She works before the camera, afterwards takes some exercise on the courts, and when the day is over she dances the night away.



weep
—if she
dares!

Carole rises at 6 a. m. She is in the studio at 7 for a 9 o'clock call. Between the hours of 8 and 9 she is in the hands of the make-up man and hairdresser. She works from 9 until 12.15, with three interruptions for newspaper interviews and stills. At 12.15 she lunches, talks to Clark on the phone. The luncheon hour is half an hour. It is complicated either by an interviewer with a face like a question mark or by her director, who wishes, not unreasonably, to discuss the afternoon's takes with her. For an hour after luncheon she is closeted [Cont. on p. 74]



Ginger Rogers, one of the most talented of all the stars, James Stewart and (Right) Errol Flynn.



over
their lime-
lightless heads . . .
Walter Lang gave a
party the other night . . .

Clark and Carole and Fieldsie and one or two other couples were there . . . then Carole must retaliate and give a small, intimate party in return . . . the Jimmy Gleasons entertain for a couple of hundred . . . the couple of hundred must return the compliment . . .

They have plenty of money, large and lavish homes, opulent cars, polo ponies, yachts, friends, rivals, competitors . . . they must entertain and be seen and play polo and golf and tennis and entertain and dance, dance, dance . . . they must live as the other Romans live in a phantasmagoria of work and fun, of flurry and fever, of hilarity and high blood pressure . . .

They dare not let down. Ginger Rogers goes about town clad in slacks and overalls, her face as guiltless of make-up as on the day she was born . . . but she worries about it. She says "I know I am letting my Public down looking like this . . . I should keep dolled up, made up, dressed up . . ." Even when they do relax they worry about it.

Take an average day in the life of Carole Lombard—and let any self-pitying little housewife with one husband, two children, six dishes and one vacuum cleaner to manage, read it and

per-
sonal ap-
pearances at

benefits, having fittings, having interviews, having conferences, having photographic sittings and—courting

on the set! The lines he was called upon to speak to Joan Blondell before the camera were made to "do" for the real lines he might have spoken had he lived in Punkin Center instead of Hollywood. The kisses he gave her on the set were in lieu of the kisses the average young man would have given her, leisurely, privately, in a moonlit garden. He had, so to speak, to dovetail his love-making!

Joan had to have her trousseau made in the studio by the studio wardrobe department so that she could have fittings between scenes. What time had she for shopping? What time for marrying? That's what she wanted to know. In the evenings they were often to be seen at the Club La Maze, trying to relax in the public eye, still with an audience, always with an audience . . . always . . . always . . .

They can't relax, in Hollywood. They have to be in the News, in the Public eye, on the dance floor, at the races, at the beach clubs, at parties, giving parties . . . Ginger Rogers and Jimmy Stewart are seen at the Troc' . . . Carole Lombard and



(Left) Fredric Marsh as Garbo's leading man in "Anna Karenina." (Right) It was in "Grand Hotel" that John Barrymore played the lover's part.



THE SPHINX



Robert Taylor, as Armand, plays opposite Garbo in "Camille."

Garbo Now Is Easy To Know. Anecdotes Of Her Friendliness On The Set.

By

Annabelle Gillespie-Hayek

with hoops, stays, taffetas and crinolines, furs and velvets; they dabbed and smeared her with all kinds of greases and paints and they pulled and twisted her hair until her scalp was as sore as a peeled onion. But the wonder of it all was that the Great Garbo seemed to be enjoying it. Once when a hairdresser arranged a certain coiffure of puffs and curls the effect was so grotesque that the star could not restrain herself and she actually panicked those present with her hilarious mimicry.

Upon the suggestion of cameraman William Daniels, Greta was eager to act as an experimental model to test out a new screen make-up for women. It was finally agreed that instead of using the time honored and proven grease paint in "Camille" she would use the new and unproven make-up materials. That made her rate more than ace high with all concerned because thus far she is the only star who has been willing to take a chance on the new make-up.

During the time that Adrian was collaborating with her on gowns for the picture she spent countless hours with him helping him to perfect a taffeta silencer for screen use. Together they found that the desired effect could be attained by using a thin layer of silk beneath the material, thereby eliminating the swish so objectionable to the microphone. Some of the costumes worn by her in this film are the most lavish and breath-taking in Hollywood history. One, an evening gown fashioned entirely of jewels, was so heavy, and under the stage lights so heat-retaining, that in less than an hour from the time she donned it the star nearly fainted. Director George Cukor, greatly worried, insisted that she leave the set for a rest. But Miss Garbo was adamant in her refusal to do so and thus hold up production. She would be all right if only there were some way of keeping down the heat. Couldn't something be done? Wasn't there some way to fan her and thereby keep down the temperature? That thought started everyone to thinking. Then the mechanics hit upon the idea of erecting a large open ice box on the set. A powerful wind machine was set up behind it and the icy blasts were blown over the set and onto the star thus enabling her to carry on.

It is the custom that during the shooting of a scene no visitors are allowed on

NO QUESTION but what that long visit in Sweden did things to Greta Garbo. Whether or not it was the proximity of the home folks, the rest from the studios, love of native land, or perchance the admiring adulation of some Swedish Romeo, we are not the ones to say. But there is one thing we do know and that is that this Queen of Cinema Stars is fast becoming the most approachable and honestly human luminary in all Hollywood. This new attitude was especially noticeable in the filming of "Camille."

Many times while working on this picture Miss Garbo demonstrated her sportsmanship in a grand manner. There was the time when she shed her cloak of reserve and entered into the popular Knock-Knock game with the stage crew and players. In the course of the game some frolicsome chap turned a smartie upon the great star and she accepted it with plenty of grace and chuckles herself. That was the beauty of it—seeing this *femme fatale* of the screen actually radiating conviviality and warmth of personality when the tide of laughter had been turned upon her and when she herself was the butt of the joke.

For years studio publicists have sought to build up a legend of aloofness and mystery about her. They have made of her an unapproachable sphinx, an inexpressibly sad individual, one not given to normal reactions and emotions. Yet since her return to the film capital she has demonstrated that of all the Hollywood "untouchables" she is the most natural and easy to know.

It was during the time the studio was preparing to film "Camille" that Miss Garbo's actions first caused comment. Unlike most of the Hollywood pretties she resigned herself completely and without the slightest suspicion of a whimper to the swarming make-up artists and designers. These behind the scenes artists were quick to sense their opportunity and not once did they give any evidence of reluctance to experiment upon her. They fitted her out





(Left) "Queen Christina," one of the really fine pictures, gave John Gilbert another chance to appear with Garbo. (Right) George Brent and Garbo in "The Painted Veil."



HAS MELTED!



the Garbo set. Yet one day on the "Camille" set a little ten year old lad appeared. He had climbed over a back fence on the lot and had somehow eluded studio guards. Finding the door of a portable dressing room open he walked in. There he asked a surprised Garbo if she wanted to buy a magazine. The star smilingly asked the boy if he weren't afraid to be found on a set where he was not allowed. His answer plainly indicated that he was not. Then she asked if he knew who she was.

"Sure," he said. "You're Greta Garbo, but you can read, can't you?"

The little fellow not only made a sale but Miss Garbo permitted him to remain with her on the set. She placed him upon the camera ramp, beside her director, where he delightedly watched the filming of the picture for the rest of the day. Pretty lucky we'd say, in view of the fact that that same day one of the studio "big wigs" had been refused admittance to the set.

Another unprecedented thing occurred one day when the great star, instead of retiring to her dressing room after finishing a scene, climbed upon the camera boom and rode around over the stage, much to the consternation of the crew and players. Watching the others players act from this new vantage place seemed to fascinate Greta, anyway many a quizzical eyebrow was so arched that it failed to drop back to its normal resting place for some time. Maybe she just wanted to see what a pinnacle she had been occupying inasmuch as she has been upon an imaginary pedestal in the public eye for so long. Then again it might have been that her young leading man, Robert Taylor, had something to do with it.

Speaking of Bob Taylor, that young star who is already wearing a mantle of fame quite well, reminds us of the day when he first kissed the Great Garbo. At a most critical moment while he held her clasped in his arms and spoke the lines, "You are the most beautiful—" something untoward happened. He had dropped his love and kerplunk down on the floor went Garbo. He was completely bewildered—his awkwardness—what could he say or do? But before he could do or say anything the star had jumped up from the floor and laughingly passed the incident off without any fit of anger or temperament. During another love scene Miss Garbo was supposed to have become very angry with her hero,

Bob. This time they were seated at a table outside a rustic inn in the Bois.

"Don't talk like a fool," she said. Then he kissed her, but instead of displaying anger as the script called for she burst into laughter.

Said Director Cukor: "That was not so bad but I believe your lines call for anger."

Greta laughed some more and explained that she tried to be angry but that he (Taylor) would not give her a chance.

Upon another occasion, during the filming of

a dance scene, she and Taylor became entangled in the folds of a voluminous skirt she was wearing. The feminine star fell to the floor with her partner right smack on top of her. This time everyone held their breath, all looking for a bit of verbal fireworks, but once again their anticipations were left unfulfilled. Where many a lesser figure would have fired off a temperamental tirade Great Garbo again

[Continued on page 64]

(Above) Garbo on the set smiling down at the other members of the "Camille" company. Not a scene in the picture. (Left) Robert Taylor, Garbo, Laura Hope Crews and Rex O'Malley in a sequence from the play.



The Stars Rush To Their Charming Cab- ins In The Hills To Welcome Winter With Skis, Snow- shoes And Sarsaparilla



Myrna Loy's mountain lodge, and Myrna herself dressed for the sport of the Sierras.

THERE is no thrill like a new thrill to these glamour guys and gals of Hollywood. The intrepid leaders of the colony are positively nutty over mountains and cabins up in lone canyons this month. That's what's *in*. That's what rates. That's where Myrna Loy and all those you get really enthused about head for at the first opportunity to let themselves go.

Up where the snow begins the fun schedules of the famous are swinging into high. Private lodges are joyously re-opened and on each trip the illustrious personally tote more supplies. The swank hotels are cluttered with the celebrities who haven't yet decided where to locate their snow snuggeries. Just a whiff of pine and a star takes to a toboggan like romance to Robert Taylor. It's definitely time to ice-skate and throw another log on a roaring fire. You ski, baby, ski and then take off your mittens and cap and relax as you can nowhere else. The honey who can't make a snowman is the dud who's not asked along a second week-end.

Of course, if you're going to interrupt with the bright remark that the mountains have been around a long while to be classed as a fresh thrill, I shall realize that you

aren't a sensitive enough soul to understand the Hollywood crowd. It habitually whizzes into hobbies at so rapid a pace that today I guarantee this mountain madness is as completely novel to your particular passion as blondness is to Joan Crawford. She's announced her daring dyeing experiment, forgetting that she tried being a blonde through two whole pictures that millions of us saw. But who are we to be so rude as to remind her?

Everyone I run into in Hollywood is wild to become a genuine winter sport. It's so exhilarating! Give me a blanket of snow, hums bridegroom Dick Powell. Quiz great lover Gable on Lombard and he regales you with an hilarious account of how he sat down and cracked the ice last Sunday when he was attempting a Sonja Henie. Carole caught it with her little camera, incidentally. Give Jeanette MacDonald half a chance and she'll bubble over with the plans she and Gene Raymond have for the cabin they'll build simultaneously with their town house. Irene Dunne—of

hasn't had a relapse in manners—he's going to heat them and put them in the bottom of the sleigh to keep feet warm.

Tom Brown is running over the list of eligible, alluring lassies; but if he doesn't invite Toby Wing to be his companion he'll be sorry. Ida Lupino is diligently studying bean recipes! She's learned that a baked bean feast is to be at the end of this history-making ride. (Tyrone Power, Jr., mutters that he doesn't want to make history—he wants to make love when the moonlight streams o'er the snow.) Anita Louise has been murmuring that she has a hunch where you can buy the nicest hay that'll serve for seats. All that's left—when I do my bit—is to get the gang together.

This isn't a cinch. A player can't spend a lot of time in the mountains whenever he will; he has to grab his brief pleasure interludes between studio calls. And mastering the arts of skiing and tobogganing and bob-sledding, as well as having a mountain cabin, requires more than a day. Yet there's recompense, for our actors have easy access to California's marvelous winter wonderlands, which rival Europe for scenery. There are splendid highways that are always kept clear. And when you're in the

WHEN SNOW

TO THE

By

Ben Mad



all people—confesses that she delights in a certain garbage can lid slide!

The peppier members of our Younger Generation are through tuning in on pet dance bands. They're bored with local amusements. For they have heard of old-fashioned sleigh rides and they're bound to have one or else. Tom Beck is industriously searching for tiny bells to hang on harnesses for that jingling effect. Ken Howell is picking up stray bricks; no, he

Ann Sothorn enjoys tobogganing down the steep snow covered mountainsides. (Right) Fay Wray loves the days in the open.



The "MOST POPULAR" STAR!

Robert Taylor, As The Winner Of Our Recent Voting Contest, Was Presented With SILVER SCREEN'S Gold Medal By Joan Crawford.

DURING each of the last few years, SILVER SCREEN has asked its readers to cast their votes for the most popular players in Hollywood. The result for 1936 was overwhelmingly for Robert Taylor—the 24-year-old star who only a short time ago was a \$35 a week "test horse" for Metro.

The winning of this evidence of esteem and regard is an honor which Bob appreciates. He proved this in typical fashion when he learned the news that he had won. He was on a three-day vacation and had driven up to San Francisco to see a University of Southern California football game. But he took, instead, a postman's holiday, as soon as he heard that the medal had arrived, and dashed to the studio to receive it.

We asked Joan Crawford to officiate in the presentation of the medal. We asked Joan because she won the medal twice herself—in 1932 and 1933. She was in the midst of a crying scene in her new picture, "Love on the Run," when Taylor, the medal and photographer arrived. She dried her tears, put on a smile, presented the medal and reminded Bob she had won the medal herself several times.

Clark Gable was also present and joined in with "And I won it in 1934."

The only missing SILVER SCREEN medalist was Shirley Temple, who was the winner in 1935.

Robert Taylor is in fine company—all the winners of the medal have been "tops" and they give

every indication of staying up in front. Bob now has this medal as tangible proof of his popularity, and with it, he may be sure, go the sincere good wishes of thousands of our readers.

A brief biography of Robert Taylor shows that his recent success on the screen is the well earned reward and the logical result of the years he gave to drama study. Bob was a student at Pomona, California, where he joined the college dramatic club and played a part in their production of "Journey's End." An M.G.M. executive saw the play and gave Bob a contract.

Taylor was born in Filley, Nebraska, son of Dr. S. A. Brough, a physician. The family moved to Beatrice, Nebraska, where the boy was educated in the public schools. For two years he attended college at Doane, Nebraska, where, in addition to his dramatic work, he was a star tennis player. Taylor completed his college course at Pomona after he received the studio contract, and graduated with a Liberal Arts degree.

While at college he used to broadcast, accompanying his own songs with a cello. He is also an accomplished pianist.

His favorite sports are tennis and horseback riding, although when he is given leisure from the studio he can usually be found at one of the ocean beaches.

Six feet in height, weighing 165 pounds, Robert Taylor has brown hair and blue eyes, and today is the most Popular Player On the Screen!



The 1936 Silver Screen Gold Medal which bears the profile of the winner, Robert Taylor

HOLLYWOOD AGAINST THE

WORLD

In Europe, An American Picture Collects \$2,200,000 In Pounds, Francs And Guilders. The English Producers Are Vainly Trying To Catch This For Themselves. But They Don't Use The Right Kind Of Bait.

By
Ed Sullivan

I HAVE just returned from Europe. In Spain, there is a theatre where, to see Fred Astaire in "Top Hat," you go to the box office and plank down your pesetas. The cashier, instead of giving you a ticket, inks a rubber stamp and presses it on the back of your hand. With your hand thus marked, you go to the entrance of the theatre. The doorman, having inspected the ink stain on your hand, wets his finger and rubs clean the back of your hand, so that you cannot return that night and get in again.

In northern France, we went to a moving picture theatre. The interpreter asked us if we wanted seats in front of the screen, or in back of the screen. He explained that we could have the seats behind the screen cheaper. Sure enough, there were people sitting in BACK of the screen. When the picture started, each of them pulled out a small pocket mirror. In the mirror, the images on the back of the screen assumed their rightful positions.

In Paris, we heard Shirley Temple speaking perfect French. In Cork, Ireland, we saw Jack Benny advertised in "It's In the Air." In Dublin, the theatres were playing "Death on the Diamond." In Nice, we saw Greta Garbo and John Gilbert advertised in "Queen Christina," for pictures reach there six months to a year late.

Wherever you go in Europe, you see American moving pictures advertised. From the time you step on the boat in New York, Europe-bound, the importance of American film product is brought home to you. On the Ile de France, on successive afternoons and nights, we saw "Anthony Adverse," "The Great Ziegfeld," "Texas Rangers" and "Sing Baby Sing." Only one French-made picture was shown on the luxury liner as it traveled to Europe, although this was a French Line boat. The proportion of four American pictures to one European picture holds good in England. On London stages, we saw Joe E. Brown appearing in person at the Palladium Theatre, and we saw Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels at a theatre just a few blocks away, in the flesh. They not only play American pictures; they're anxious also to see U. S. cinema stars in person.

Behind the scenes, however, you find the most fabulous and fantastic battle that ever has been waged for the control of the foreign market. Hollywood's successful invasion of Europe, indicated by every billboard poster you see, has been a bitter siege every inch of the



Sylvia Sidney went to England and made a picture, "The Hidden Power." They know that Sylvia's fans, everywhere, will storm the box office and put over the picture.

way.

To understand the nature of the fight that Hollywood is carrying on, you must realize first the fruits of victory. That is, you must understand clearly the financial importance of the foreign film market. A fine picture can gross, in the 14,000 theatres of the United States and Canada, about \$1,350,000. The same picture can gross more than \$2,200,000 in the foreign market. In other words, the approximately fifty countries and settlements represented in the foreign market offer a greater revenue than North America.

So Hollywood's fight to control the foreign market isn't a matter of artistic pride. Hollywood wants the foreign market because it spells huge profits.

In a stand-up fight, Hollywood must have won by a knockout. If the issue had been decided by pictures, the Coast would have won off by itself, because in picture product there was no comparison. But the issue of picture product was the least of the factors involved. At the invasion of the Americans, national pride and business cupidity reared up in England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Japan. British business men, with their money tied up in second-rate English moving picture companies, appealed to their governments to balk the Hollywood companies. In the dictator countries, where national pride must be fostered, the American companies ran into other difficulties. The Germanic market of 4,000 theatres was cut off almost completely by Hitler's war on the Jews.

So there came about the various restrictive measures which Hollywood has had to fight. In England, for every four pictures M-G-M exports to the London market, the quota law of England insists that M-G-M must buy and distribute one British-made picture. A British-made picture, to so qualify, must have a payroll that is 75 per cent British, and all interior scenes must be made in England or its colonies. In France, an American picture is allowed only twenty first runs, and then all voices must be dubbed in by French performers. In Italy, all American pictures must be dubbed into Italian, that is Italian dialogue substituted for English. As if these restrictions were not enough in the past nine months, Spain, Italy, Germany and Hungary impounded all moneys of all American film companies. That is to say, American picture companies can't take their money out of the banks of those countries, unless it is to be spent there.

That Hollywood has not only met all of these unequal conditions and triumphed is a tribute to the American-made pictures. The foreign business men can place every conceivable shackle on the U. S. producers and distributors, but, in the final test, public opinion in foreign countries favors the Hollywood-made flicker. In Liverpool, England, we had a vivid illustration of this. British theatres, to comply with the law, must not only buy British-made pictures in proportion to their American purchases, but must play them before a paid audience. As a result, the English theatre managers have to resort to unusual tricks to live up to the letter of the law, while evading the spirit of it. In Liverpool, while the charwomen are cleaning the theatre in the morning, the manager runs the British-made flicker. To comply with the law he first sends the cleaning women to the box office, where each buys a ticket. Then, while they clean the theatre, he runs the picture and the cleaning women are the "paid audience" which the law calls for. In the afternoon, when the real audience arrives, they see an American picture.

Of course, the really fine pictures made in Britain, such as "Nine Days a Queen," "39 Steps" and "King Henry VIII," are welcomed in America as well as in England and the spritely musicals featuring Jessie Matthews—like "Evergreen" and "It's Love Again"—are first in British hearts.

England, which thought to encourage home industry by the film quota law, unwittingly has done more to discredit British pictures in Great Britain than otherwise. For instance, Paramount, M-G-M or R-K-O, each having exported four Hollywood pictures for



Brown Derby, the Clover Club or the Trocadero on the Coast. Marlene Dietrich, Miriam Hopkins, Edward G. Robinson, Raoul Walsh, George Stone, Charles Laughton, Bob Woolsey, Bert Wheeler—actresses, actors and directors imported from America were all over the place. England reasoned that if Coast actors and Coast directors made superior pictures, then the thing to do was to engage them at any price. The reasoning was sound, apparently, but it has failed to work out. Robinson, when I saw him, had been waiting two months for decent weather so that he could make a picture. Marlene Dietrich, showing up for the first day's shooting on her picture, a winter scene, found that the prop man had constructed a summer set. Ben Lyon, in his first picture, waited three days while the prop man leisurely corrected an important costume error.

The reason for all this delay and incompetence, of course, is largely a matter of national temperament. On the other side of the ocean, life is lived leisurely and deliberately. There is no hurry, no rush. Studio mechanics in Hollywood are well-paid. They function as a fast-moving unit. There is a spirit of team-play which is reflected in the pride which each takes in his work. The British studios brought actors and actresses and directors from America, but their studios are so badly staffed, and their mechanical workers so indolent that the wholesale purchases only have added to the overhead without vitally improving their pictures.

Leaders of the fight made by the American major companies for the foreign market are Phil Reisman, R-K-O; M-G-M's Arthur Loew, Paramount's John W. Hicks, 20th Century-Fox's Walter

British release, is ordered by law to either make or buy a British picture and distribute it. The joker in the quota law, however, is that England failed to specify of what quality the British-made film must be. As a result, the American companies buy British "quickies," cheaply made, and distribute them. These quota pictures, made in England by cheap producers, are so horrible that when English movie audiences see certain British-made pictures advertised, they rush for cover. This joker will be removed from the quota law when the present document expires in 1938, but the harm already has been accomplished.

Failing in all of these desperate expedients to defeat Hollywood, England now has turned its attention to borrowing man-power. As a result, when we were in London, I saw more Coast actors at the Savoy Grill than you can see at the



(Left) Marlene Dietrich will make "Knight Without Armour" in England, but the result is still in doubt. (Above) Edward G. Robinson sailed to work in London on a picture called "Thunder In The City." (Right) Another British picture, "Men Are Not Gods," stars Miriam Hopkins. It is soon to be released to combat Hollywood's offerings.

Hutchinson, Warner's Sam Morris, United Artists' Arthur Kelly and Columbia's Joe Siedelman. These are the vice-presidents in charge of export for their respective companies, and across their desks stream correspondence from all over the world. They must be versed in the picture business, they must know international exchange, they must be diplomatic—and they must have plenty of courage. Twice a year, you'll meet them on their way to Europe to check up on their offices, and once a year you'll run into them in China or Japan feeling the Far East cinema pulse.

Their target is a foreign market embracing principally England, France, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, Spain and Portugal, Australasia, South America, Japan and China, a market that offers a possible gross of \$1,625,000 to any one American picture. These eight vice-presidents in charge of export are forever asking the Coast to give them pictures with international appeal that will hit the jackpot and release its golden shower of \$1,625,000. For export purpose highly sophisticated stories are taboo, and purely American pictures are taboo. The action picture, such as "Mutiny on the Bounty" is ideal, with action rather than dialogue as a base.

Familiar with all of the temperamental quirks and national prejudices in the foreign markets, these men can sit in a projection room and call attention to tactless blunders that would ban a flicker from a nation. "Top Hat" was barred from Italy because

an Italian consul saw the picture in America and resented the comedy antics of the cop who talked Italian. When the picture arrived in Italy, the movie-makers were wise enough to make this cop French in speech and action, but it was too late. Mussolini banned "Top Hat" because Italy's honor had been offended by the caricature.

It is a fabulous and fantastic story, this behind-the-scenes story of Hollywood's invasion of Europe, a more dramatic and gripping story than the movies ever have filmed.

But when you travel abroad and measure the mighty inroads of Hollywood against every possible obstacle and hurdle that foreign ingenuity can devise—when you see, on every billboard and poster American pictures and American stars advertised—you feel proud of the Coast film colony, for Hollywood abroad has done a mighty job mighty well.

The pictures made by the American players will come over and tackle Hollywood films right on the home grounds.



SOME CAN TAKE IT!

It Requires A Stout Heart
To Carry On When
One's Good Name Is
Swept Away By Rumors
That Are Not True.

By Liza

Constance Bennett (Below)
was the victim of ugly publicity, but Connie carried on—a real trouper. (Right) There is a deep sincerity in Spencer Tracy that no yapping reporter can even understand.



I'M WARNING you, I'm in my Borgia Mood today and would think nothing of ripping out your fondest illusions with my little pen and destroying them like so many cockroaches. Gee whiz, I'm telling you, when your Auntie Liza plays Borgia, nice people run for cover.

Now what's the matter? What's the cause of this Big Mad of the late fall of 1936? Well, I'll tell you—Pollyannas. And by Pollyannas I don't mean the Anita Louises of the industry, who are all right in their way but awfully hard to take at times. No, I mean the Sapphiras (what, you don't know Sapphira? Well where were you when you should have been at Sunday School?)



who get themselves all dressed up as Pollyannas and go about Hollywood simply exuding sweetness and light and marshmallows when all the time they know they are liars and hypocrites, the cooing, fawning, drooling so and sos. I won't mention any names because they'll probably bring suits and I look something awful in suits, particularly if they have padded shoulders, though I do look right smart in sharkskin for summer. Yes, it seems that I have been up to my ears in these professional glad girls who have no more backbone than a sugar coated gumdrop, and not near as much character, for so long now that like Dorothy Parker's Gentle Weeder (who had all she could stand of Milne's whimsies) I throw up.

One hearty gust of the winds of adversity and they'd all be gone with the wind. The more I see of the soft, sticky transparent glad girls, of Hollywood (and boys too) the more I crave good red-blooded movie stars who use iron and not gelatine for back-bone. You can have all the little simpering sweeties you want (you'll be awfully bored with them) but me, now, I'd much rather give my admiration to those stars who have proved that they can take it, who have weathered the storms of adverse criticism, who have established the fact beyond a doubt that they have guts.

Now guts isn't a pretty word and you can be squeamish about it if you want to, but I happen to like it. It's expressive. It's out in the open. And it isn't a glad word. Oh, you're going to be awfully surprised when I tell you who I am raving about now. Hold tight to your chairs, for if you know me very well the shock's going to be terrific. As worthy of your admiration because they have proved they have guts and can take it I heartily recommend Connie Bennett, Ruth Chatterton, Walter Huston, Carole Lombard, Spencer Tracy, Barbara Stanwyck and Tallulah Bankhead.

Of course, the big surprise is with the first two, because, until the leaves began to turn in the fall of 1936, I would have none of them. When I went into my Borgia Mood I couldn't think of enough horrible things to say about them. Neither of them had ever done anything to me—I simply didn't like the idea of them existing. That's all. And then I got steeped in professional glad girls. And then I saw "Ladies in Love" and "Dodsworth." And



(Left) Among those who have met this test is Carole Lombard. (Below) Today Ruth Chatterton is back among the leaders and no thanks to the rumor mongers



then I met the girls personally, which is always fatal in a good feud. And then I just got to thinking —

Connie, I suppose, more than any other actress has been subjected to bad publicity, and the fact that she has weathered one of the worst storms in Hollywood certainly ought to prove that she can take it. I believe in giving the devil his due—not that Connie is a devil (maybe she is at times, hooray) but a lot of that publicity wasn't justified, in fact it was rather ungallant of the Fourth Estate.

Connie still has cold shivers when she thinks of those news stories that were syndicated in every paper in the country several years ago. "Connie Bennett Knocks Down Child" the headlines read. Now Connie might knock you or me down sometimes if she gets worked up enough but she never in the world would even hurt the feelings of a little child. It all happened when the Chief stopped at Albuquerque on one of her trips East and there was a mob of fans down at the station to see movie stars. Connie got off the train to send a wire and was immediately swamped. She signed autographs and signed until the conductor called "All aboard" and she started back to the train, with a dozen or more people still clutching at her and demanding autographs, and it just so happened that a little girl got in the way of the older children and was pushed right over the car step. The kid was badly frightened, and so was Connie, and she held up the train while she dried her tears and consoled with her. But the next day newspapers all over the country carried headlines "Connie Bennett Knocks Down Child."

That's only one example. There have been hundreds of others. Even her own profession turned against her when the New York columnists declared a field day over her late appearance at a Broadway play not so long ago. "Connie Bennett arrived long after the curtain had risen laughing and talking so loudly that the actors on the stage didn't have a chance," the newspapers reported. As a matter of fact Connie was late at that certain performance, but she was at a dinner party and no matter how she coaxed the people to hurry they just wouldn't—and she was just as mad as the critics were over being late, for la Bennett loves a good play (she couldn't be a Bennett if she didn't) and, believe it or not, lateness isn't one of her sins. Next to Joan Crawford she is the promptest person in Hollywood. In the old days when Connie would read these lies about herself she would go into tantrums and demand retractions (which she didn't always get), but now she takes it all with a shrug. Shrugs are better than tantrums when dealing with the Press.

I suppose it was the fact that Connie refuses to greet you with a cheery "good morning" when, as far as she is concerned, it's a hell of a morning, that won me over to Miss Bennett. She just won't be a hypocrite. She refuses to be awfully glad and gurgly about things she isn't glad about at all. And I like that. And another thing I like about Connie is her way of doing something for others. She doesn't yap her head off about Charity and then not do anything—the way some of the Glamour Girls do. Not Connie—she does it quietly and thoroughly and it gets done.

And, despite the fact that she has the reputation of being one of the more selfish movie stars, and boy, has she taken it on that count, too, Connie happens to be at the back of one of the most worthy charities in Hollywood today. You probably know all about the Seeing Eye, if you've been listening to the Alexander Wooll-

cott broadcasts this past year—you probably know all about it anyway. Connie Bennett didn't. But when she returned from England recently she stopped over in New York for a few days and some friends urged her to drive with them over to Morristown, New Jersey, and see the famous school where instructors teach those beautiful, faithful and intelligent animals, the police dogs, to guide the blind. Thanks to this school, for the first time the world becomes a place where the sightless can do something more than merely stand and wait. Connie was deeply impressed. Any movie star would have been, no doubt, for a day or so until the new picture went into production. But Connie didn't forget. A new picture came up, "Ladies in Love," but still she didn't forget.

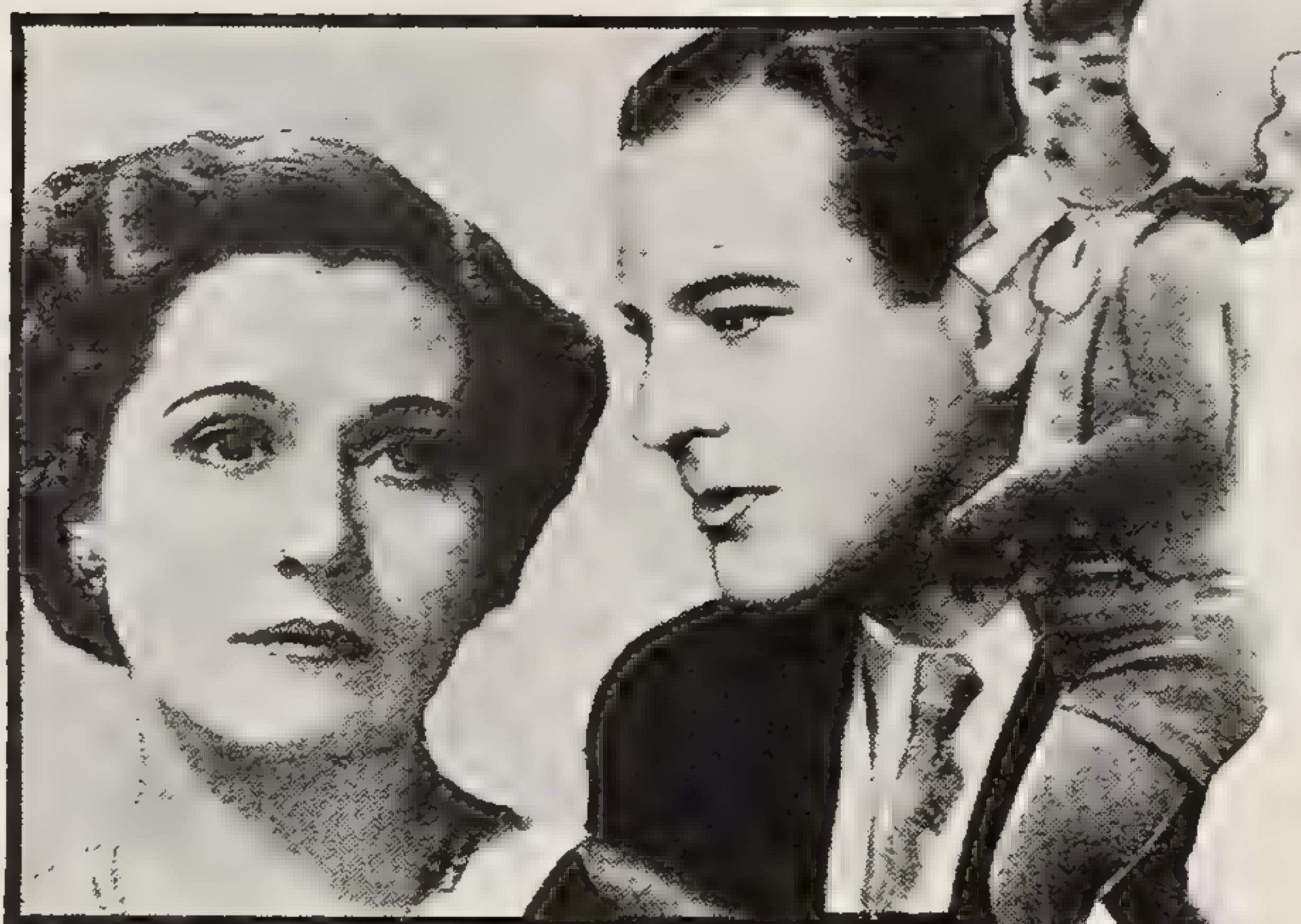
From Mrs. Harrison Eustis, president of the Seeing Eye, she learned that the school was badly in need of additional funds, so Connie, who has the reputation of never thinking of anyone but herself, proceeded to organize a Hollywood committee to raise funds for the Seeing Eye. On the committee are Mrs. Gary Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Merle Oberon, Claudette Colbert, Joan Crawford, Ida Koverman, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Joel McCrea, Kay Francis and Norma Shearer. And then with their help she proceeded to do what is the hardest thing in Hollywood to do, namely, to get "big name" movie stars to sign a paper saying that they would appear on a Seeing Eye radio program and give their check to the Seeing Eye school in Morristown, New Jersey.

Of course, you know that for their appearances on the radio now the stars in Hollywood are getting tremendous sums of money, and if you think stars for the most part are generous with these checks you are quaintly mistaken. The more they have the more they want, which is just one of the Unwritten Laws. But Connie Bennett took charge. Today the list of the stars who will gladly broadcast free for the Seeing Eye includes such big names as: Constance Bennett, Merle Oberon, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Gary Cooper, Gilbert Roland, Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor, Kay Francis, David Niven, Brian Aherne, Karen Morley, Claudette Colbert, Dolores Del Rio, Frances Dee, Joel McCrea, Joan Bennett, Gene Raymond, Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor, Norma Shearer, Herbert Marshall, Paul Lukas, Fred MacMurray, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. As soon as a sponsor is decided upon the broadcasts will begin. Of course I [Continued on page 60]

THE DRAMATIC HOME-COMING OF THE COUNTRY DOCTOR'S 3000 GROWN-UP "BABIES"



A society woman nearly stole him from her.



An orphan boy ended the strange heartache in their lives.



The fading movie star tried to recapture fame—and found love.



In this reunion, they almost parted forever.



Inseparable comedy pals . . . the Father of the Quints and the would-be Father of Sextuplets!



THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS

Yvonne Cecile Marie Annette Emelie

in **REUNION**

with

JEAN HERSHOLT

ROCHELLE HUDSON

HELEN VINSON

SLIM SUMMERVILLE

ROBERT KENT

DOROTHY PETERSON

JOHN QUALEN

ALAN DINEHART

J. EDWARD BROMBERG

SARA HADEN

TOM MOORE

GEORGE ERNEST

MONTAGU LOVE

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production • Directed by Norman Taurog

Associate Producers Earl Carroll and Harold Wilson





"BART" FROM THE BRITISH ISLES

Herbert Marshall Has Played Many A Part In Hollywood Pictures, And Never Yet Played One Badly.



The famous English actor and his champion setter. (Left) Katharine Hepburn and Herb Marshall in "Portrait of a Rebel." (Right) Anne Shirley and Marshall as they appear in "Make Way for a Lady."



SOMETIMES we wonder about Herbert Marshall, whether he is happy or not. He has been here for a long time and has proven a "Goodwill Ambassador." Because of him we like Englishmen better. We know that during the war he fought and suffered.

We have seen him as a soldier, as a scamp and in many other parts, but whatever the rôle is we enjoy the culture in his voice, the character in his face and his ever present kindly humor.

You have to like a chap like that!

In Silent Days The "Vamps" Were Languorous and Seductive, But Now The Dancers Take Steps To Be Enchanting.

Lucille Ball tries out a rather athletic number with dance director Hermes Pan.

EVERYBODY DANCES

Lois Lindsay in a dance routine for "Gold Diggers of 1937."

Martha Raye and Benny Goodman give a comedy twist to "The Big Broadcast" for Paramount. Martha still retains her night club mimicry and burlesque angularity.

(Left) Lili Damita and Del Campo in a dance of the Latin countries for "The Devil On Horseback." (Above) Eleanor Powell and James Stewart up in the air over the rhythm of "Born to Dance."

ONE of the blessings of having the theatre wired for sound is the dancing picture. The catchy tunes and the talented dancers who have reached your theatre are welcome, but without sound there would be no gay musicals and frisky hoofers. Nowadays, every big star has to tread a measure, not excepting Garbo, Crawford, Lombard and Claudette Colbert. If a player can sing or even play an instrument, he has an open sesame to every studio in Hollywood. But if a player can dance then the talent scouts hunt him down and get him to give his skill to the movies.

Sound gave us the many marvelous dancers on the screen.

The Music Sets Your Pulse
To Dancing—And It
Looks So Easy.

IN THE NEW PICTURES



Rose Lane, Sue
Gomes and Dona
Massin give very at-
tractive support to
the stars of "Cain
and Mabel."



Velox and Yolanda are one of the most famous dance
teams on any screen. "The Big Broadcast" presents these
talented performers. (Right) She danced her way into a
long term contract. Lillian Porter proves that the prettier
the legs, the prettier the dance.

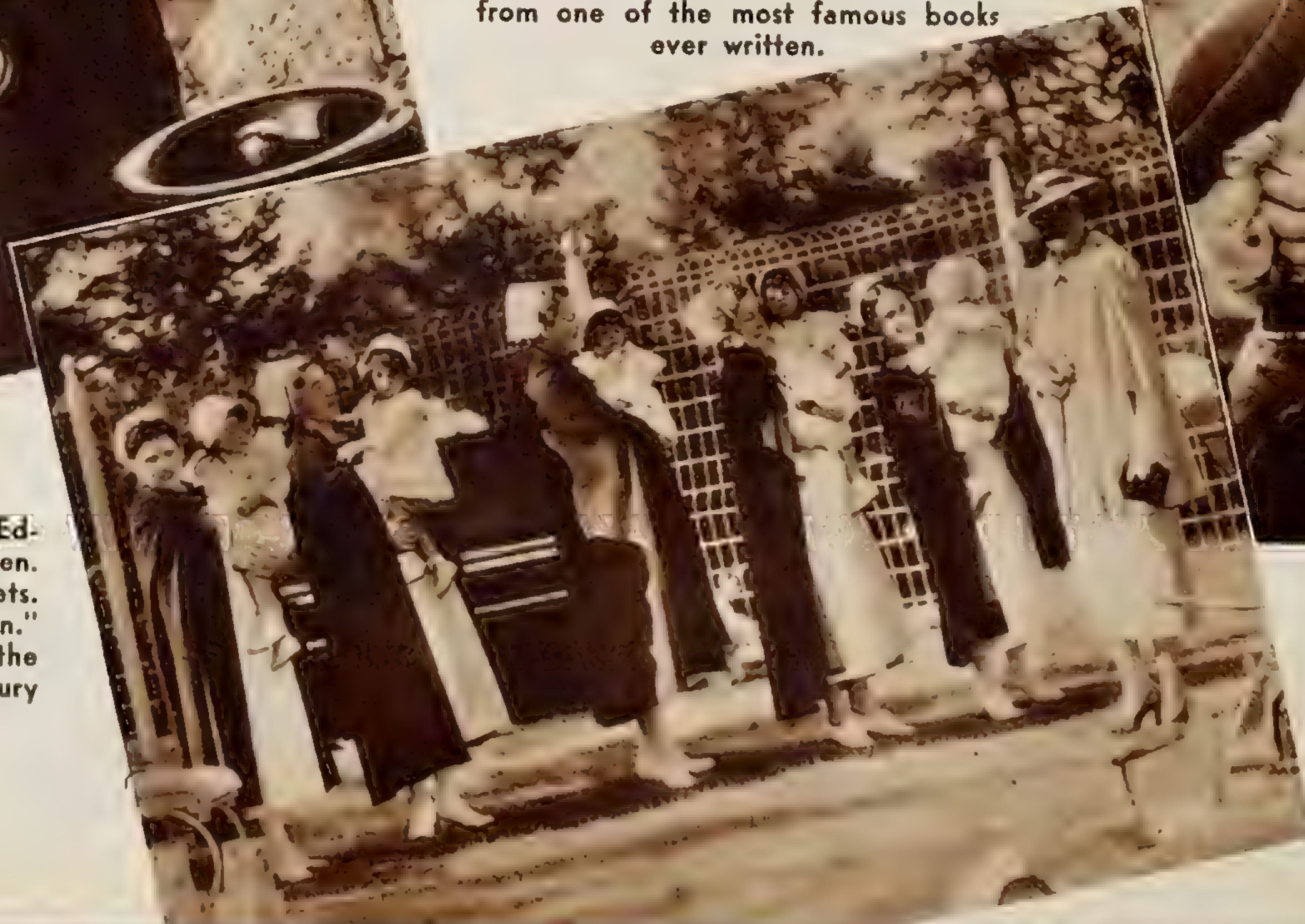




(Upper Left) Russell Hardie and Mary Brian in "Killer at Large." (Above) Eric Linden, Cecilia Parker and Roger Imhof in "In His Steps," screened from one of the most famous books ever written.



"The Magnificent Brute," with Edward Norris and Victor McLaglen. (Right) The famous quintuplets. They are starring in "Reunion." That's Dorothy Peterson at the right. (Copyright by 20th Century Fox)



Anita Louise and Errol Flynn in "The Great Light."

EXCITEMENT AHEAD!

Life Is Never Dull For A Movie Fan, For Pictures Give Us
Thrilling Moments From Other Lives.



In "The Plainsman" (top) are the Cheyennes and the Fifth Cavalry Troops. (Above, and at left) Gary Cooper as Wild Bill Hickok and Jean Arthur as Calamity Jane. Wild Bill was a famous western character and the De Mille picture is his biography.



(Upper Left) In "The White Dragon," Edmund Lowe and Elissa Landi find themselves in handcuffs. (Left) Ann Sothorn and Eric Rhodes. A scene from "The Smartest Girl in Town"



Lawrence Tibbett and Wendy Barrie in "Under Your Spell." (Left) Sir Guy Standing, Freddie Bartholomew and J. M. Kerrigan in "Lloyds of London."



John Howard, who plays an important rôle in James Hilton's story, "Lost Horizon."



Henry Fonda will be screened next in "You Only Live Once."

THEY
COUNT
THEIR FANS
BY THE
MILLIONS

(Above) Look for Nelson Eddy in "Maytime," with Jeanette MacDonald. (Right) Dick Powell has won out in person, in pictures, on the air, and now in love. His latest release is "Gold Diggers of 1937."

The Popular Heroes Of The Screen Have
Stalwart Figures, Talent In Acting, And
What Is More, Charming Personalities.



Fred MacMurray, who, playing opposite Claudette Colbert in "Maid of Salem," is safely settled in the movies and in matrimony. (Left) Clark Gable, who is being shown in "Love on the Run," with Joan Crawford. Clark is always wonderful in important rôles and fine with the fans at premieres and personal appearances.



RECENTLY in the SILVER SCREEN Gold Medal balloting for the Most Popular Player, the winner was Robert Taylor, whose charm has swept the country like a Wall Street boom. However, these seven steady going, always busy, young men held high places in the contest. So here's a bow to John Howard, the newcomer to the ranks of the exalted, and to Henry Fonda, Fred MacMurray, Gary Cooper, Clark Gable and Dick Powell—they are always close to the lead and close to the hearts of the fans.

(Right) Gary Cooper is always busy, and recent months have seen him achieve his greatest success. He will soon be seen as a famous character of pioneer days.



THE PARADE

(At extreme left) Very black—very beautiful—very exciting is the broadcloth coat with velvet collar worn by blonde Betty Furness. The nip in waistline, full sleeves and full skirted bottom are reminiscent of the coat worn by the Marquis de Lafayette during his visit to America in 1776. Betty's "opera hat" is of black velvet and her white gloves and cluster of white flowers at the neckline provide a startling contrast.



The very latest in "cocktail" turbans is adopted by Merle Oberon. It's really just a velvet skull cap with a flattering wired bow framing her lovely high forehead.



A black patent leather belt in cut-out design accentuates Olivia de Havilland's "swing-skirted" frock of bright green fabric.



Crush resistant sheer black velvet is Jean Arthur's choice. 1850 rick-rack braid outlines the mandarin collar and wee cuffs, while dull white metal hooks and eyes close the blouse and belt.



Marie Wilson's black tunic dress of heavy ribbed novelty fabric is enhanced by a novel belt of stitched red leather. Her pancake felt hat has sunburst tucks on the crown.



A slate grey woolen skirt topped by a grey, blue and orange checked jacket with double patch pockets and an orange velvet tucked in scarf is Betty Furness' choice for brisk days. Her shoes and off-the-face hat are of grey, also.



THE Big Moguls of Hollywood say, "Bubbles play's the thing." Studios say, and correct much-desired touch." The to technique. And, after a picture what is it that The clothes the star wear And if the star's dress perhaps the tricky little an odd hat, a novel collar the simple daytime frocks memorable by just such

OF FASHION

Down Hollywood Boulevard March The Stars Gaily Flaunting Their Colorful Winter Regalia.

A famous French couturier designed this feather-weight grey wool frock polka-dotted in silk chenille worn by Simone Simon. The wide grey belt is studded with silver stars which are also used for buttons on the cleverly cut bodice.

June Travis makes a severe copper-colored wool dress interesting with one of the new, decorative wide belts fashioned of brown and copper ante-lope.

Leopard skin accessories are used with amazing results on Marie Wilson's simple brick-red wool frock. Her hat and shoes are brown suede.

(At right) A powder blue and silver lamé gown sponsored by Wendy Barrie favors the new idea for sleeves in formal evening gowns, and shows a fine balance in the use of tunic and train.

(Below) Patricia Ellis' high-crowned brown felt hat features a wide band of green ribbon topped by a jaunty pheasant quill.

with Shakespeare that "the dress designers at the various the accessories add the final, ng, of course, to clothes, not thing is said and done about the audience remember best?

cularly appeal to the ladies, e with it did. A belt, a scarf, all very important. See how e are made more fetching and es.





Anita Colby and the antique silver and sapphire jewelry that so perfectly matches the jewel of her beauty.

GIRLS WANT

ALL

This photograph of Binnie Barnes illustrates the marvel of a beautiful woman wearing rare gems.



Merle Oberon is the happy owner of a promising future and also a necklace of real pearls. (Below) The pearls that encircle Claire Trevor's pretty neck are genuine, bought out of her first savings.



PRECIOUS stones should belong to lovely women. The deep pits of South Africa have for years yielded gorgeous diamonds, and the gem experts have displayed them in beautiful settings and matched them with rubies and other valuable stones. Jewels make pretty girls look prettier and there is no thrill more delightful for a movie star than to own a genuine, unchanging, precious stone or a lustrous string of glowing pearls.

Kay Francis all bejeweled. Her pearls are real.

JEWELRY

Movie Stars Are Not Only
Envied For Their Beauty And
Their Jobs. Every Fan Yearns
For The Gorgeous Jewels Of
The Ladies Of The Screen.

(Left) There is no
gem better loved
than a star sapphire.
Arline Judge wears
hers modestly.
(Right) Carole Lom-
bard loves star sap-
phires, too. She has
one of the largest in
the world.



(Left) Eleanor
Powell wearing a
complete set of
gems in "Born to
Dance." There were
more than one hun-
dred rubies and
diamonds in her ear-
rings, ring, bracelet
and brooch. (Below)
Alice Faye owns an
unusually wide pinky
ring made in a floral
design of rubies, sap-
phires and diamonds
with small cut rubies
encircling it.





OH THE JOYS

The Screen Not Only Takes Us To The Jungle For The Tarzan Pictures But Introduces Us To Jungle Girls And Injuns Too.

"The Girl of The Jungle" is Dorothy Lamour and many a lad will yearn to protect her in her home in the wilds. She has strange playmates, as the picture above reveals. Or perhaps that's a Tammany tiger.



Mala was an Eskimo, but now he is a wild man of the tropical jungle.



Daniel Boone, the famous pioneer (George O'Brien) had many adventures with the original Americans.

OF THE WILDWOOD!

THE stories that come to the screen entertain many a quiet stay-at-home with the hair-breadth escapes of the jungle. Edgar Rice Burroughs wrote many of these stories and they were always welcome. Perhaps such pictures stimulate the imagination—at any rate the millions who go to the movies give their ardent support to these stories of strange, powerful men and lovely girls.

The gangster films were ruthless, but there never was a thrill in all of them together to equal the kick we get out of Tarzan's friends among the elephants and rhinos.



Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan who show us romance in darkest Africa and look so happy you will no doubt try living in a tree.

(Right) Jefferson Machamer, making his début on the screen, and the drawing which comes to life in his film. He is a clever artist and is welcome to pictures. The model who is dressed like a jungle cutie is Joan Christy.

Lawrence Tibbett in "Under Your Spell," and almost under water. Perhaps this picture will be laid nearer home, but don't forget your water-wings.



SO BEAUTIFUL

The Girls In Pictures
Are Blessed With
Loveliness



Loretta Young, a veteran in pictures, has played girls of many types, but through each part has shone the charm and gentle qualities of Loretta herself.



(Left) Olivia de Havilland has played classic parts and moderns and never has her witchery failed to bring reality to her brilliant characterizations. (Right) In her new coiffure Jean Muir has found an attractive frame for her own desirable beauty.

WHEN a girl is given beauty, there is an obligation laid upon her to use her appearance to give charm to heroines and thus make stories seem more real. The fervor of writers assumes a more convincing manner when the girl in the part has the magic of perfect features and the sparkle of color and youth.



RUSSELL PATTERSON'S MONTHLY HIT PARADE



3 GREAT

Contributions TO GREATER ENTERTAINMENT

By RUSSELL PATTERSON

FOR months Hollywood has been predicting that this would be the greatest movie season in history. Well, I've just been looking over some of the screen capital's coming product, and all I can say is—Hollywood wasn't fooling! Don't misunderstand me. I'm not a movie expert—but I know what I like. And I want

grand new songs. And how Bing sings them, with plenty of inspiration from Madge Evans, who grows lovelier with every film. Their love affair literally starts on a dime—and almost ends in jail, when Bing takes under his wing an irrepressible little gamin (Edith Fellows, the 10-year-old who scored so heavily in "She Married Her Boss").

And don't miss Irene Dunne in "Theodora Goes Wild"! This mad, merry Columbia film is one of the biggest comedy surprises the screen has sprung in years. This story of a girl who starts half-a-dozen near-divorces trying to get her man, will have you howling from the very first foot. Melvyn Douglas is splendid as a New York artist who brings out the worst in small-town Theodora—more, in fact, than he bargains for!

But the *greatest* treat that screendom has in store for you is Frank Capra's magnificent production of "Lost Horizon", a film that, without question, will take

its place among the ten finest pictures ever produced. The story was adapted by Robert Riskin from James Hilton's world-famous novel, with Ronald Colman in the star rôle...a combination that is nothing short of inspired. Obviously Columbia has expended a fortune on this film, but to my mind it's money well spent. The picture is spell-binding, with its strange story of five people kidnapped and whisked far beyond



civilization, imprisoned in a paradise where people never age. Capra has definitely topped his "It Happened One Night" and "Mr. Deeds" in this one.

"Lost Horizon" won't actually reach the screen for some time yet. But when it does, you'll agree that this grand picture alone would have made good Hollywood's boast about its "greatest movie season".



Bing swings into his biggest laugh show, with 5 new song hits, in "Pennies From Heaven".

tell you, in a few well-chosen words—and pictures—about the three approaching attractions that I like best.

The first one you'll see will be the new Bing Crosby show—"Pennies From Heaven". Here's the funniest picture Bing's ever made. It's his first for Columbia—an engagingly human romance with five



Columbia is rumored to have spent two millions on its production of "Lost Horizon". Here are Ronald Colman and Margo in a tense scene, with producer Frank Capra in inset.





The Studios Of
Hollywood Hire
Many An Edu-
cated Animal To
Give Reality To
Pictures.

(Lower left) In "Por-
trait of a Rebel,"
Katharine Hepburn
tries to lead the
donkey. (Left) Kath-
arine decides he is
donkey all over.



SHOTS OF THE STARS WITH THE ANIMAL PERFORMERS



Tarzan (Johnny Weissmuller)
is rescued by his friend, the
elephant, from the trap in
"Tarzan Escapes."



In "Libeled Lady," Walter Connolly, Myrna Loy and
William Powell are fascinated by the size of the
fish. It is his first picture. (Left) Martha Raye mak-
ing faces at the chimpanzee, who has a Paramount
contract.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE GIFT CONTEST

Prizes That Would Make Lovely Christmas Presents
Free For The Best Letters.

WE HAVE ascertained from many of our readers that mothers sometimes can only make their daughters willingly eat their spinach, or drink their milk, because Shirley Temple does so. Older sisters have often been able to teach younger ones the good manners and neatness required of them by setting Shirley up as an example. Teachers have also been aided in obtaining obedience from their little pupils by the same method. That is why we are here presenting an opportunity for you to write a letter telling us how Shirley Temple's influence has helped in the up-bringing of some little girl you know, to whom you would like to give a beautiful gift.

Pictured to the right is the first prize. This, as well as the second prizes, is the famous Shirley Temple doll carriage made by the F. A. Whitney Carriage Company. All of them possess a white chassis, no nails visible on sides and no sharp edges—all rounded. They have one-piece French handles and non-pinching safety hood joints. On each side of the doll carriages there is a reproduction of Shirley's head, and her name appears on the hood knobs and wheel hub caps.

To make these doll carriages outstanding gifts, we have included with each one of them a Shirley Temple doll and a wool blanket with long fringe, embroidered with Shirley's name. A matching pillow completes the ensemble.

FIRST PRIZE

A SHIRLEY TEMPLE doll carriage, 26" x 12½" with foot extension, and a 27 inch Shirley Temple baby doll. The carriage is fully upholstered with non-cracking leather cloth, has white enameled gear with shackle springs, 9" wire wheels and ¾" rubber tires. The baby doll is dressed in beautiful organdy clothes, with



FIRST
PRIZE

Shirley Temple photographed with the doll carriage, doll and accessories offered for the first prize.

Answer This Question And Win One Of These Beautiful Prizes:
How has Shirley Temple influenced the life of some little girl that you know?

CONDITIONS

1. Your letter should not contain more than three hundred words.
2. Be sure your name and address appear on your letter.
3. Write your name and address plainly on the coupon below and attach it to your letter.
4. Neatness will be considered in awarding these prizes.
5. Contest closes midnight December 7, 1936.
6. Contest is opened to any reader with the exception of members of the staff of this magazine or their families.
7. In the event of ties the prize tied for will be sent to each tying contestant.
8. The prizes will be awarded for the most interesting letters in the opinion of the editor, whose decision will be final.

TWELVE (12) SECOND PRIZES

SHIRLEY TEMPLE doll carriages, 19" x 9½", with 18 inch Shirley Temple baby dolls. Carriages have hoods of non-cracking leather cloth, plated safety joints, white enameled gears and handles, 7" wheels with ½" rubber tires. The dolls are the same as the first prize except in size. A wool blanket and matching pillow included.

EIGHTEEN (18) THIRD PRIZES

22 inch Shirley Temple dolls. These dolls are modeled after Shirley as she is today. They have long blonde curls and real eyelashes. The eyes not only open and close, but move from side to side—a feature no other doll has. The accordion pleated dresses that the dolls wear are attractive copies of Shirley Temple's own dress.

One of the third prize Shirley Temple dolls.



Editor,

Shirley Temple Gift Contest,

Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

In the event that my letter is selected in this contest, I should be pleased to have the prize sent to me at the following address:

Name

Address

City State



He is an actor of great talent, of soaring ambition and a saving sense of humor. (Below) Tone and his hobby—chess, that is it.



"DISTINCTIVE"

FRANCHOT TONE has contributed an outstanding performance in Hollywood, but, unfortunately for such histrionics, there are no Academy awards, no blazing banner lines to inform the world of his accomplishment.

It isn't that I mean to hold Franchot up as an object of mortal perfection. Fortunately, he possesses all the human frailties, even as you and I. But he has shown his mettle in the face of the most trying circumstances—that is, trying to one of Franchot's intrinsic decency. For keeping his individuality, for remaining adamant in his original repugnance toward fitting into the acknowledged Hollywood mould, Franchot Tone is singularly distinctive.

Marriage to a great star, wide world acclaim, wealth, have made no change in the ideals and guiding influences of the Tone career. Over a period of years, Hollywood has expected and witnessed the inevitable crack-up of every actor who has vouchsafed to retain his identity and individualism, in spite of the exigencies of fame. But Franchot Tone remains dauntless. In fact, if anything he is stronger than ever in his position. And Hollywood is a little grim at the shock of it all. On the other hand, there is a new side to Franchot, a new side that is less didactic, more emotionally chivalrous and in every way representative of the life he is living. In Hollywood, most actors are prone to become

collectors, using their fame and fortune to this advantage. Franchot Tone from the start was a connoisseur. Today he still seeks out the best in music, in books, in friends, in living. Franchot knows no substitutes for quality. His work he considers the most important thing, next to his marriage. This explains his bitterness in not being given a chance to create something worthy of his ability.

Of all the actors in Hollywood there is none whose talents have been so distorted in unworthy roles. Doubtless, the scarcity of leading men is the reason for Franchot being shoved into the first part that comes along. In answer to all his pleas that he be given another "Bengal Lancer" (for which he was borrowed) or another "Mutiny On the Bounty" (he got this because Bob Montgomery wanted a vacation) the producers tell Franchot that his pictures "make money." So far, no actor has ever been able to find an answer to this one. And Franchot is no exception!

Since his marriage, a new facet in the Tone personality has developed—one that

Franchot Tone, As A Friend Of His Knows Him.

By Jerry Asher

Franchot never believed possible. As it has been printed so many times before, Franchot has always been a lone wolf. Long before he left college, he reconciled himself to the fact that he would never be a good mixer or become the life of

any party. Instinctively he kept to himself. That "hail fellow well met" attitude wasn't part of his nature. There was little he had in common with the work-a-day world in general.

At least once a week the Tones give a dinner party. During the summer months they entertained with several Sunday afternoon garden affairs that carried on into buffet suppers and a movie. Franchot suddenly discovered, to his amazement, that he enjoyed being with a crowd of people. He found things to say to them and they seemed to have things to say to him. Doubtlessly it was inspired by the warmth and genuine friendship that has been showered on him since his marriage. One night when his guests started (Continued on page 69)



The Word That Has Added Drama To Merle Oberon's Career.

By
Maude Cheatham

MAYBE it is because Merle Oberon was born on the little Island of Tasmania that she loves the sea so ardently. Ever since she came to California to make pictures, she has lived in a picturesque house on the beach at Santa Monica, with the Pacific Ocean for her front yard. Her next door neighbors are Norma Shearer Thalberg and the Douglas Fairbanks', who are also her most intimate friends, and they form a nucleus of a congenial little colony of their own.

It was while sitting on her broad terrace, one sunny afternoon, watching the blue waves dancing against a bluer sky, that Merle said, "The word career should be spelled with the two letters—*I-F*! I can look back and see how this small word has influenced every step of my way. *If* this had not happened, *if* I had not done this or that, at a psychological moment, where would I be today? What would my life be?"

"It seems to me," I began, suddenly realizing that this tiny girl curled up in the big swing was the piquant star who has completely captured the entire film world, "that your career was foreordained. I'm very sure a special destiny guides you for it follows such a perfect pattern."

Merle laughed. "Oh, no," she replied, "there are many times when I must make far-reaching decisions all by myself but my unwavering optimism always helps me out. I have a pet theory that if we have unlimited determination and will concentrate on what we want—will work for it, fight down the obstacles, never admit discouragement, that nothing can keep us from succeeding!"

"Of course, the most significant *if* in my life is that my father died three months before I was born. He was a British army officer and had he lived no thought of a career would have touched my life. As it was, my first ambition was to hurry and grow up, so I could earn money and take care of my mother. When I was nine, mother and I went to Calcutta, India, to live with my uncle and aunt, and fortunately for me, they encouraged my independence, which is unusual in English families.

"The second *if* that completely changed my life came one afternoon in 1927, when my aunt took me to see the Hollywood-made picture, 'The Dark Angel.' That silent film thrilled and moved me as nothing else had ever done and sitting in the dark theatre, with tears streaming down my cheeks, I felt something happen to me: I *knew* I was to be a *screen actress*! Never for a minute did I waver or doubt this, though at the time there were obstacles towering to the very sky and it looked utterly impossible.

"Now," she asked, "*if* I had not seen 'The Dark Angel,' at that very time, would I have ever caught the same driving inspiration again?"

Indicative of her directness, the very



Life is very good for Merle; her friends are steadfast and her dreams are coming true. Brian Aherne and the Pacific Ocean combine to amuse her.

next day, Merle joined the Calcutta Amateur Society, and appeared in several of their pantomimes, danced in the chorus of "Sinbad the Sailor," and "Aladdin," and sang in "The Geisha." She was now convinced that her next step must be England, where she could launch her career, but the realization of this dream seemed as remote as the very stars.

Then, when she was seventeen, her uncle was called to London on business and Merle decided upon a desperate move; she would become a stowaway, and sail with him into her new world. Successfully hiding a small satchel in his stateroom when she went aboard the ship to see him off, she gaily bade him an affectionate goodbye, and slipping away from her mother and aunt, she hid on an upper deck until they were well out at sea, when she suddenly appeared at her uncle's door.

The whole daring idea amused him immensely. Anyway, what could he do about it now? So, the two of them toured England and when he was ready to return

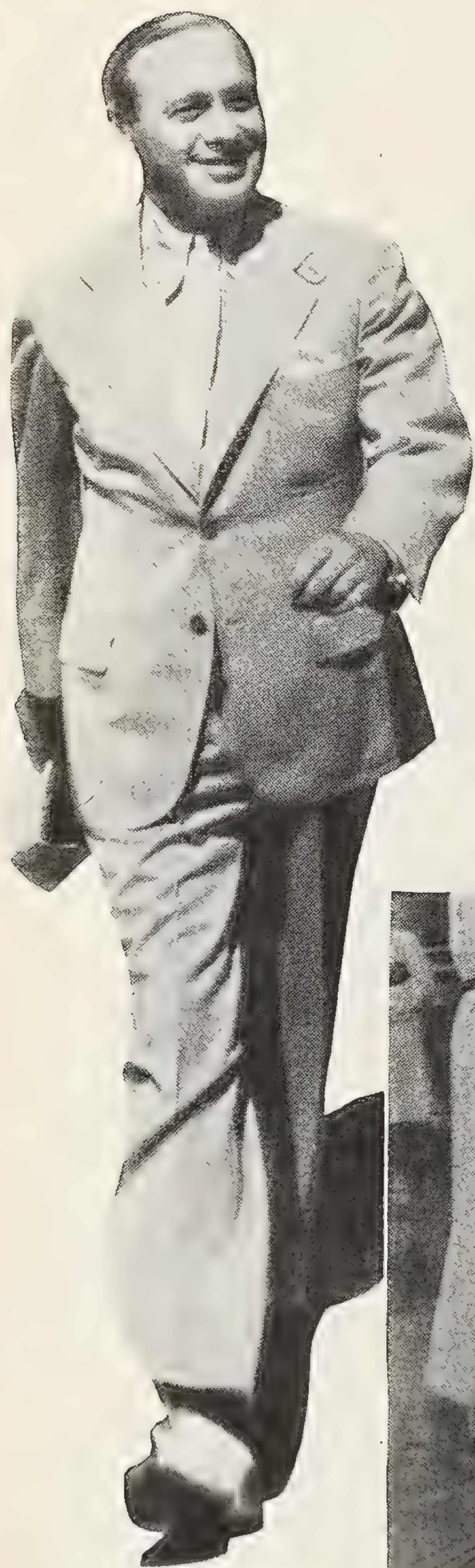
home he agreed to give Merle twenty-five pounds, a return trip ticket to India, and let her try her luck at getting into pictures.

Seventeen, and alone in London, the first thing she did was to buy an expensive fur-trimmed coat she saw displayed in a window. Then, realizing she had spent most of her money, she went on a cracker diet for almost a week, waiting for her opportunity. One morning she read in the newspaper that girls were wanted to dance in a film, so, putting on her beautiful new coat, Merle swept grandly into the manager's office and made such an impression of charming elegance that she landed the job at once.

Now comes the question; *if* she had not foolishly bought the extravagant coat, how long might her first screen chance have been delayed?

One of the (Continued on page 71)

REVIEWS OF



volved in a self-defence shooting over a buried treasure little Miss Sybil "hoping to scare the law" invents lies about Uncle Asa that fairly take him to the chair. But, of course, in the end he becomes the local hero.

Mr. Kibbee is excellent in another of his famous "Captain January" rôles, and the casual way in which he wanders in and out of jail makes a big hit with the audience. May Robson plays a shrewish aunt who has the care of Sybil and her sister, Jane Bryan. Sybil puts over a song called "I'm the Captain's Kid."

LADIES IN LOVE

TENSION IN BUDAPEST—*Twentieth Century-Fox*

AND here, at last, is that muchly discussed picture in which four of Hollywood's most temperamental actresses played together (and fought together if you believe the chitchat of the town). But no matter what they did on the set it is quite evident that on the screen they are all perfect little ladies indulging in no up-staging or scene-stealing.

The three stars—Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, and Connie Bennett—play three young women in Budapest who decide to merge their meager incomes and rent a ritzy apartment for appearances sake. All three fall in love and good old heartbreak ensues. Love is a flop in all three cases but

broken heart.

Loretta loses her young man, Count Tyrone Power Jr., when he marries his royal fiancée after a flirtation with Loretta. And Connie loses her man, Paul Lukas, to a little girl from the country, Simone Simon. (Personally I would appreciate it if Twentieth Century could arrange to have Simone fall in love with a young man for a change.)

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1937

MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA AT ITS BEST—*Paramount*

IF IT'S first class entertainment you're looking for don't look now but here it is, right in the "Big Broadcast of 1937," by far the best of the big broadcast series. The entertainment goes all the way from Martha



THE CAPTAIN'S KID

WAY DOWN EAST—*Warners*

CUTE little Sybil Jason, who seems to know much more about sincerity and tempo in acting than many of her elders, plays a rich little girl from the city who is spending the summer in a quaint old New England seacoast town. The love of her life is "Uncle Asa" (Guy Kibbee) a grizzled old Munchausen who never wearies of telling Sybil tall tales of his pirate days.

Well, Sybil proves that she can tell tall tales too, so when Uncle Asa becomes in-

each finds compensation in another direction.

Quite naturally, with three different love stories running concurrently and getting themselves straightened out, the picture becomes rather jerky and episodic. Judging from the audience re-action the most interesting love affair was that of Janet for the hammish magician (superbly played by Alan Mowbray) who tries to break Janet's heart just to appease his own romantic conceit—fortunately for Janet young Doctor Don Ameche is right there to mend her

Raye to Leopold Stokowski and his symphony orchestra and back to Martha Raye—and at the preview both Miss Raye and Mr. Stokowski shared equal honors for the greatest applause.

The plot's quite hilarious, revolving around Platt Airflow Golf Balls' commercial broadcast. Our own little nitwit, Gracie Allen, is the sponsor of the program, and, after hearing Frank Forest sing "La Bomba," she just must have him on Platt Golf Balls. With Ray Milland as the press agent and Jack Benny as head of the broad-



(Above) Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor and Constance Bennett in "Ladies in Love." (Left) "Along Came Love," with Irene Hervey and Charles Starrett. (Extreme left) Jack Benny, star of "The Big Broadcast of 1937," hurrying away from work.

PICTURES

casting company, the conceited Mr. Forest agrees to sign only if they will have Shirley Ross brought to town and hushed up—Shirley it seems has been satirizing Mr. Forest on her radio station in the sticks.

But when Shirley is brought to town, immediately Mr. Milland, Mr. Benny, and Mr. Forest all fall in love with her—with the press agent winning out in the end after some very upsetting complications. In the meantime, while Shirley is getting her love affair straightened out every kind of entertainment you ever heard of is happening in the radio broadcasting station, with Gracie, of course, acting like a mad woman. She finally snares Bob Burns (who has been wandering around the station for days with his bazooka looking for Stokowski) in a hot embrace which reaches a new high in comedy for all times.

Martha Raye, Shirley Ross, Frank Chapman and Benny Fields sing like nobody's business, Louis De Pron and Eleanore Whitney do a stand-out dance number, and Benny Goodman's swing band is simply terrific. It's a swell picture for the entire family.

ALONG CAME LOVE

NOT IN THE SOCIAL REGISTER—Paramount
HERE'S a light and



"The Captain's Kid," Sybil Jason, is getting walloped by May Robson. It hurts Guy Kibbee, the Captain, but not in the same place.

works out beautifully with mother getting her release from jail and marrying the manager of the store. Irene Franklin, as the mother who can put over a song a la Minsky, steals scenes right and left, and we find ourselves asking why not more of Irene Franklin in pictures. It's very gay entertainment.

WEDDING PRESENT

THE FOURTH ESTATE GOES GOOFY—Paramount

JOAN BENNETT and Cary Grant play a couple of crazy devil-may-care newspaper reporters in this slightly mad and very ram-bunctious farce which is guaranteed to put you in good spirits. They have no respect for discipline, or anything else, and when they win the annual awards for good reporting they promptly lose their medals in a crap game with the elevator boy. Such loony people.

Finally Cary decides to reform and becomes a city editor, and Joan goes to New York and gets herself engaged to Conrad Nagel, the unexciting author of success books. When Cary hears about the approaching wedding of his girl friend he gets tight and sends all the fire engines and police wagons in town to Conrad's house as a sort of wedding present. Now fire engines always do things to Joanie, and in the stress of all the excitement she throws over the success author and decides to marry into the newspaper profession.

George Bancroft is good as a vengeful city editor, and so is Gene Lockhart as an Austrian archduke who goes on a spree with Joan and Cary. Joan, pretty as a picture, establishes herself as a comedienne.

DIMPLES

KEEPING UP THE TEMPLE STANDARD—Twentieth Century

THE latest Shirley Temple picture, rich in comedy and fun, rates right along with her best vehicles. This time the locale is quaint old New York of 1850 and Shirley is a tiny street singer (and a bit of a rough neck) who with her gang entertains the crowds while her guardian, "Professor" Frank Morgan, does a neat and thriving business as a pickpocket.

When Shirley catches her adored "Professor" stealing a cuckoo clock in a rich lady's house she is heartbroken, and the poor "Professor" is so penitent that he straightaway agrees to reform. But the little matter of the theatre's funds and Napoleon's watch come up and the poor man finds it very difficult to live up to Shirley's trust in him.

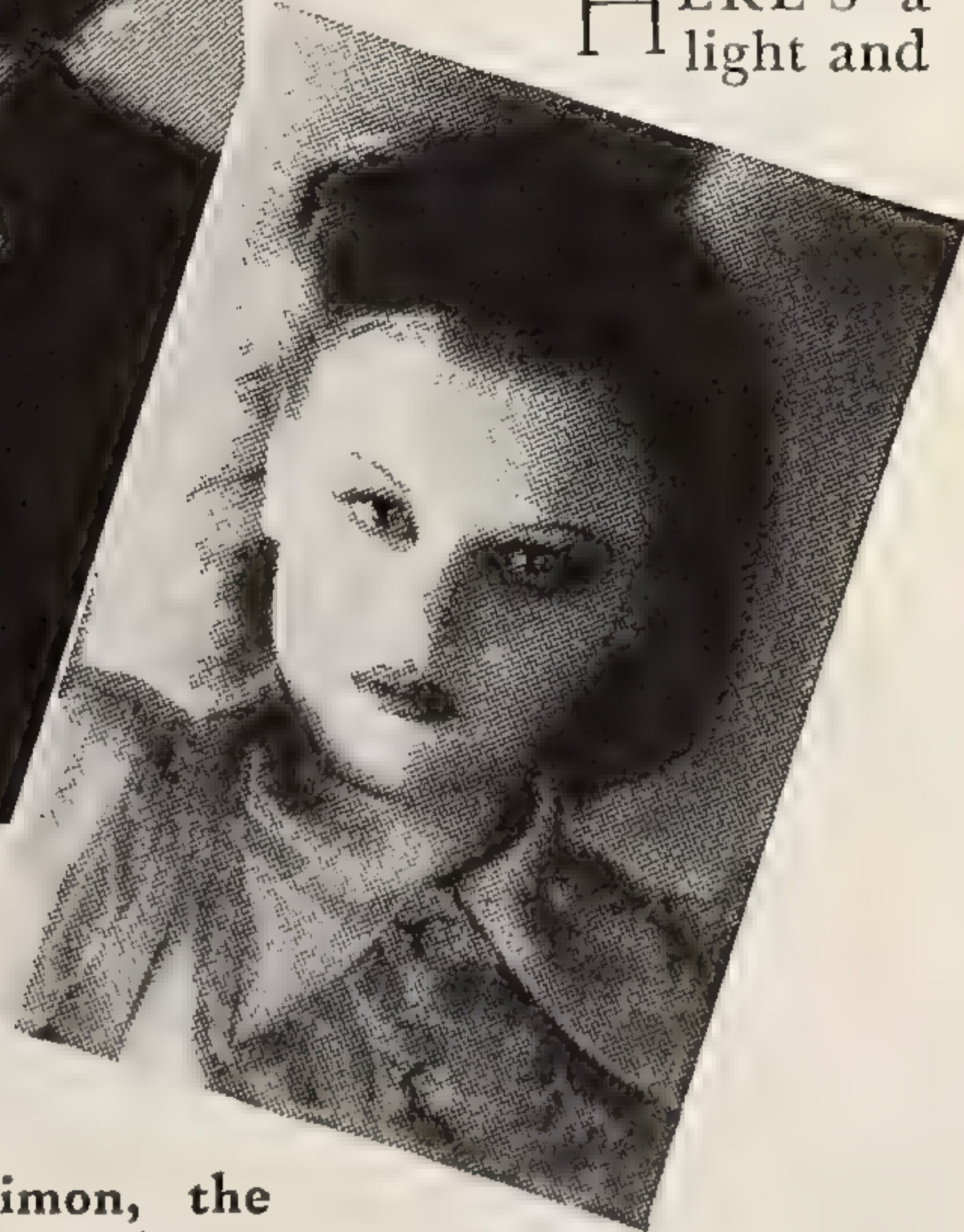
The plot gets very complicated when a rich old lady (Helen Westley) falls in love with the little Temple and offers to buy her from the "Professor" for five thousand dollars, and Shirley becomes the first Little Eva in the original company of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" which is produced by the old lady's nephew.

There are all kinds of complications and all kinds of reconciliations in the end, and the picture is really all kinds of fun. Frank Morgan snuffles and snorts through one grand comedy scene after another. Shirley tap dances (as only a pupil of Bill Robinson's can) and sings two charming songs—"What Did the Bluejay Say?" and "Picture Me Without You."

[Continued on page 67]



Simone Simon, the talented French actress, who also appears in "Ladies in Love."



frothy bit of delicious nonsense. There are no star names, but who

cares! Irene Hervey plays a trash-can salesgirl in Tracy's (could they mean Macy's perchance?) basement who is looking for a Prince. The Prince turns out to be a theatre doorman (Charles Starrett) who is really a young baby doctor working his way through medical school. Irene borrows a baby, takes a morning off from her trash-cans, and goes in pursuit of the doctor.

They are just about to be married when a raid on a Burlesque show, where her mother is singing, brings bad publicity and just about wrecks the romance. But it all

THE THRILLING STORY OF AN AVENGER WHO FOUND LOVE

FROM the elevated approach to the great bridge one could see the vast panorama of rooftops and towers that crowd onto Manhattan island. It spread under the drizzling winter sky as far as the eye could follow, this seething, crawling human ant hill. Millions of men, millions of struggling lives, millions of dreams.

The man who stared down at it had his dream. It had led him there from all across dusty America, thumbing his way on the roads, riding the rods on the freight trains, living by the free soup kitchens and the sufrance of the hobo jungles.

He was young, just past his majority. A lean, browned man with the eyes of a dreamer, dark eyes that were lighted by fanatical devotion to one idea.

The chilly wind whipped his ragged clothing. It crept through the rotted fabrics and burned his flesh. The icy rain soaked him. He was not aware of it. Somewhere among those millions down there was one man he had come far to find—one truth he must wring from that man's lips.

Mio Romagna, following the tragic purpose of his life had come to clear a dead man's name.

That man had died sixteen years ago in the electric chair. The crime for which Bartolomio Romagna paid the penalty was the murder of a factory paymaster. All those sixteen years his son believed in his innocence.

Sixteen years later the dean of a famous university law school, reviewing the old case as an academic exercise, became convinced that Mio Romagna's father had died

an innocent man. The court had refused to hear a witness whose testimony would have named the real murderer.

The newspapers of America gave wide publicity to this opinion by an expert and so it came to the ears of Romagna's son, bringing him thousands of miles to seek out Garth Esdras and compel that forgotten witness to speak the truth.

Standing on the great bridge, faced with the immensity of the city, Mio saw the hopelessness of his search, but the fanatical purpose in his heart was not cooled. Garth Esdras was there! He would be found!

Just beneath him was the river's edge and the huddled roofs of the lowest slums. In the shadow of one of the great stone abutments that supported the bridge, was an open space, a square formed by the tenements on three sides, the river on the fourth.

A stair opened from where Mio stood and winding around the masonry made an exit to the square below. Halfway down the shadowy steps he saw a figure that held his attention.

A girl huddled against the stair rail, her slight body abandoned to grief. The utter despair of her pose cried aloud to his sympathy and beckoned him to join her.

"What's the matter, kid?"

She raised her head from her arms. Mio looked into a pale, tragic face and saw sweetness and beauty there. Her littleness

somehow made him ache to help her.

She was shrinking from him. "Nothing, nothing!" she gasped, answering his questions. She would have run away from him. He put his hand on her arm, gently.

"I'm sorry."

"For what?" she asked amazed.

"That you're unhappy."

She looked at him bewildered. Wasn't unhappiness the common lot? "It's all right," she muttered. "You're unhappy, too."

"How do you know that?"

"I just looked at you. That's all. Can I help?"

In all his years of vagrant wandering nobody had offered help. She was just a kid, shabby and ill nourished, yet she had such riches of heart she would share with him!

"Who are you?" he gasped.

She shook her head. Her eyes had a frightened gleam. "No one. Just a girl you



One of the many dramatic scenes in "Winterset." (Left to right)

Miriamne Esdras (Margo), Garth Esdras (Paul Guilfoyle), Trock Estrella (Eduardo Cianelli), Mio Romagna (Burgess Meredith), the elder Esdras (Maurice Moscovitch) and Judge Gaunt (Edward Ellis). Margo and Burgess Meredith, who played the leads in the stage production on Broadway for months, are the stars of the screen play.



saw among the tenements." Turning she slipped from his restraining hand and darted away down the stair. She vanished in the shadows of the bridge like a figure he had dreamed.

He wandered into the square below, staring hopelessly at the tiers of tenement windows that bounded it on three sides, at the black, greasy river that lapped and gurgled along the embankment on the fourth side. His thoughts returned again to his search for that one man—Garth Esdras. One among millions!

A strange thing was happening in the square. Mio stared, listened, unable to believe his senses. There came the sound of music—gay, light

Fictionization Of "Winterset," An RKO-Radio Picture Produced By Pandro S. Berman, With Burgess Meredith, Margo, Eduardo Ciannelli, Helen Jerome Eddy, John Carradine, Maurice Moscovitch, Edward Ellis, Paul Guilfoyle, Stanley Ridges, Sidney Toler And Barbara Pepper.
Screen Play By Anthony Veiller From The Original Play By Maxwell Anderson.

By Jack Bechdolt



tunes that quickened the pulses and brought a glint of light to the dullest eyes. Music, springing like some rare flower out of the foulest mud!

Old Lucia owned a grind organ. It was his means of livelihood. But Mr. Boss, that austere, all-

powerful figure that brooded somewhere above all the skyscrapers, did not like music on the streets. Mister Boss had told his policemen to silence all the grind organs. So old Lucia, ordered off by irate cops, trundled his organ home to the square. The tenement children followed after him, daring him to play. Well, why not? It would be for the last time. A party for everybody! Free music—free dreams of happiness! That was the music that startled Mio.

Tenement windows opened, faces stared out, smiled doubtfully. Out of doors they came, old and young to dance to the last of the street music.

A pair of ragamuffin boys did a shuffle. A sailor drew a street girl into his arms and whirled her away. A pair of girls danced together, laughing shrilly. The old hobo who crept around the square smoking discarded cigarette butts he picked up, swayed his body to the rhythm of the songs. They were all dancing—dancing goodbye to the street music—goodbye forever!

Mio saw the girl of the bridge and went to her. He held out his arms, saying nothing. She moved into his embrace and they danced with the others and looking into each other's eyes they saw no others. They were alone in a world of their own, a man and a girl in love.

A policeman came, red faced and full of bluster, running to them down the alley that led from the square to streets beyond. The music had to stop. The law said so.

Most of the dancers were too cowed to protest. They shrugged and turned back to their holes. A few mocked at the law; a few defied it in hot speeches.

Among those who dared speak Mio saw an old man. He was lean and feeble. Paperlike skin stretched tight over a cadaverous frame. Nobody knew who he was. He did not live in the square. The old man's speech was gentle, with a queer dignity, even a hint of authority. But his mind was feeble. He rambled.

"Whatever they have said or done, let them disperse in peace," he said to the policeman. "It is better that they go softly—lest when they are dead—you see their eyes pleading and their outstretched hands touch you, fingering cold on your heart."

He put a pleading hand on the policeman's arm. "I have been harsher than you,"

he quavered in his strangely arresting voice.

Mio's stare concentrated on this strange old man. Somewhere he had seen that face, sometime long ago! He had seen that face and heard that voice . . . but where? What did it mean to him? He could not solve the riddle.

The policeman threw off the old man's grip so roughly that he fell to the ground. While the crowd growled shame at the law, a younger man helped the victim to his feet. He called another to aid him and between them they led the queer old wraith out of the crowd.

Mio turned to ask the girl if she knew the old man. The girl had slipped away. When he found her again, haunting the square in his determination to see her, she sat on the parapet by the black, greasy river, huddled forlornly against the driving mist.

Her name was Miriamne. She would tell him no more than that. Without shame she said that she loved him; that she would go with him wherever he went. It was sweet to hear her say that, strangely sweet and tempting to a lonely man. Mio was torn between his desire and the vow he had made to clear his father's name. In a burst of bitterness he told her of Bartolomio Romagna's death and his son's purpose in life.

"I have no house, nor home, nor love of life, nor fear of death, nor care for what I eat. Love somewhere else, Miriamne, and get your children in some other image. This face of mine is stamped for sewage!"

Standing before her, shaken by the old bitterness, he lifted his face to the falling rain. "Lie still and rest, my father, for I have not forgotten! When I do forget, may I lie blind as you!"

She drew back from him and her eyes showed amazement and growing terror. "Mio! What was his name . . . your father's name?"

Her tragic whisper startled him. He said, "Bartolomio Romagna. I'm not ashamed of it."

She screamed then, "I know why you're here! There's someone lives here—and you mean to see him—you mean to ask him—"

"Who told you that?"

She finished with dread certainty, "His name is Garth—Garth Esdras!"

His face was close to her, his eyes demanding the truth. "Who are you, then? Were you sent to say this?"

"You said there was death about you," she whispered. "Yes, but nearer than you think! Let it be as it is—never see this place again, nor think of it . . . Go, before you're seen or spoken to!"

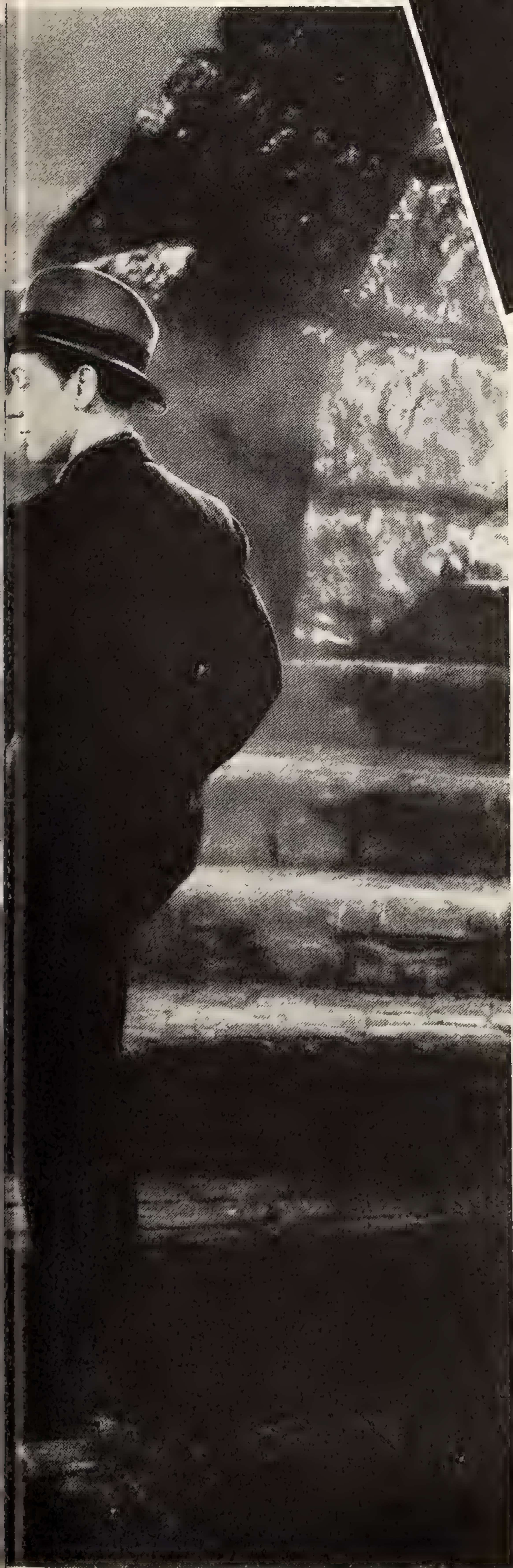
She started away from him as she said it. His hand clutched at her.

"But why? Tell me why!"

"As I love you I can't tell you!"

"Where will I find you, then, if I should want to see you?"

She shook her head at him vehemently. "Never! For I should bring you death." She tore herself from his hands and raced away into the shadows. [Continued on next page]



The blind fates that guide men's lives, moving with the inexorable sureness of the tides, meting out justice as surely as great glaciers flow, grasped the strings that hurried the human puppets to their final reckoning. In the dingy basement room where Miriamne Esdras lived with her brother Garth and her old father, the fates had set their stage.

That same newspaper article that brought Mio questing for the truth had moved other hearts. One was that strange old man Mio had seen in the square. He was Judge Everett Gaunt, the judge who had condemned Mio's father to execution. For sixteen years the gentle reproof of a dying man rang in his ears, torturing him with doubts. He was an old man and his mind was a dim, fogged lumber room in which ghosts of reason roamed. Judge Gaunt, seeking Garth Esdras, found him when the policeman's irritation threw him to the ground. It was Garth and his father who carried the old man to the basement.

In another man the newspaper article roused a murderous fury. Trock Estrella was the gangster whose bullet killed the paymaster sixteen years ago. The sudden revival of the old case filled him with guilty terrors. While Mio Romagna stood on the great bridge, staring hopelessly over the city, Trock was posting trusted gunmen at the exits to the square. They had orders to kill Garth Esdras if he attempted to leave the place. At any cost his mouth must be stopped before he went to the police.

Miriamne, torn between loyalty to her brother and love for Mio, fled back to the basement. Old Esdras, Garth and Judge Gaunt were already there. And across the great bridge, even then, Trock Estrella, the murderer, was returning, plotting fresh killing as he hurried.

A telephone message from one of his gunmen was bringing Trock back. The gunman had recognized Judge Gaunt and had seen Garth shelter him.

Trock's mind was made up. The Judge must be rubbed out. Garth must be rubbed out. And if there were any others left who could speak the truth about that crime of sixteen years ago . . . well, that was going to be just too bad for them!

With the gangster was his one inseparable companion, Shadow. Shadow was loyal; and he kept his head better than Trock Estrella. He argued with Trock as they hurried.

"I've seen men get that way, thinking they had to plug a couple guys and then a few more to cover it up, and then maybe a dozen more! You can't slough all the witnesses, because every man you put away has friends—"

Trock was sick of Shadow's cautions, blazing with the lust to kill. He turned on him, eyes narrowed. "You all through?"

"Why, sure."

"All right. We're through, too, you know."

"Yeah?" said Shadow, warily, warned of his peril. "Sure, I'll go. Maybe you won't mind if I just find out what you've got on you. Before I turn my back, I'd like to know." With mock courtesy he took Trock's gun away from him. "So long, Trock. I won't talk. You can be sure of that."

"I know you won't," Trock said softly. He turned toward the river and lifted his hand—a signal to his killers. The slap of a revolver with a silencer was not loud enough to startle anybody near. Shadow crumpled across the low parapet beside the river. Trock's foot rolled the body farther, it slid down the bank and whirled away in the current.

"Well, you didn't lie," Trock grinned. "You won't talk." He went on into the square to visit Garth Esdras.

To find Garth Esdras! Mio had no other purpose now. Miriamne and love were forgotten in the excitement her warning had roused. Garth was near—in this very square!

When he found the basement hovel finally, Garth and his old father were persuading Judge Gaunt to leave the place. Mio told his errand to the man he had travelled so far to discover.

"My son knows nothing," old Esdras quavered.

"That's right," Garth echoed. "The police picked me up at the time because I looked like somebody they had seen in what they called the murder car. They held me a little while, but they couldn't identify me for the most excellent reason I wasn't there when the thing occurred. That's all

Garth Esdras was not called. This is Garth Esdras. And you have heard him. Would his deposition have justified a new trial?"

Mio stood silent before him, seeing his dream castles crumbling. But the truth was in him and he answered according to it. "No," he said. "No, it would not."

He dropped into a chair, stunned by his disappointment. Garth Esdras and his father, their faces lighted with relief, started to lead the judge out of the tenement.

When Mio looked up, Miriamne stood before him. She had come from the adjoining room of the basement flat. She would have given him all the consolation her loving heart prompted, but he shook his head at her. "Don't you understand? Now I'm blacker than ever. The son of a felon—"

"Never believe them, Mio! Never!"

"It was truth I wanted. Truth. Not the lies you'd tell yourself, or tell a woman, or a woman tells you. The judge with his cobra mouth may have spat the truth—and I may be mad!"

They leaped apart at the slam of the door thrown open. Three men backed into the room, old Esdras, his son and Judge Gaunt. Following them, his hand threateningly clutching something in his coat pocket, came Trock Estrella.

The gangster's eyes fixed on Mio. "Who is he?"

Old Esdras answered, "His name's Romagna. He's the son."

"Then what's he doing here? You said you were on the level."

"We didn't ask him," Garth babbled. "He just walked in. On account of the stuff in the papers."

Trock considered them. He saw no menace in Mio Romagna. "Well, we are a gathering!" he sneered. "Now, if we had Shadow, we'd all be here, huh? Only I guess we won't see Shadow!" He laughed darkly, remembering the body his foot sent slithering into the greasy river.

"Listen," Trock said briskly. "There's a car waiting up at the street to take the Judge home."

Father and son exchanged terrified glances. They knew now what Trock planned to do with the old man.

"He's harmless," Garth cried. "That's not necessary."

"I say it is," Trock snarled. "You wouldn't want to let the Judge walk, would you? The Judge is going to ride where he's going, with a couple of chauffeurs and everything done in style. Don't you worry about the Judge. He'll be taken care of."

Laughing at their terrified faces Trock glanced out of the door. Rain was pouring. He drew back with a shiver.

"It takes ten days off me, every time I step into it! It's Shadow likes the wet. Not me . . ."

The words trailed into silence. They saw his eyes bulging and turned to look where Trock looked. Outside, drenched by the rain stood something in the form of a man, something with a dead, pallid face and eyes that stared in at them. It came on with a shuffling, dead step, swaying crazily and they saw it held a revolver in one hand. It came into the room and Trock backed away from it, backing until he was pinned against the wall behind him.

The thing clutched wearily at the door frame and held the gun pointed at the gangster. "Keep your hands where they belong, Trock." It moved nearer again, wiping away the dripping river water that clouded its eyes.

Trock's voice was a squeal. "I'm clean, Shadow. You've got my gun."

"Yeah, I know," Shadow answered om-

[Continued on page 72]

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE series of biographical articles called "Projections" will continue and the January issue of Silver Screen will have a typical story of Carole Lombard.

These stories by Elizabeth Wilson are unique because instead of giving you one "personality angle" they truthfully review the star's life in most engaging fashion.

Another story that will be a bright spot in the next Silver Screen is Ed Sullivan's article about the early Broadway days of the movie stars. Broadway is his life and no one can write better about the actors of Mazda Lane than he.

Grace Kingsley, whose recent article "You Must Obey the Rules" was an outstanding contribution, is at work on a special feature about etiquette with anecdotes that will give you a real understanding of Hollywood party behavior.

A new writer, Phyllis-Marie Arthur, brings a new, fresh and authentic article about the stars and their broadcasting thrills. It is like being behind the scenes yourself, her writing is so vivid.

Our sweet little Shirley Temple's next picture is being fictionized for the January issue by Jack Bechdolt. He is a successful and really talented writer, so look forward to reading "The Stowaway."

It will start your new year off happily.

THE EDITOR.

On Sale December 8th

I know about it. I wish I could tell you more."

Mio recoiled from him, his hopes dashed. "So I came three thousand miles to this dead end!" But his heart would not accept this as truth. "You lie! I won't believe it!"

The strange old man he had seen in the square spoke to him reprovingly. "If you mean to say that Bartolomio Romagna was innocent, you are wrong. He was guilty."

A furious young man turned on him, arguing, pleading his father's cause. And as they argued his bewildered mind kept groping for the answer to a mystery—Who was this old man?

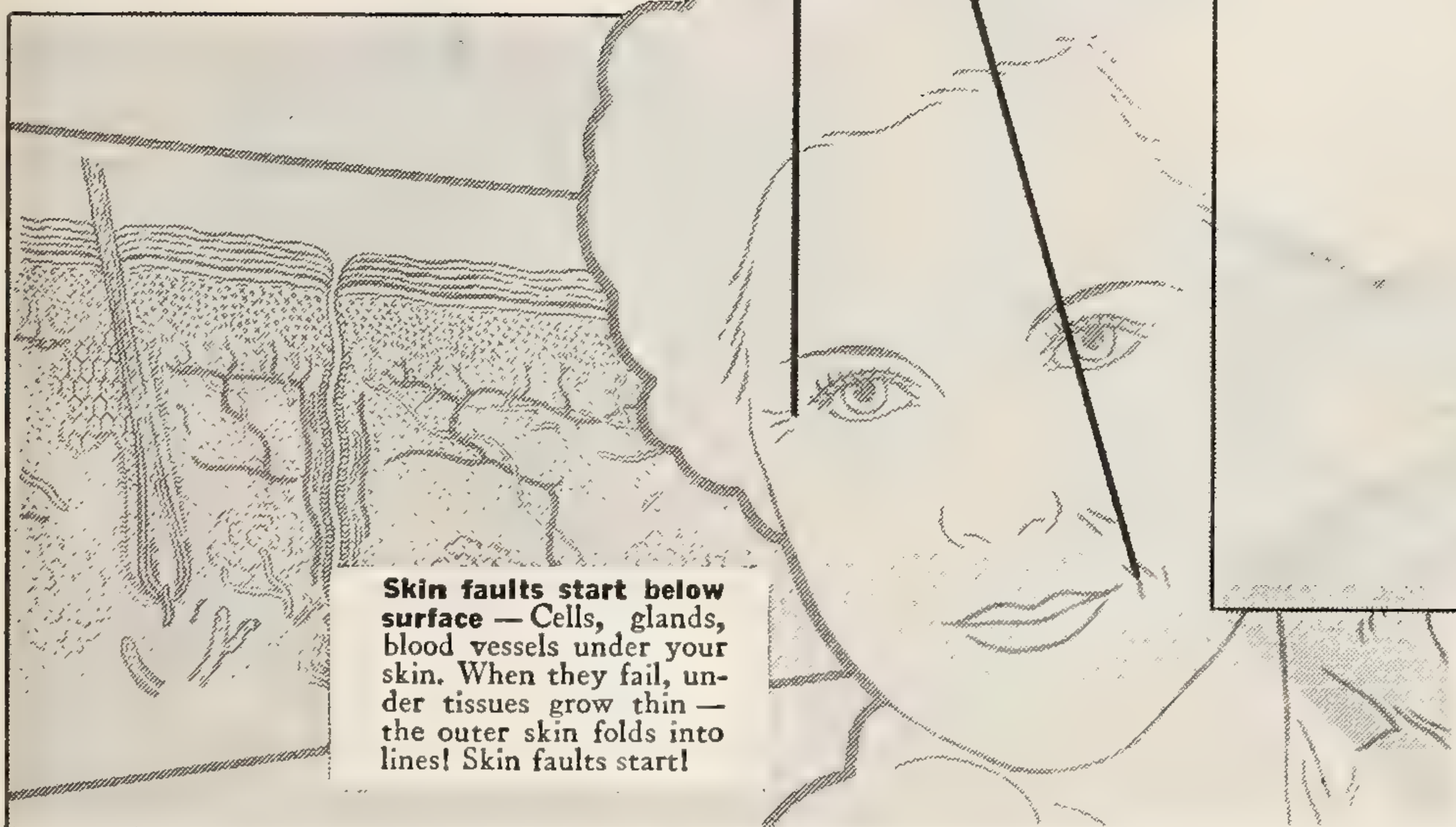
Suddenly he knew. Memory flashed back to the court room where a little boy sat beside his father. That man was the judge who condemned him!

"I am an upright judge," the old man cried. "I want the truth. I've scanned and verified and compared the transcripts of the trial. I watched all modern comment and saw it centered finally on one fact—

LINES

SAY

"over 30!"



Miss Esther Brooks, much admired in New York this past winter, says: "Pond's Cold Cream takes every speck of dirt out of my pores, keeps my skin clear of blackheads."

A Sign that UNDER TISSUES are Shrinking!

THOSE mean little lines that creep in around your eyes, your mouth . . . You are only 25. But people see them—"She's every bit of thirty!"

Or, you are over thirty . . . but not a sign of a line. And everybody takes you for years younger than you are—"Not a day over 20!"

Do you know what those same little lines say to a dermatologist? He sees right through them to the under layers of your skin, and says: "It's the *under tissues* at fault!"

Keep away Blackheads, Blemishes —with Under Skin treatment

Skin faults are not always a matter of years. Look at the skin diagram above. Those hundreds of tiny cells, glands, fibres *under* your skin are what really make it clear and satiny—or full of faults! Once *they* fail, skin faults begin. But keep them active—you can, with Pond's rousing "deep-skin" treatment—and your skin blooms fresh, line-free, as in your teens.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which reach deep into the pores. It floats out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions that are starting to clog. Already, your skin looks fresher!

More . . . You pat this perfectly bal-

anced cream briskly into your skin . . . Start the circulation pulsing, oil glands working freely.

Do this regularly—day after day. Before long, cloggings cease. Pores grow finer. Blackheads, blemishes go . . . And



Mrs. Eugene du Pont III

whose fresh, glowing skin just radiates youth and beauty, says: "Pond's Cold Cream freshens me up right away . . . It takes away that tired look and makes 'late-hour' lines fade completely."

those myriads of little fibres strengthen! Your skin grows firm *underneath*—smooth, line-free *outside*, where it shows.

Here's the simple Pond's way to win the clear, glowing skin that never tells of birthdays. Follow this treatment day and night.

Two things to remember

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe it all off! . . . Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again—for that smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon below brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. M145, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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• When Doctors swab SORE THROAT..

surface germs are destroyed,
soreness relieved, healing
quicken



• When you Gargle with PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC...

you continue your doctor's
treatment by destroying sur-
face germs, relieving the cold.



USE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC FOR COLDS—TO RELIEVE THROAT SORENESS

• The reason doctors have you gargle is to relieve soreness, kill germs. So remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent with two parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds! Thus Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—saves you $\frac{2}{3}$ of your money.

So active is Pepsodent that, in recent tests on 500 people in Illinois, Pepsodent users got rid of colds twice as fast as others! Get either the 25c, 50c, or \$1.00 Pepsodent Antiseptic at any drug counter, and see for yourself how pleasantly effective it is.



Some Can Take It

[Continued from page 33]

know that charities are a grand way for movie stars to get personal publicity, but if you just happen to think that Connie is doing this for publicity I am very much afraid that I will have to knock your block off the next time I meet you in the back alley.

H'mmmmm, I'm going to miss Connie when I go into my Borgia Moods. Just think, no Bennett to take nasty cracks at. But at least I still have Hepburn.

Another movie queen who certainly took it on the chin was Ruth Chatterton. For some reason or other (I could go into it more thoroughly but I won't) she has never been popular with the Press. Maybe we just don't like the way she says "beeeeen." Anyway she has had a terrific ribbing both in the newspapers and at Hollywood dinner tables, and there were those who expressed great satisfaction when she suddenly left the screen in a huff several years ago.

But Lady Ruth has proved beyond a doubt that she can take it. She didn't expect to spend the rest of her life hanging her head in shame over bad reviews, bad pictures, and bad gossip. Hollywood could say what it pleased—and did—but Ruth managed to keep her chin up and the more they said she was "through" the more determined she was to prove that she wasn't. She signed with Columbia in hopes that she would get the same kind of a break from them that Grace Moore got (remember Grace was "through" too until she made her sensational come-back in "One Night of Love," which put her right up on top again), but the pictures assigned her weren't so hot and Ruthie once more became the subject of Hollywood scorn. Hollywood is really like a bunch of kids, when they see anyone is weak and defenceless they start picking on her.

But Miss Chatterton wasn't as weak as they thought. She had guts. She signed with Twentieth Century for the rôle of the school teacher in "Girl's Dormitory." But still the breaks weren't with her. For it so happened that this picture would introduce to a panting world a new screen personality, Simone Simon, and naturally when a new screen personality is being launched, not only all the close-ups but the entire sympathy of the story must favor the "discovery." In the original script it was Ruth Chatterton who finally married the Herr Professor Herbert Marshall, with Simone's part being very small and incidental. But you know what happened—

"Imagine supporting Simone," giggled the catty part of Hollywood, "She's past slipping now, she's through." But it's a well-known folk song that he who laughs best laughs last. And Ruth Chatterton got the last laugh. As Mrs. Dodsworth in Samuel Goldwyn's magnificent production of "Dodsworth" Ruth is nothing short of superb. And this time she supports no one, it is her picture from beginning to end, and she gives a performance the likes of which these old eyes have rarely seen. Today Ruth Chatterton can write her own ticket. She is right up there on top with the Shearers, and Crawfords, and Dietrichs again. And as far as I'm concerned she can say "beeeeen" as often as she wants too.

Somehow or other two years ago the idea got around that Carole Lombard had gone high-hat in a big way (I suppose it was because she gave so many parties) and that's all the Press needed to know. A few days after she arrived in New York one of the columnists ran a long article about how she snubbed the photographers at the train and "Miss Lombard had better be careful because the photographers made her and the photographers could break her."

Well, I was always one to believe what I read in the papers, but that time I simply couldn't stomach it. You see I made the trip East with Carole, I got off the train with her that morning (and talk about being high-hat, Carole is probably the only Hollywood star who did *not* arrive in New York on the chic Twentieth Century) and I literally froze to my marrow while Carole posed for one picture after another, leg art, teeth art, everything.

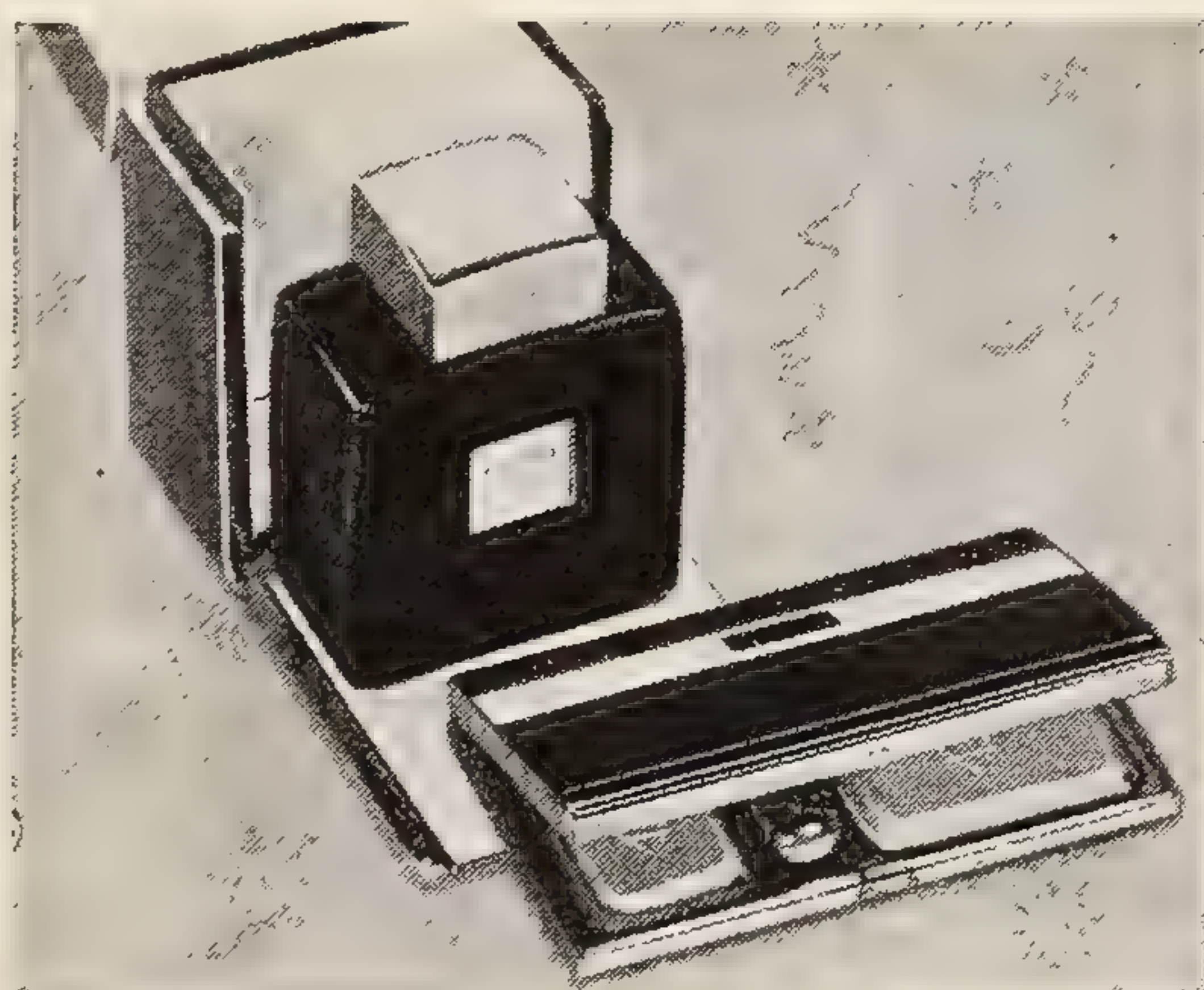
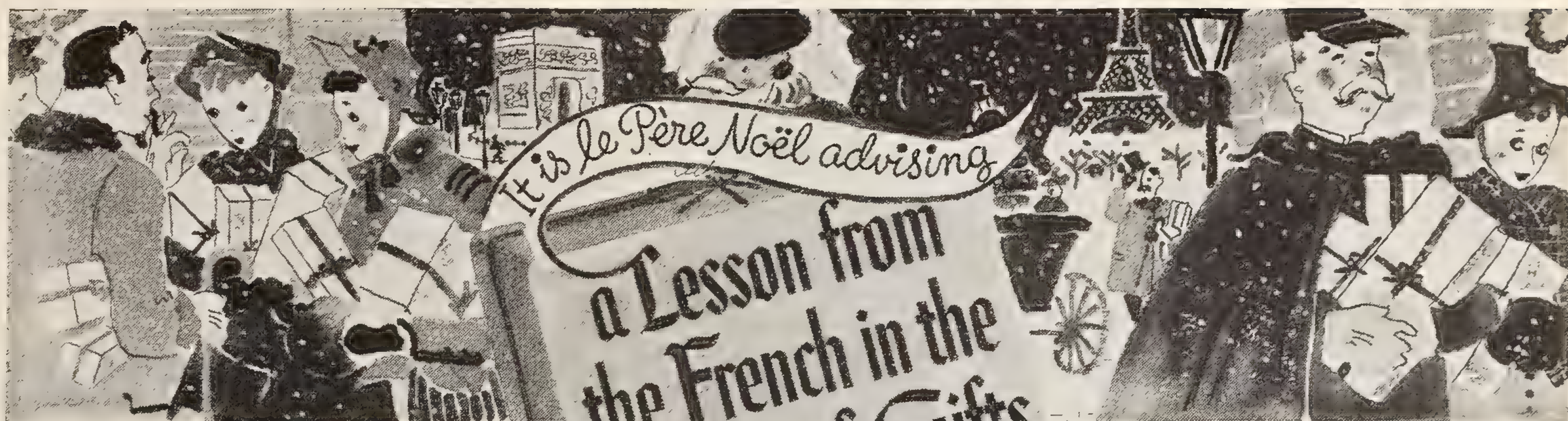
The columnist who started this avalanche of "who does she think she is" publicity, I might add, was no place around the Pennsylvania Station in the cold gray dawn of that morning but was cozily at home in bed. But thus are rumors started. So then the picking on Carole began and was taken up by the fan magazines and the Hollywood gossips. When she happened to invite to one of her parties a boy she had known since she was twelve years old it was immediately announced over the air and in all the newspapers that Miss Lombard was feeling predatory and had taken So-and-So away from his fiancée.

Oh, there was just one cute little rumor after another. But somehow or other today, after her big success in "My Man Godfrey" Carole is being called the leading comedienne of the screen—and by people who said she couldn't act worth a damn only two years ago. And no one's remembered to call her high hat in quite some time.

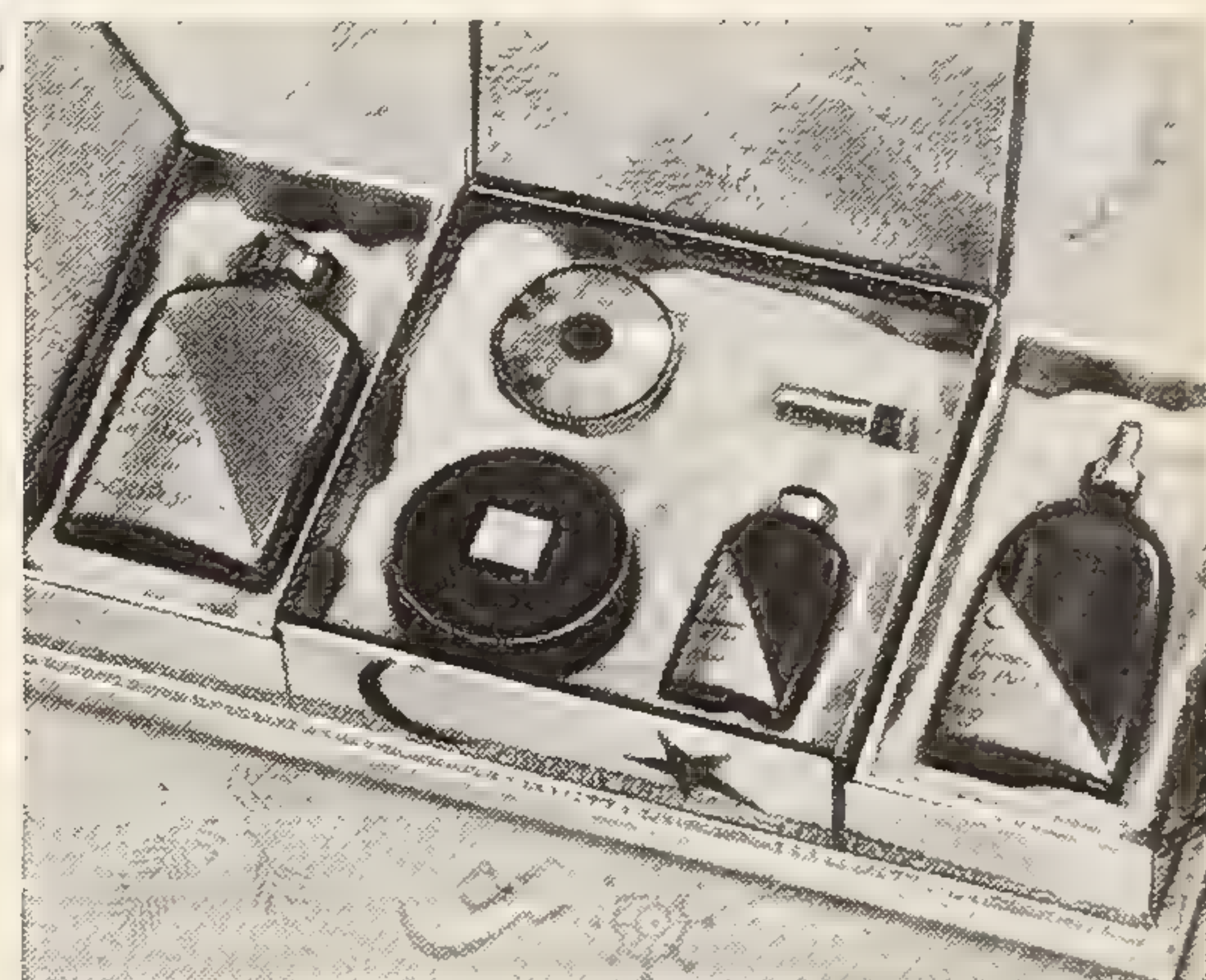
Walter Huston was considered "through" in Hollywood several years ago after a series of Metro "B" pictures, and the studios couldn't see him for a cloud of dust. So Walter returned to his first love—the stage. But now after his sensational success in Mr. Goldwyn's "Dodsworth" every studio in town is dangling a fat juicy contract—but Walter is being wary. The Tracy boys—Spencer and Lee—almost got themselves buried in a mess of bad publicity, and the wise-acs predicted with nice long faces that neither of them would ever be anybody on the screen again. But Spencer today is one of the most in demand leading men on the Metro lot, and since "Furry" and "San Francisco" it's a lucky star who gets him for her picture. And Universal is using every lure possible to get Lee off his yacht and into the studio. Those two boys certainly proved that they could take it.

It is not definite but as we go to press it is being whispered about that it will be Tallulah Bankhead who will play the much coveted rôle of Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind," which David Selznick will produce this winter. No one ever got a worse break than Tallulah in Hollywood. No one has ever had more bad publicity. No one has ever been more disliked. And Tallulah knew all this. But she had the guts to come to Hollywood this past summer in the try-out of a New York play and show her critics (both press and the movie stars) that she really could act if given a chance. Her play could have been just as much a failure as were her pictures; it took a lot of nerve. Before she left town for the New York opening practically every studio (to whom she was so much poison before) offered her a contract. If she gets Scarlett, the plum of the year, she will make a swell Scarlett.

DURING the making of "Born To Dance," Eleanor Powell and Jimmy Stewart reverted to the good old school days. They brought their lunches from home and ate together.



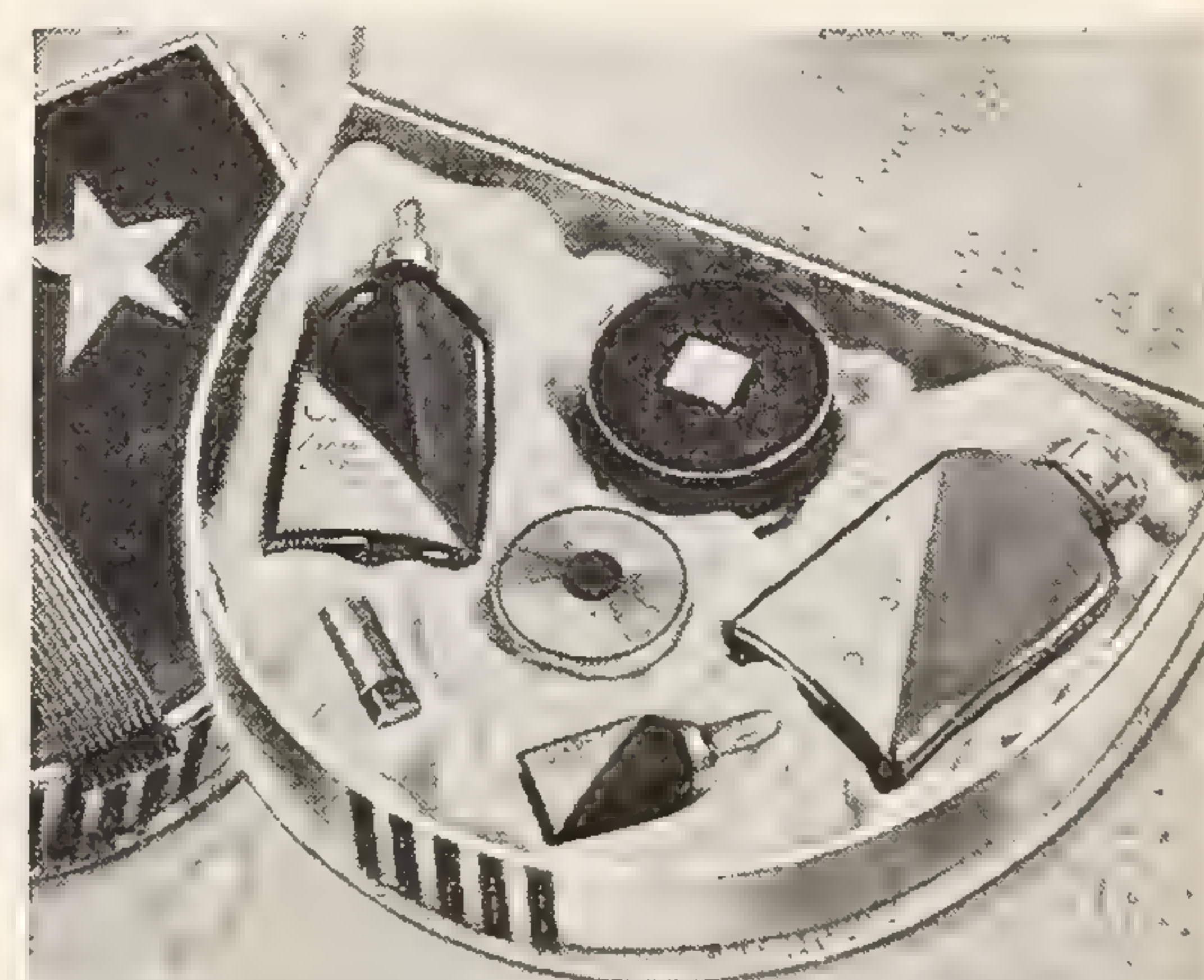
Evening in Paris Perfume in de luxe bottle with square chromium cap. . . **\$10.00**
Triple Vanity holding Rouge, Lipstick and Face Powder (loose or compact). **\$2.75**



Evening in Paris Perfume, Toilet Water, Face Powder, Talcum Powder, Single Loose Vanity and Lipstick in a satin-lined, triple-sectioned gift box. **\$10.00**



Evening in Paris Purse Flacon of Perfume, Face Powder, Rouge and Talcum Powder nestle in the satiny interior of a gleaming silver and blue box. **\$2.95**



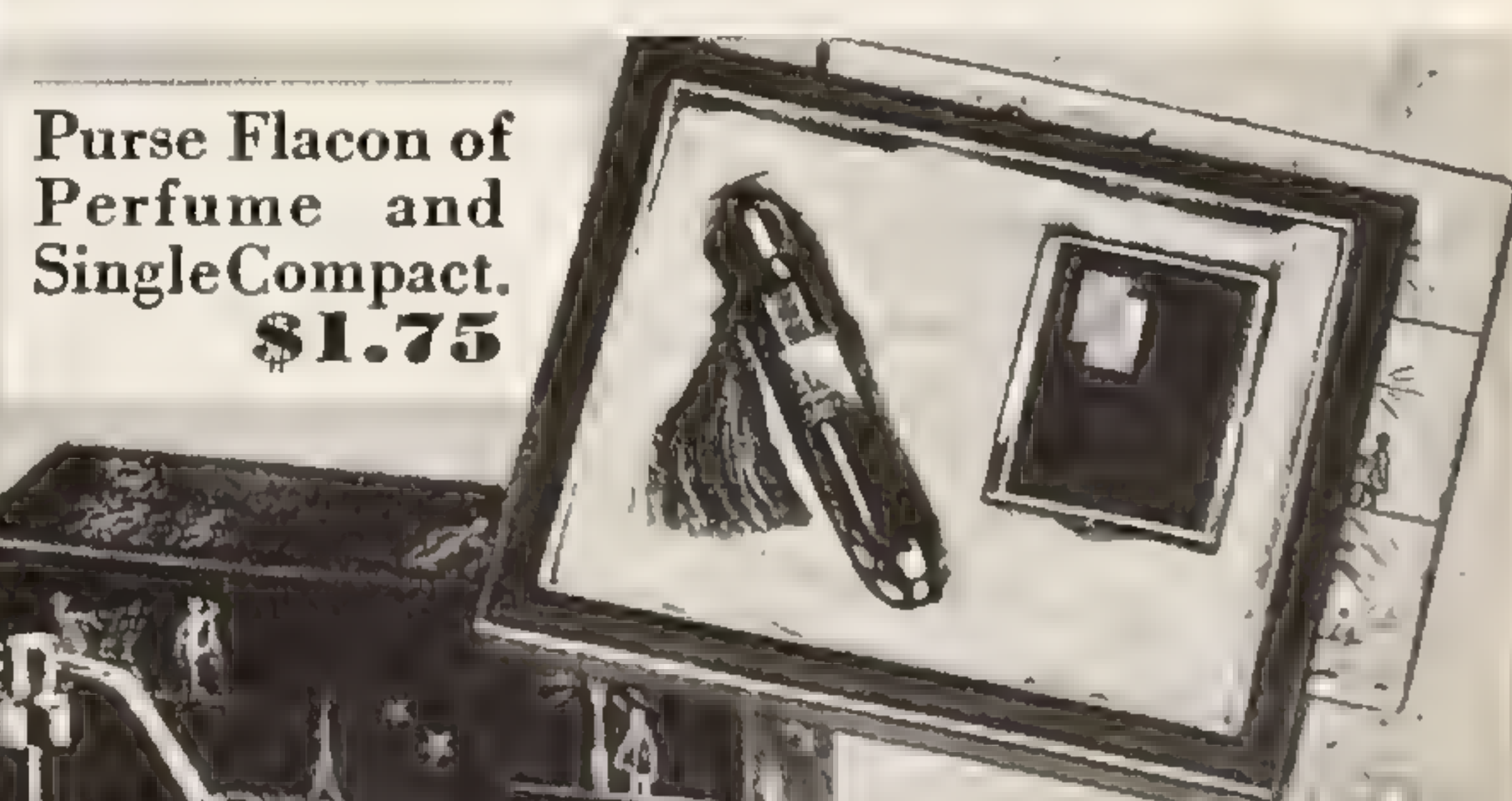
A gorgeous half-moon gift box with Evening in Paris Perfume, Toilet Water, Face Powder, Talcum Powder, Single Loose Vanity and Lipstick. **\$7.75**



Perfume in square silver and blue gift box. **\$1.10**



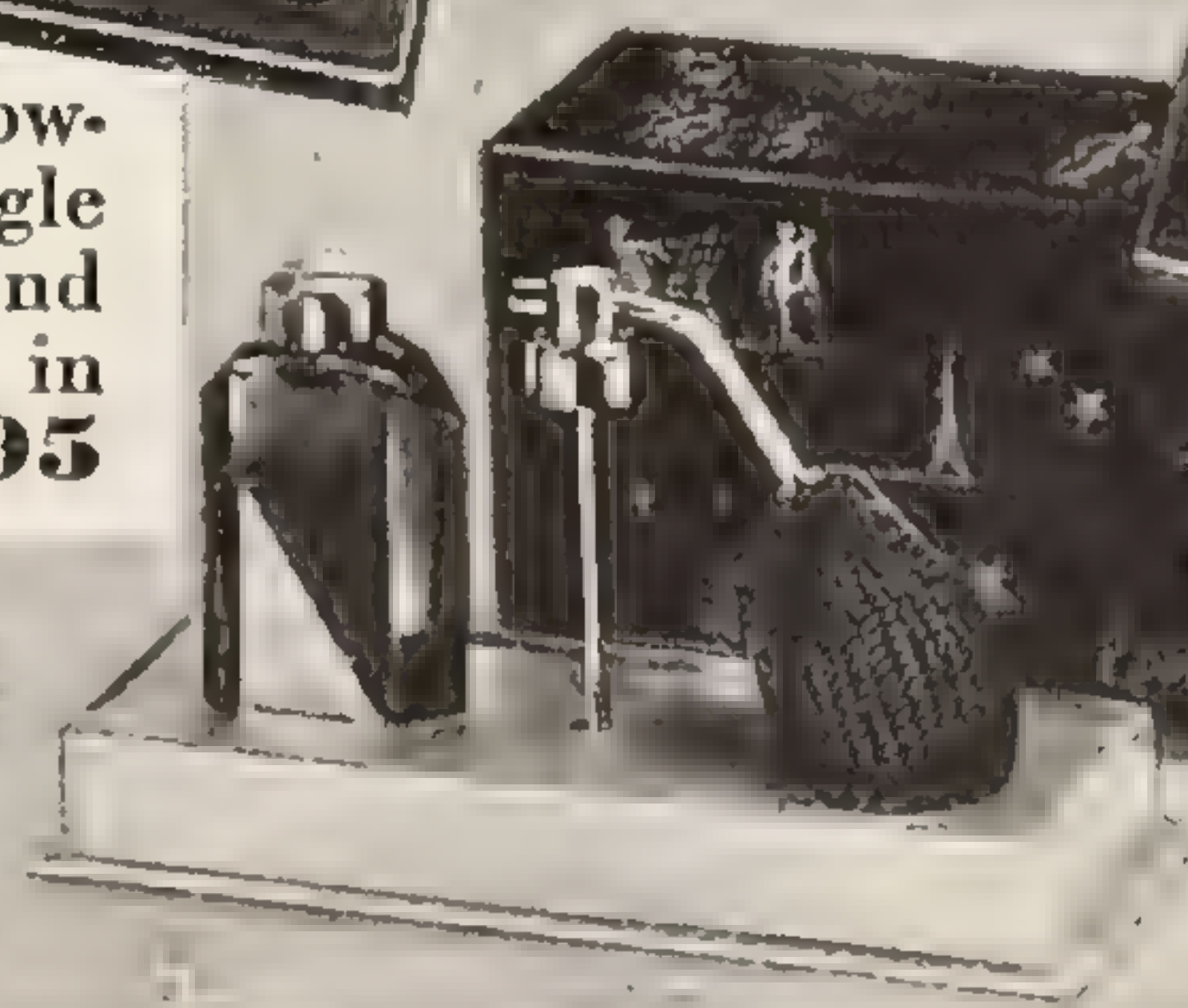
Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Single Loose Vanity and Talcum Powder in gift box. . **\$4.95**



Purse Flacon of Perfume and Single Compact. **\$1.75**



Perfume and Face Powder in a luxurious box. . **\$2.25**



Perfume in special bottle with atomizer. . . **\$1.65**

Evening in Paris **BOURJOIS**



Badminton gives Ann Sheridan and her graceful figure a morning workout.

When Snow Comes To The Mountains

[Continued from page 25]

evident in the lovely but cozy rooms, and her yen for flowers is proved by her encouragement of mountain blooms. An evening here is a thoroughly comfortable affair.

Allan Jones and Irene Hervey have invested in a cabin on the lake front. Now they've brought in their speedboat and stored it, and Allan has been sharpening their skates. He's too canny to let any tinkerer touch them. They skate in one of the rinks formed by the freezing over of

the lake's miniature bayous, along with the stars who patronize the hotels. At Arrowhead Lodge, in the Norman-English village, I hailed Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Claudette Colbert and her doctor, Ginger Rogers, Arline Judge, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, and Cary Grant in the dining-room when I dropped in for supper last Saturday. Chester Morris's two children hurried in for a whopping meal; papa and mama had said they could start if they got hungry before papa and mama

came in from skating. (You should observe Pat O'Brien maneuvering tiny snowshoes onto his two-year-old!)

Across the lake, at the ritzy North Shore Tavern, Garbo is a rumored guest. If you see her you aren't supposed to tell. And there you'll also have a swell opportunity of playing with Fay Wray, Marian Marsh, the Jimmy Cagneys, and Ann Sothern and her flock. And where Ann trips, her newly acquired hubby, Roger Pryor, Cesar Romero and Betty Furness likewise trip. Because they're all weak over "Annie Girl," Ann's old toboggan from Washington. No one but Ann's permitted to steer this temperamental snowskimmer since Cesar tired of back-seat advising and all but shot the shrieking foursome over the edge of a precipice.

Marian and Fay learned to ski at St. Moritz, as did Gene Raymond. So these three are especially adept. They lean into the wind with perfect grace. I hope you recall that your skis ought to be a foot longer than the highest you can reach, and that you must leave them outside. It warps them to bring them in where there's a fire, declares sage Marian.

With Sonja Henie, the greatest woman skater who's ever lived, in our midst no one dares to hand out many suggestions. She's been so busy filming her reproduction of Pavlova's swan dance that she hasn't been to the mountains yet. But she's promised to give an out-door show to her stellar acquaintances. Then she'll leap and whirl and glide just as she does in her first picture, and I guess it'll be a relief not to have to think of camera angles. Simone Simon's begging her to wear one of her beguiling all-white costumes when she comes up.



Naturally the tales told around cabin fires and hotel hearths are principally about how the speaker is progressing on skis. Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck would rather press on to new conquests, so they're dipping into this bob-sledding racket. Gene Raymond's the old veteran at it. The most torrid twosome is getting tired of sitting in the middle; being sandwiched in and holding ankles is duck soup. They want to be at the front and steer or on the end. "God help 'em!" exclaims a begrizzled mountaineer.

Diets are being horribly violated. When you've been out designing an igloo and pattering about on snowshoes (you'd fancy Bob Montgomery was in the Far North making the rounds of his traps!) you come in shouting for food. To the dickens with whether it's fattening. Your resistance is shattered—everyone admits that your appetite triples in this mountain air. But, explains Anna Sten seriously, one exercises all the extra food off! Which one does, at that. Especially Anna, from the chilly steppes of Russia. She's queen of our winter sports (so long as Sonja can't get away from town) to Gene Raymond's king. She really isn't languid like Dietrich. Her latest bargain, I can add, is a "droshky" which she guides with an expert hand. In case you aren't pat on your Russian, this is simply a one-horse shay with runners attached. She stumbled upon it in a studio prop department.

All those handsome males who pursue Mary Brian in turn have nothing but kind phrases for her, but a pained expression does cross their faces at the mention of escorting her to the mountains. Mary seems fairly fragile, but let her start walking through snow drifts and she goes on and

Fred Perry, famous tennis champion, and his wife, Helen Vinson, with Ginger Rogers at the circus.



International

on—and on. A mere man's feet are frozen nearly beyond recall.

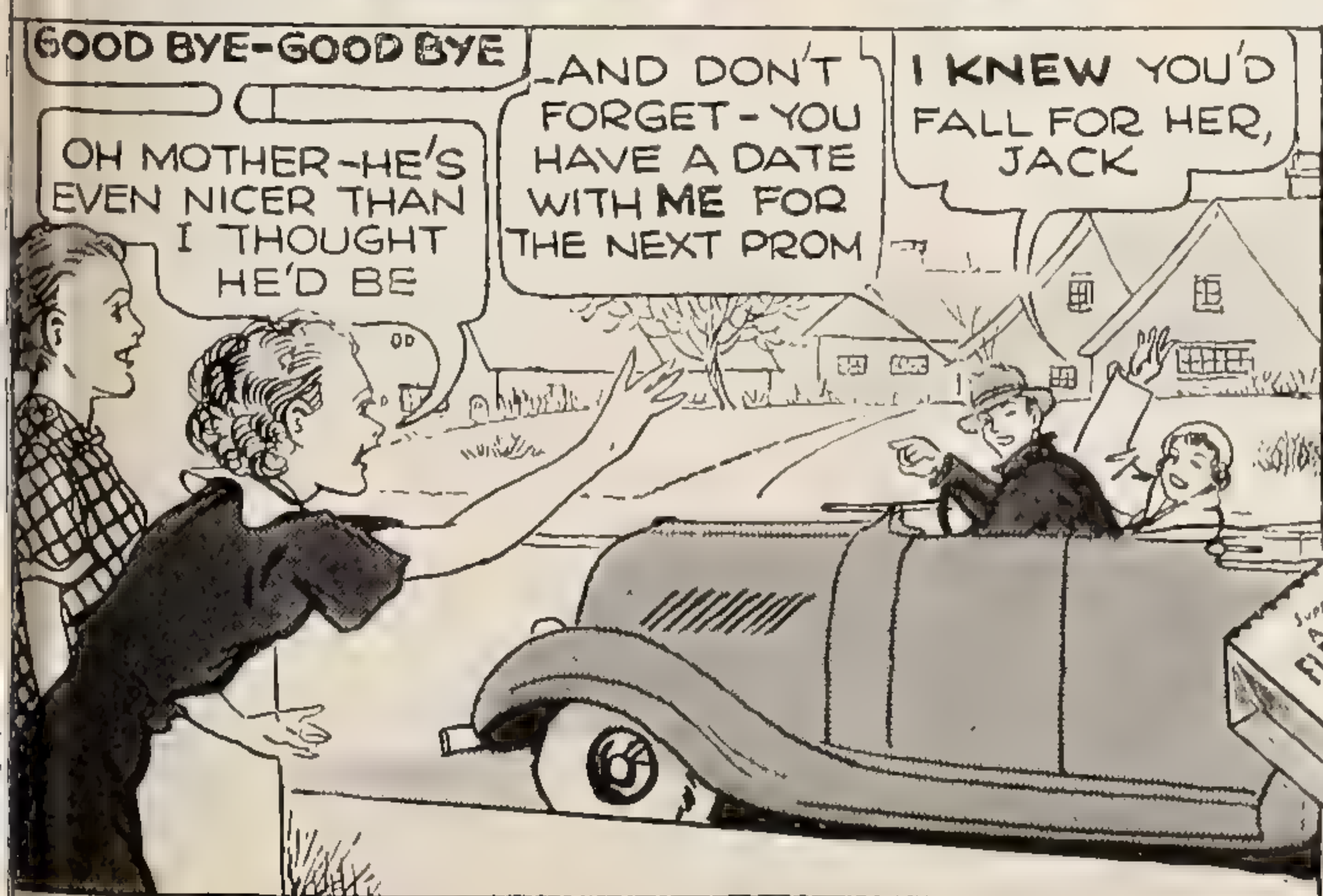
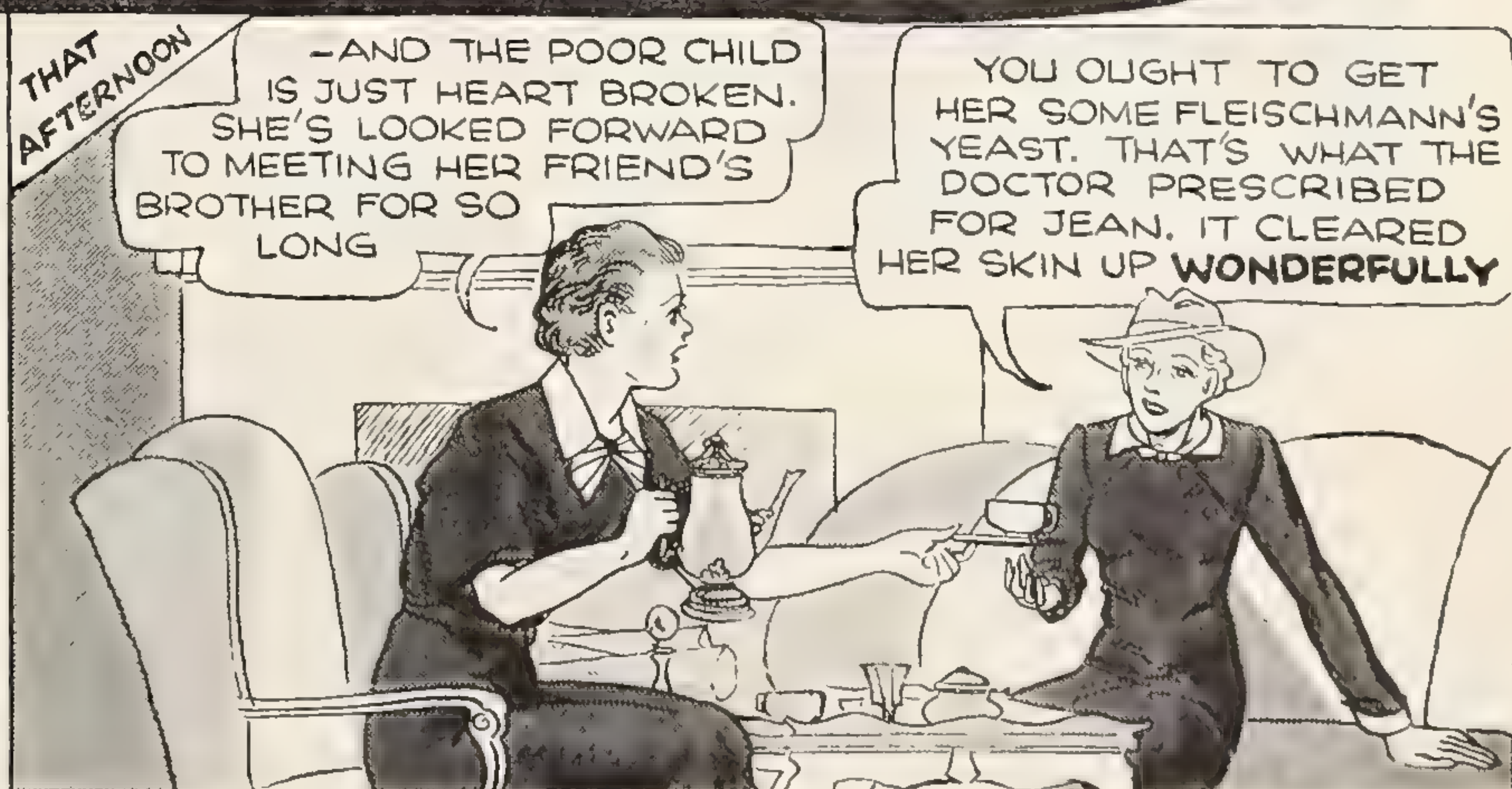
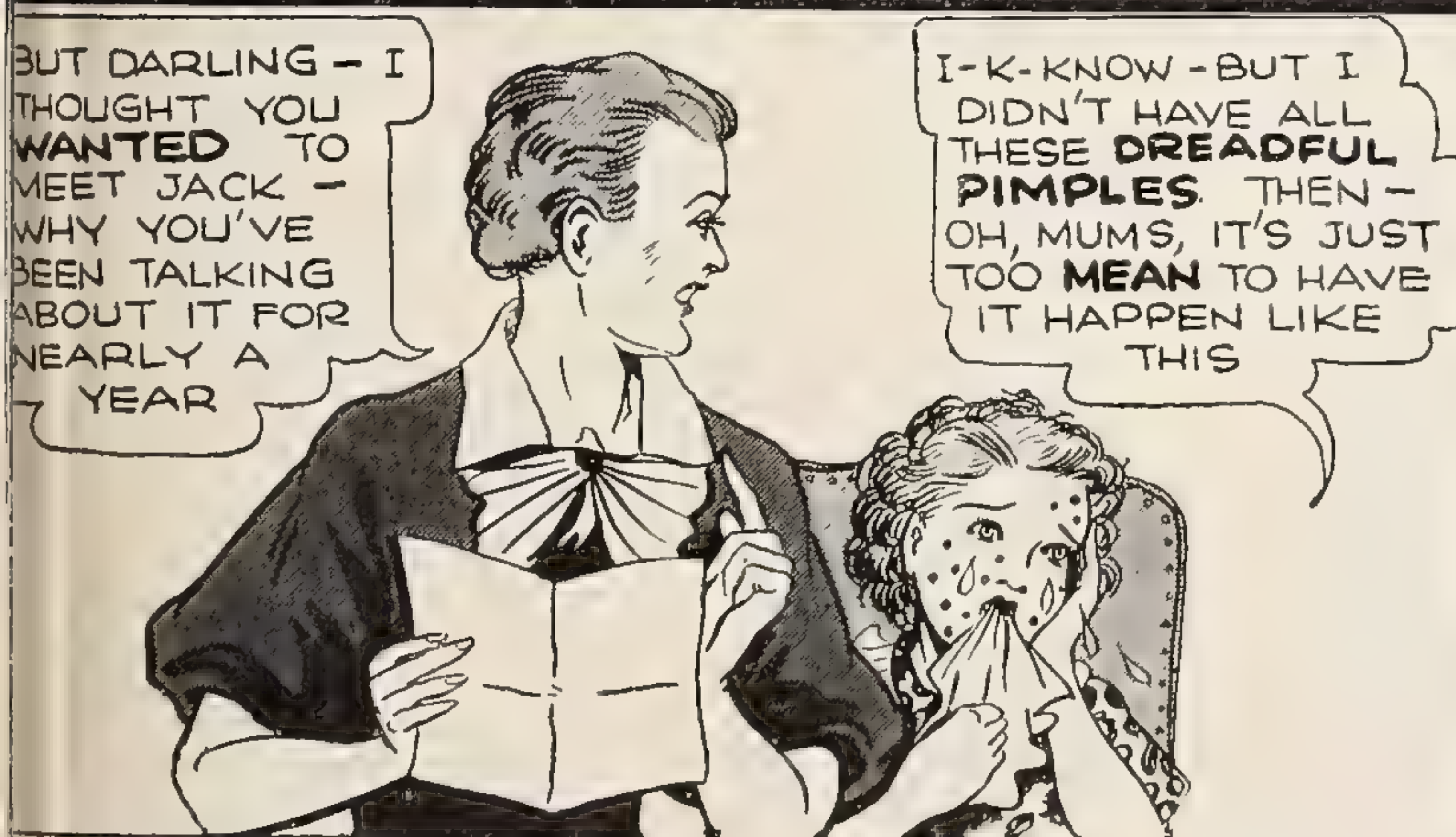
Irene Dunne's a whole lot better at ice-skating than she is at skiing. Last year she was in a Fresno nursing home as the result of a skiing accident to her knee. Her cabin is in Yosemite and she fixes it up with the right degree of modishness; yet it's small enough for her to take care of everything herself, too. Which she does most efficiently. Her husband flies out from New York when she phones she'll have a vacation and their jaunts to Yosemite are sentimental pilgrimages. They honeymooned there and it's good luck to return to renew their pledges of devotion. Dr. Griffin is partial to ice hockey and Irene democratically chats

with neighboring wives while applauding his battle for points. If the neighbors had any doubts about her they were absolutely won over when she agreeably accepted their hint that she take her garbage can lid and slide with them!

The Ahwanee is the ultra hotel in Yosemite and there you'll encounter Grace Moore and Gladys Swarthout and their husbands. And the Warren Williams. The fire-ball from Glacier Point is more beautiful than ever when the valley is carpeted with snow, according to Grace.

At Idlewild I was informed that there was a stranger who should tackle Major Bowes. He was always singing as he skimmed over the snow, and his voice was

NOW—HE'LL HATE ME ON SIGHT



DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES MAKE YOU HATE TO BE SEEN

PIMPLES spoil many a "date"—for boys as well as girls—after the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer.

At this time, important glands develop and final

growth takes place. The entire system is disturbed. The skin gets extra sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Then, unsightly pimples pop out.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, pimples go! Eat 3 cakes each day, one before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin clears.

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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HOW TO AVOID THAT "Made-up" LOOK

Be colorful...but not painted. The Color Change Principle available in Tangee lipstick, powder and rouge intensifies your own natural coloring.

Today it is quite simple to make the most of your own natural skin tones. The Tangee cosmetic principle brings out a liveliness and sparkle in your lips, cheeks and skin that is yours alone, because it is *your* coloring. Exactly how the Tangee Color Change Principle accomplishes this is explained in the pictures below. It will take you 22 seconds to read how to be lovelier...in your own way.

Tangee your lips...don't paint them. On your lips Tangee changes to the blush rose Nature has hidden there.

In the new Tangee Face-Powder, the Color Change Principle ends that "powdery look". Reveals a new warm underglow.

Your cheeks when rouged with Tangee are radiant with a delicate ruddiness that is natural only to you. In Creme or Compact.

Insist upon Tangee for all your make-up essentials. Only in Tangee can you obtain the Color Change Principle. Powder is 55¢ and \$1.10. Rouge, compact or creme, each 83¢. Lipstick is 39¢ and \$1.10.

• **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!** There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Always ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of Miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.
Cheek Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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"right good." The natives led me to Laurence Tibbett! He was incognito in that no one there recognized him.

There is no fussing with chains on tires for Wallace Beery when he is in his cabin mood. He pops into his own airplane and flies two hundred and fifty miles North in an hour-and-a-half. Winter as well as summer. His wife and baby daughter fly with him, as well as honored friends. It's a private paradise Wally has, at Silver Lake, in the middle of a hunting and fishing Acadia. He toasts a swell marshmallow, his little Carol Ann affirms. Let the gay sprigs go on their sleigh-rides, Wally states. He's content to cuddle on his davenport before his giant fireplace and put the finish on marshmallows.

I've been chattering on enough, though. Prepare to wipe dishes and swap bed-time stories, play bridge and gaze into the embers if you receive an invitation to Myrna Loy's or any of the other stars' cabins. I've got to be off on my mission. I have to do my bit to go on that sleigh-ride with the Younger Generation. All they've assigned me is the job of cornering a sleigh. As though I'd have one up my sleeve! Great kids, aren't they? Anyway, the horse

isn't on me. Ross Alexander knows a couple of horses who are just dying to join the fun!



Director Anatole Litvak arrives to direct "Joan Of Arc" starring Claudette Colbert, for Warner Bros.

The Sphinx Has Melted!

[Continued from page 23]

laughed it off. It was about this time that the studio crew at last acknowledged her to be a good sport. And you can believe me when I say that any player of renown, who is classified as a good sport by those calloused crews, has certainly earned the title.

One afternoon after a good lunch Director Cukor appeared on the set in a very gay mood. As usual he and Miss Garbo exchanged witty repartee, but that was customary. Pretty soon though, he commenced to jump and skip all over the stage. First he would give the impression of flying, then of sailing, then he would buzz and viciously smack an imaginary foe in the air. What was the matter? Had the man gone crazy? No, he was simply entertaining the assemblage with his imitation of a mosquito. That his efforts were successful was apparent by the reaction on Miss Garbo, who was almost convulsed with laughter. The whole incident so amused everyone that little could be accomplished for the balance of the afternoon.

Another time during the lunch hour at the studio the players and stage crew organized a soft-ball team. They called their squad the "Camillas" in honor of the film on which they were working. They at once chose Greta Garbo as their sponsor. A challenge to the studio office team was issued and just as promptly accepted. In no time at all the game was on. Among the spectators was Garbo herself. Yes, there was the Screen's Number One Mystery Woman right on the base line coaching her players and telling them how to play their positions. And she stayed right on to the finish of the game. No rooter did more valiant work for their team than did Greta on that day. But right here we might let you in on a little secret. Robert Taylor played second base on the "Camillas" and maybe that might have had something to do with it. What do you think?

A typical instance of Garbo's new sporting attitude occurred when a fuse box blew out during the shooting of a scene. Bob Taylor was leaning over the back of her chair at a theatre box seat, when BANG—there was an explosion overhead that sent sparks showering all over the set and down onto their heads. The pair rushed off-stage

just as all the lights were extinguished and the set thrown into darkness. Fortunately no one was injured and as soon as repairs were made everyone was back on the job, including Miss Garbo. It looks as though nothing can make a faint-hearted doll-like actress out of this real trouper.

Good looking Robert Taylor figured in many humorous incidents during the filming of "Camille." Once he failed to put in an appearance in a scene calling for his presence with the feminine star. The company hunted all over the lot for him. Miss Garbo sat sweltering under the weight of her heavy and uncomfortable costume. But still no leading man. Minutes seemed like hours and everybody's patience was sorely tried. Suddenly Taylor's voice came cracking in on them all with a wild "Yippee," and he tore onto the set astride a cow pony. He had been out trying to make a deal with the owner of the beast and finally bought the cayuse. The incident wound up so spectacularly that everyone forgot about their long wait and soon the cameras were grinding away with a smiling Greta before them.

Miss Garbo has completely dispelled the old idea that she is haughty and aloof. She has proven during the shooting of "Camille" that she is one actress in Hollywood who can subserve her own whims and fancies for the benefit of the cast. Instead of seizing upon opportune situations to go into tantrums of temperament such as high stung actresses are commonly supposed to do, she has proven to be a real sport, a trouper of the first water. That old invisible cloak of reserve has been completely dissipated. Perhaps Garbo herself has grown weary of the halo of mystery and loneliness she was surrounded by. It may be that she has become the master of old whims and fancies. Again, it may be that a protracted diet of seclusion and aloofness has ceased to appeal to her. Most likely, however, is the fact that she is simply hungry for friends and congenial companions. But whatever it is that's causing her to be that way it has our approval. We've always had the greatest of admiration and respect for the Great Garbo as an artist but now that we know that she can be "regular," "that is sumthin'."

Reviews of Pictures

[Continued from page 55]

DODSWORTH

A DRAMATIC STORY OF MARRIAGE — *United Artists*

HERE, decidedly, is one of the finest, if not the finest, "adult" picture ever screened, and never again do I want to catch anyone saying the movies are only for morons. Sinclair Lewis' popular best seller of several seasons ago has been adapted for the stage, and then the screen, by the capable Sidney Howard, and, given a magnificent production by Samuel Goldwyn, it will easily be the most talked about, and the most raved about, picture of the winter.

Walter Huston, who also played the title rôle in the stage production, is truly excellent as the typically American Mr. Dodsworth, but the greatest praise must go to Ruth Chatterton, whose Mrs. Dodsworth is one of the most intelligent and brilliant performances ever seen on the screen.

Mary Astor, looking more beautiful than ever before, plays the understanding young widow to whom Dodsworth turns in his misery, and this is undoubtedly Mary's finest work. David Niven as the neurotic Mrs. Dodsworth's English lover is excellent, and so is Paul Lukas, as the suave European. There is an inspired minor performance by Madame Ouspenskaya as the Baroness who breaks up Mrs. Dodsworth's engagement to her son, well played by Gregory Gaye. A fine picture.

LIBELED LADY

COMEDY HIT WITH THE BIG STARS CLICKING — *MGM*

JEAN HARLOW, William Powell, Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy make this surprisingly clever comedy fairly sparkle with their hilarious handling of the witty and highly amusing dialogue. Spencer Tracy plays a managing editor who is too busy to get to his own marriage to the importunate grass widow, Jean Harlow.

Myrna Loy sues the paper for libel and that brings William Powell into the picture to add a very great deal to the fast and furious comedy. The plot is complicated by their falling in love but that makes it funnier. The fishing scene has novelty and is entirely side-splitting in its humor.

Walter Connolly and Charley Grapewin support the cast with gusto and Jack Conway's direction is marvellously skillful.

RAMONA

AN EXQUISITE LOVE STORY — *Twentieth Century-Fox*

IF YOU are one of those die-hards who simply wouldn't accept Technicolor you'll have to change your mind now. "Ramona," the famous romance of early California days, comes to the screen definitely as the most beautiful moving picture ever filmed.

Ramona's tragic love story has been filmed several times before, but never before has it been done so artistically, and with such a beautiful Ramona. Loretta Young, in a black wig, plays the half-breed Indian maiden and gives an exquisite and sensitive performance which will long be remembered. Don Ameche plays Alessandro, her valiant Indian lover and husband, and there could not have been a more perfect Alessandro. Pauline Frederick is excellent as the domineering Spanish senora whose handsome son, Kent Taylor, also loves the beautiful Ramona.

Jane Darwell is simply swell as a mountaineer settler who harbors the young couple when they are driven from their home by the brutal Americans.

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RAJAH BRAND
**EGYPTIAN
HENNA**

Romance!**The Long And Short Of It**

[Continued from page 28]

courtship and marriage has been a never failing source of interest to romantic-minded Hollywood.

"I guess big men like little girls because they make us feel like giants of strength and power," Johnny told me one day. That probably is as good an explanation as any for the age-old attraction of the muscular male for the small and frail female.

The first time I saw Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, they were walking down a studio street, hand in hand. For a moment I thought that Joel was showing someone's kid sister the sights of Hollywood. Then I recognized the tiny girl who could easily have walked under Joel's outstretched arm. Joel is another member of Hollywood's new school of hugely masculine players. There is something indefinably rugged about his uneven features and his big, slightly awkward body. When he picked his wife, did he select a large girl who would have been his feminine counterpart in size and vitality? He did not. He chose one of Hollywood's smallest actresses, little Frances Dee, who gave up her career to marry him and to become the mother of his children.

Bob Montgomery is big with a different kind of bigness than that of Gary and Johnny and Joel. He is as tall as they are but he is built along slimmer, more finely drawn lines. He, too, is one of the present-day athletic stars. He plays polo, tennis and golf with an expert skill. His favorite recreation between pictures is working—and I mean working—on his farm in New York state. And Bob, too, has followed the Hollywood formula in romance. His wife is the small, blonde and dainty Elizabeth Allen Montgomery who is one of Hollywood's tiniest women.

This is an age of big men in motion pictures. That makes the smallness of the objects of their affections even more noticeable. The average masculine player of today is taller and broader than the stars of the silent pictures were. Maurice Costello, the first great matinee idol of the screen, was smaller and more compactly built than are the men who have inherited his place in popularity. Rudolph Valentino, probably the greatest romantic hero whom the films have ever known, was several inches shorter in height and narrower in shoulders than today's Clark Gable.

But, even in the old days, the larger men were attracted to the smaller women. The tall and blonde Wallace Reid, the first typically young American hero of the screen, married tiny Dorothy Davenport. Big Bill Hart, the two-gun man of the western plains, took as his bride small, golden-haired Winifred Westover. Francis X. Bushman, over whose masculine virility another generation of women fluttered and sighed, married a small brunette, Beverly Bayne.

"Perhaps it is because there are so very many small women in Hollywood," tiny Jobyna Ralston Arlen, wife of the husky Dick, tried to explain today's big-and-little complex of the film colony's romancers.

It is true that small women are in the majority in Hollywood. They have a better chance in pictures because the camera adds pounds and inches to the feminine players' real weight and height. Most visitors to Hollywood are open-mouthed in their amazement because of the unexpected tininess of the famous women whom they see on the streets and in the studios. But there are plenty of good-sized girls, too. Kay Francis, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, Rosalind Russell, Virginia Bruce and many

others are in town. But, in spite of the wide choice of feminine fragility which Hollywood offers, the brawny males very often ignore the little women under their noses and go far afield to find their dainty brides. So the mere superiority of their numbers doesn't seem to be an important factor in the desirability of the smaller women.

Randolph Scott, who certainly deserves a place among the tallest and ruggedest of the Hollywood men, recently travelled all the long way to Virginia and New York to find his bride, the little Marjona Dupont. Like his good friend, Fred Astaire, he chose an eastern socialite for a wife. Also, like Fred, he selected a small girl. Fred can't be classed with the Randolphs and Garys and Johnnys in point of size, but he can be in point of solid American virility.

The happiest marriages in Hollywood seem to be the ones which follow the pattern. The same rule holds for the most flourishing romances. There are Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, for example. Clark was really the pioneer of the he-man heroes. With his arrival, the old smooth and silken screen lover disappeared. Since his separation from his wife, Clark has been devoting most of his attentions to the blonde and fragiley slender Carole. The affair, which began in an hilarious spirit of fun, has developed into a serious romance and all Hollywood is betting on an eventual marriage.

Then there's the case of young Robert Taylor. He is another typical American boy, the product of the small towns and public schools, husky and vital. His short and exciting Hollywood life has been dotted with romances. The girls have been blondes and brunettes, but they all have been daintily small. First there was little Jean Parker, with whom he made one of his earlier pictures. That died a quick death after the release of the picture. Longer lasting and more ardent was his romance with Irene Hervey, blonde and only slightly over five feet in height. For a time it looked as if this would end at the altar, but something happened, probably a lovers' quarrel, and they separated. Irene married Allan Jones and Bob plunged into a rumored romance with tiny Janet Gaynor. They were working together in "Small Town Girl." But nothing came of that affair because Bob met Barbara Stanwyck. This last romance promises to be the real thing. If they do marry, the broad-shouldered Bob and the finely-carved Barbara, the old formula will have worked again.

Check over the Hollywood lists and you'll see that the old formula is proving its potency. Bill Powell and Jean Harlow, Cary Grant and Mary Brian, David Nivens and Merle Oberon, James Stewart and Ginger Rogers among the romancers. Errol Flynn and Lily Damita, the Warner Baxters, Cedric Gibbons and Dolores Del Rio and many others among the happily marrieds. Even the directors have followed the pattern. The muscular W. S. Van Dyke, of "Trader Horn," "Thin Man," "Naughty Marietta" and "San Francisco" fame, married tiny, blonde Ruth Mannix. Big, blonde Bob Leonard, who brought "The Great Ziegfeld" to the screen, chose the ultra-small Mae Murray for his first wife and is now married to the equally tiny Gertrude Olmstead.

Hollywood isn't setting any new styles in love. It is merely following a formula which is as old as romance itself.

"Distinctive"

[Continued from page 52]

to leave, Franchot suddenly found himself following them to the door and begging them to remain for "just a nightcap." When they finally left Franchot quizzically said aloud to himself: "Tone—you're a changed man."

The quiet way Franchot conducts his daily life, is completely foreign to the public's conception of a movie star's existence. With a sixteen-cylinder Cadillac coupe remaining for weeks in the garage, Franchot drives around in his Ford. Except on rare occasions, Franchot is never seen at the Vendome, the Brown Derby or any of the popular eating places. And then it's usually because he is working or attending to some business in that immediate vicinity. And he always eats alone. There are a few friends in Hollywood that Franchot is sincerely fond of. There's Gary Cooper, Lynn Riggs, the playwright, and Francis Lederer. Yet, it would never occur to Franchot to call one of them up, and ask him to go to a football game or meet him for lunch.

On rare occasions, when Franchot does want to do something different, he gets up at four in the morning and goes on a hunting trip. But he still doesn't call a Cooper or a Lederer. Instead, he is accompanied by Bennett, the Tone chauffeur, who is a loyal friend as well as a trusted employee. The two of them tramp back into the hills for hours. Bennett confides that Franchot sometimes remains completely silent during the entire trip. It's that strange sort of reserve in Franchot's nature, which at times must be coddled like a baby. This



Doris Nolan, star of "The Man I Marry," is one of the best bets of the Universal lot.

may account for his friendly feeling toward the gentleman he refers to as "Coop."

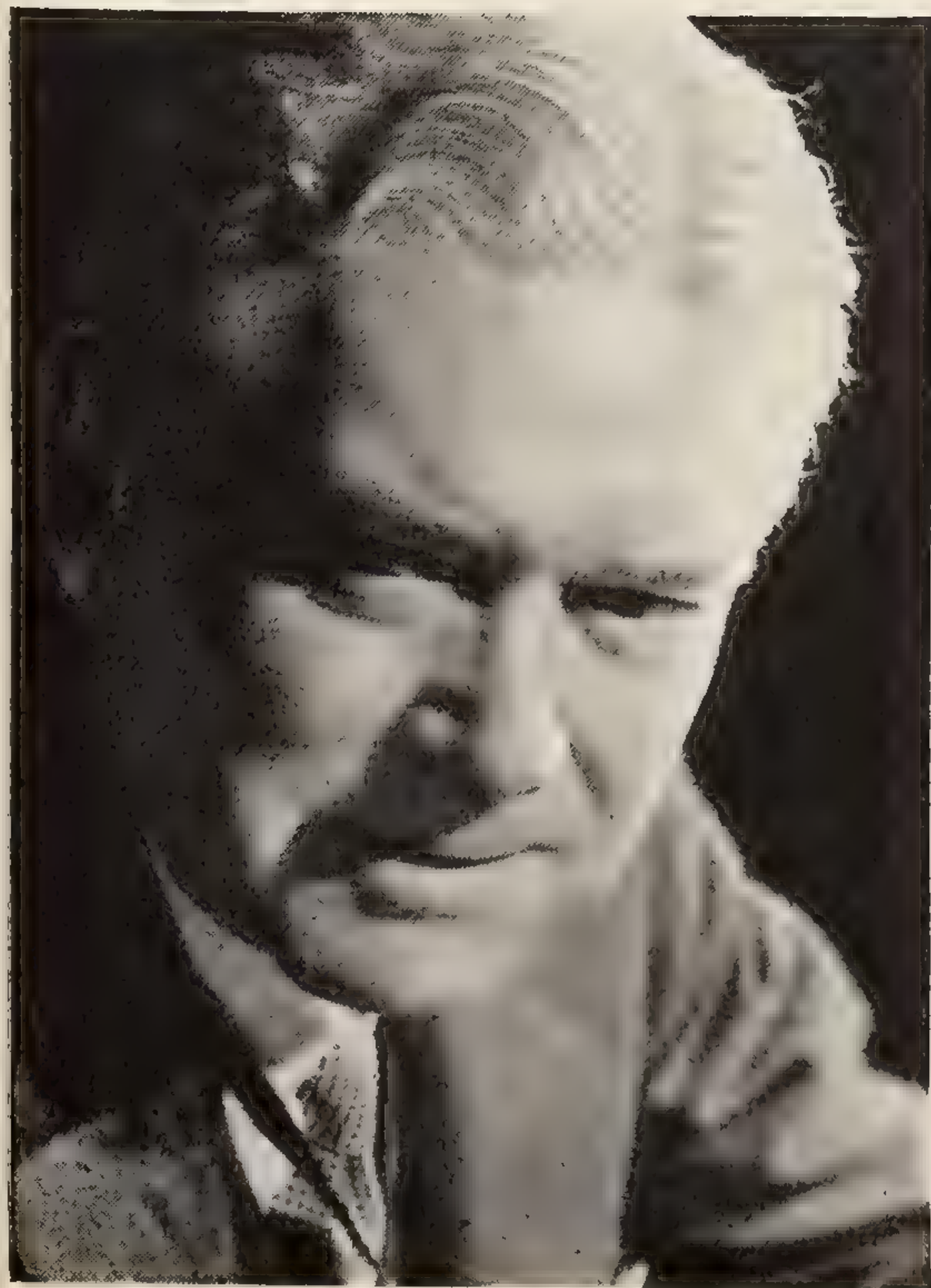
On days when he is not working, Franchot devotes his time to his singing. At eleven in the morning, he arrives at the home of Signor and Madame Morando. These gentle folk originally knew an operatic fame in Italy. The later years of their life are now devoted to their pupils. Franchot sings two hours before lunch and two hours after. When he's working, he dashes over on his lunch hour and gets in every spare moment. There's something about the peace and stability of the Morando home that appeals to the tranquil Tone. He never seems to tire of the companionship of these two elderly persons.

There is no grand-standing in Franchot's occasional display of affection. He carries this fetish right straight through the daily course of his life. Even when he goes to the Hollywood Bowl, he goes because he loves the music. Most of the Hollywood stars occupy the high-priced front row boxes. Franchot struggles to the top of the hill—where he may sit undisturbed and inconspicuous, in the cheapest seats, next to people who really come there to listen.

It's amazing that Franchot has never ceased to be appalled at the show-window display of emotions in Hollywood. In five years' time, he has never reconciled himself to the fact that the intimacies of life are spoken of so casually. A sophisticate to his finger tips, Franchot cannot condone bad taste. He can't understand how people in Hollywood know so much about each other, down to the most intimate detail.

At a dinner party recently, the hostess told an amusing story of an escapade that concerned a popular male star and his leading lady. It was all told quite inno-

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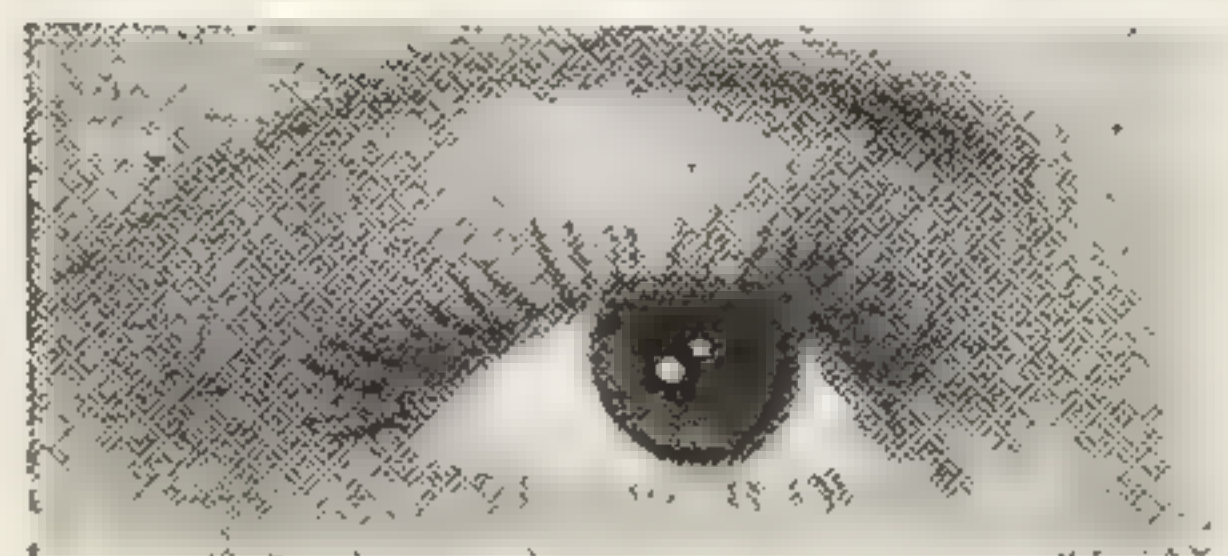
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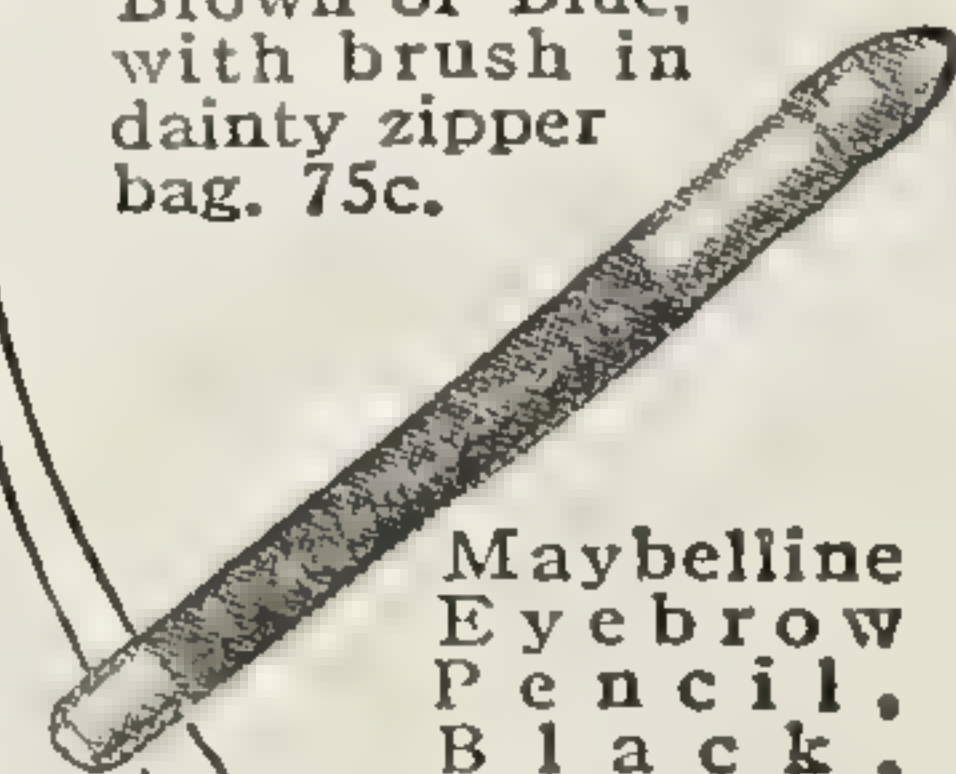
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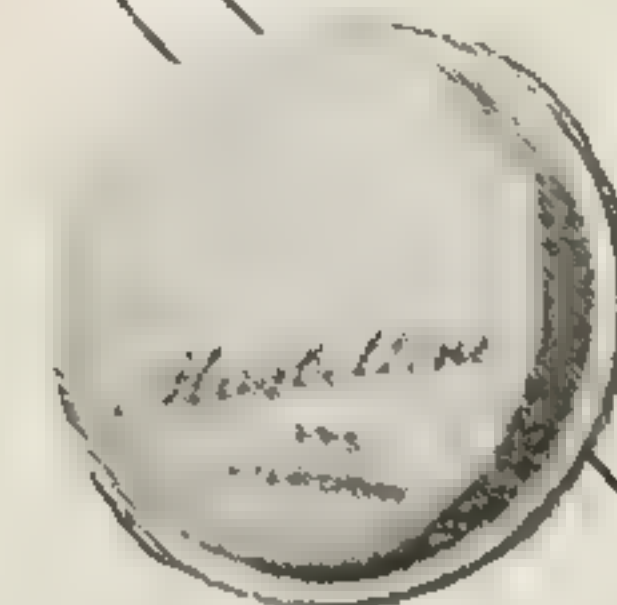
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cently and certainly there was no reason why the two people concerned shouldn't conduct their private lives in any way they saw fit. It wasn't that Franchot Tone, who was one of the guests, was shocked. It wasn't that he was surprised or being naïf. The thing that made him indignant, was the casual way everyone discussed the story and how perfectly plausible it was that they should know about it.

"We all know what goes on in the world today," says Franchot, "and we know that certain conditions do exist and certain things do happen. There are intimacies that we know about—but we never discuss them as table talk. They only concern the parties involved. What can it possibly matter what others do, as long as they don't hurt us? It's strange that Hollywood, pointed out as the artistic center of the world, should still have this Main Street attitude and intolerance."

The time and effort others give to things that don't concern them, Franchot devotes to improving himself. When he discovered that there actually was a possibility of an operatic career, he went to work with a vengeance. Back at Cornell, Franchot had a classmate by the name of Harold Smith. He was an excellent musician and after graduation he became an organist. When Franchot decided to get an accompanist to work with him at home, he located Harold Smith. Letters were exchanged and as a result, Smith is now in Hollywood and working for the Tones.

When he isn't practising, Franchot works out with Bob Howard, a capable trainer. He is putting himself in excellent condition, because he knows that as long as he remains in Hollywood, work will predominate his life. When the day comes that he can get away, he wants to be capable of handling all the things that are in store for him. On account of his singing, he only indulges in an occasional cocktail. His cigarettes are imported from England and are a special mild brand. For diversion Franchot plays chess. He loves the game so much, he takes a miniature set to the studio with him. Recently he discovered a third assistant director, who has won several chess prizes. Franchot uses his personal influence to see that this particular assistant works on his pictures. Ofttimes, when Franchot hasn't anyone to play with, he will sit down and play against himself.

Ever since he deserted the stage and came to Hollywood he has felt the great urge to return for a single play. The offers have been many, but the studio would never give its consent. Just recently it looked as if he would get away. Plans were made and his wife was to accompany him, do her Christmas shopping, and see the shows, while he rehearsed. The final okay from Irving Thalberg was all that Franchot needed. The unexpected demise of the producer naturally upset all the plans.

Franchot still holds out hope that he may stage a temporary return to his first love. If he does, New York will see him in person during the holiday season. When the play is over, Franchot will rush back to resume his contract obligations in Hollywood. Perhaps, during his absence, Hollywood producers will discover that in Franchot Tone they have a rare individual, who has retained his rare individuality. It's to be hoped that in the case of Franchot Tone—absence will make the hearts of those, who give Franchot to the world, grow fonder.

SUNK!

RICHARD DIX in "The Depths Below," a Columbia picture, becomes a deep sea diver. The regular equipment with a real air-pump is used. Dolores Del Rio is the featured beauty in the picture but she wasn't there.



Betty Grable and Johnny Downs in "Pigskin Parade." Betty is a "triple threat."

IF

[Continued from page 53]

crowning *ifs* in Merle's whole career was that day, after being turned down for an extra's part, she dropped into the studio cafe at the very hour Alexander Korda and his wife were lunching. Mrs. Korda caught one swift glimpse of the girl, then pointed her out to her husband, saying, "That is the most striking face I have ever seen!"

Korda, too, saw her possibilities, and that afternoon he gave Merle a screen test which brought several small roles. Then came her Great Opportunity; the part of Anne Boleyn in the now famous picture, "The Private Life of Henry VIII," which definitely launched the lovely Oberon as a glamorous screen star.

The *ifs* came fast now. *If* she had not played Anne Boleyn, Douglas Fairbanks would never have selected her for his exotic Spanish heroine in "The Private Life of Don Juan," nor would she have been the Chinese girl in "The Battle," nor the scintillating slant-eyed charmer in "The Scarlet Pimpernel." She was now typed as an alluring exotic, and Darryl Zanuck sent for her to come to Hollywood, to play opposite Maurice Chevalier in "Folies Bergere."

"Ever since that eventful day in Calcutta, when I saw 'The Dark Angel,'" said Merle, "I had hoped to come to Hollywood. Then, when I arrived I was not happy because they thought I was too young for the part and I had to be extra exotic to make the woman as sophisticated as they wanted her to be.

"I didn't like myself in that picture and I was afraid these artificial roles would harm me with screen audiences, so I decided to return to London where I was still under contract to Alexander Korda. This brings me to another *if*, a most important one. *If* I had sailed immediately for England, as I first planned, my career would read much differently, but I lingered in New York for several weeks and frequently met Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn at social affairs. One night at a dinner, Mr. Goldwyn said to me, 'I'm sorry screen audiences cannot see you as you really are.' Then, he asked if I would like to drop the exotic mask and be my real self in his new talking version of 'The Dark Angel'!

"To this day I don't know what I did or what I said but I remember wishing I could slip away somewhere for a good cry. I was so deliriously happy. It was a thrilling surprise, and yet—well, there have been

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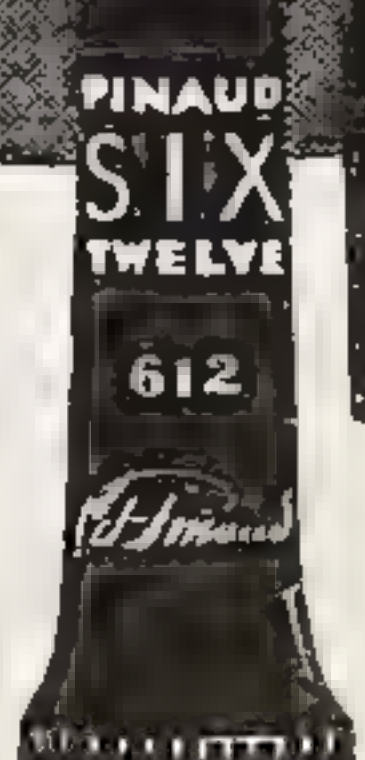
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In "Can This Be Dixie?" Jane Withers reveals her remarkable comedy talents.

several times in my life when I have set my heart on something and I positively knew that it would eventually come true. Leaving India, was one. Playing in 'The Private Life of Henry VIII,' was another, and I'm sure that down deep within myself I always knew that someday I would play the girl in 'The Dark Angel.' In each instance, there were mountains of obstacles blocking my goal but my theory of *determined concentration* won!"

So Merle returned to Hollywood to bring her freshness, her vitality, and her sparkling beauty to American pictures.

During the idle weeks before the picture started, she was terribly lonely. There was no gaiety, no beaux, nothing to do day after day but look at the ocean. Then along came the holidays and at the Goldwyn's New Year's party she met another lonely Britisher who had just arrived, David Niven. It was the psychological moment for their meeting, and a friendship quickly formed between them which has grown into one of Hollywood's most beautiful and sincere romances.

"And one of the merriest," said Merle. "David has a great capacity for enjoyment and every moment is lived to its fullest. We're now making our first picture together, 'Love Under Fire,' and an amusing thing was that the very first shot on the

film was a love scene between David and me. No, we weren't the least fussed, in fact, we thought it fun."

The fact is, that if she had not met David at this time her loneliness would have carried her back to England, when she completed "The Dark Angel!"

Is another question mark hovering over Merle Oberon? When she marries David Niven, will she give up her career? She loves acting, she is ambitious to gain the highest honors, and too, there are many attractive plans; a picture in England, a powerful drama in "Hurricane," which will probably be Goldwyn's next choice for his star, and perhaps, in the spring, the coveted role of Desdemona, with Walter Huston as Othello. Yet, first of all, she is a woman, and marriage and a family are of paramount importance to her.

"I can see no reason," Merle explained, "why an actress should give up her career when she marries. Norma Shearer is an inspiring example of how one may successfully combine a beautiful domestic life with a career and not neglect either. Fame slips by a woman just when she needs it most, while a family continues to be a joy throughout her entire life. It wouldn't be wise to sacrifice too much—for a career!"

So it looks as if there were to be no ifs on this subject, after all.

Winterset [Continued from page 58]

inously. "You put three holes in me. But I'm back from the grave, Trock. Back to take you with me."

As Trock screamed he came a step nearer and another. He wiped frantically at eyes which were already glazing with death.

"I got this far. And now I can't see!" he moaned. "The blood runs out too fast . . . too fast . . . when you've got three holes clean through you." The dying voice rose in a last, hysterical cry. "Show me where he is, you fools! Show me—"

Shadow crashed his length, falling on his face, dead at last.

Trock, huddled against the wall, screeched, "Take him out of here! Take him out!"

While Garth and his father dragged the body to the next room, Mio stood where Shadow had stood, the revolver now in his own hands.

Enough had been said, enough had been done to show Mio the truth. It came like a blinding flash from the skies and in the terrified face before him he saw the true

answer to his charges.

"You killed the paymaster! You!"

"You lie! It was Shadow killed him!" Trock muttered.

The Judge roused at this. "It was not Romagna?"

"No, it was not Romagna killed him." Mio pointed at Trock. "He says Shadow killed him. There were three men involved in the crime for which my father died. Shadow and Trock Estrella as principals in the murder. Garth as witness. Why are they here together?"

He whirled on Judge Gaunt.

"And you, the judge, why are you here? Because you were all afraid and drew together out of that fear to arrange a story that you could tell! And Trock killed Shadow and meant to kill you out of that same fear . . . to keep them quiet!"

Mio's head came up; his face blazed with triumph. "This is the thing I've hunted over the earth to find out. And now, wherever men still breathe and think and know

what's done to them by the powers above, they'll know my father's innocent!"

Trock's hand hurled him against the wall. Leaping on him Trock snatched the gun.

"Go right on talking," he snarled. "It won't get far, I guess."

Mio grinned in the face of danger. "You'll see to that?"

"Yeah. Me and some others." Trock backed to the door and spoke to Garth Esdras. "Keep the mug here ten minutes. Then let him go. I have plans to make."

He ran out through the rain to the gunmen he had posted at both entrances to the square. His plans were simple. From the bridge above Trock would keep watch. When Mio came out he could see him move across the square. Then he would light a cigarette. That would be the signal for the shot that would drop him.

If Mio was to live, he must go at once. But Garth Esdras opposed his going for fear of what Trock would do to punish treachery. Only when he knew his sister loved Mio, did he relent.

Miriamne and old Esdras pled for Mio's silence. If he told the police now, it would mean that Garth would be punished. What would be gained?

"You ask too much!" Mio cried at her. "Your brother was ready enough to let an innocent man pay for the years he's had." His smile turned wistful. "We're parted anyway, Miriamne. Parted by the same dark wind that blew us together. I shall say what I have to say." He ran into the night.

Miriamne screamed after him, "But now you've stayed too long. He'll be waiting!"

She ran after her sweetheart, following him into the rainy blackness, ready to be with him when he died, to die with him if fate was kind.

Garth Esdras, who had lived a coward's life, was moved out of himself by their peril. He, too, went into the night, hoping to sneak past Trock's gunmen and bring police help.

Trock saw him from the bridge above where he waited. Trock snapped a match to the cigarette in his mouth. The soft slap of a silenced gun told of Garth's death in the alley.

Trock grinned and waited. One more to account for, Mio Romagna!

Mio clasped the girl close in his arms. "Go into the house. There you may be safe. It's clear that I'm to die. But I shall die as I have lived, alone."

"No, Mio, no! I do not want to live without you!"

"It's better to live, Miriamne. I wanted to live—because of you—I leave you that—and what my father said to me, dying, 'I love you and will love you after I die!' Tomorrow I shall still love you, as I've loved the stars I'll never see and all the mornings that might have been yours and mine."

He lifted his head, glancing about the dark square, menacingly silent as death waited for him.

"Now all you silent powers that make the sleet and dark, and never yet have spoken, give us a sign. Let the throw be ours, this once. Let fall some mercy with your rain. We are two lovers here in your night and we wish to live!"

There was no light from the sullen skies, no sound or sign from the waiting shadows. Death lay whichever way they walked.

But suddenly Mio's smile flashed.

"They have answered! But I was blind and I could not see!"

It was just beside them, the instrument of their deliverance. It was old Lucia's grind organ. Stored in it was the music that so irritated the police. He had only to turn its crank . . .

In the black night, with murderers waiting their moment, Mio made the square echo with the music.

Off the streets outside the square an irate

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Just dissolve some Linit in a tub of warm water and bathe as usual. After drying, feel your skin—it will be delightfully smooth and soft—And the Linit bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath . . . Make it a habit to take a Linit Beauty Bath and join the many thousands of women who daily enjoy its refreshing luxury.



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—when you pick up a glass or cup? . . . You know from watching others that charm and poise can be destroyed instantly by the misuse of hands. And by the same token, the correct use of your hands can become a tremendous social and business asset. Great actresses accomplish much of their poise by proper hand action.

The makers of Frostilla—the famous skin lotion that keeps hands, face and body smooth and lovely—asked Margery Wilson, the international authority on charm and poise, to tell

- how to hold a cigarette
- how to pick up cards
- how to shake hands
- and how to make hands behave to the best advantage on all occasions

Margery Wilson gives the authoritative answers to these and other questions in an illustrated booklet on *How to Use Your Hands Correctly*. Although this booklet is priced at 50c, we have arranged to present it *without charge* to Frostilla users in the United States and Canada until May 30th, 1937.

Just mail coupon with the front of a 35c, 50c or \$1.00 Frostilla Fragrant Lotion box (or two fronts from 10c sizes) and your copy will be sent **FREE**.

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the secret of
beautiful body skin



BATHASWEET

FREE

Yes, you can have a lovelier, more alluring body. Easily! Quickly! Just add to your bath a sprinkle of Bathasweet, and make your bath a beauty treatment.

You might be bathing in rose petals, so soft and fragrant does Bathasweet make the water of your tub. Gone is all harshness from the water. Bathasweet softens it to a caress—softens it so that the water cleanses your pores as they would not otherwise be cleansed. The best evidence of this remarkable power to dissolve impurities and to keep them dissolved is that no "ring" is left around the tub when Bathasweet is used. No wonder skin imperfections disappear—and your body takes on a new loveliness . . . Yet Bathasweet costs very little—50c and \$1 at drug and department stores.

Free—a gift package sent free anywhere in the U. S. Mail this coupon with name and address to Bathasweet Corp., Dept. S-L, 1907 Park Ave., New York.

cop came running.

Trock Estrella spat the unlighted cigarette from his mouth and started to investigate. He saw the police, turned and raced up again toward the bridge.

And on the bridge above, the old hobo who haunted the place, retrieving the butt end of smokes that luckier people throw away, pounced on Trock's discarded cigarette.

He lighted a match to it.

Out of the shadows where Trock's gunman was posted, a gun spoke once. The lead sped after Trock's racing figure, catching it in mid-stride. Trock Estrella stopped, whirled about and dropped to the embankment below. His body slithered across the icy bank as Shadow's body had done and the black, oily water of the river received it with a chuckle.

Life At High Speed

[Continued from page 21]

with Travis Banton, looking at sketches, at materials, having fittings. She is back on the set until 6 p. m.—with two interruptions for interviews. Then back to her dressing room to remove her make-up, to call or be called by Clark, to go to Victor Hugo's for dinner, on to the Troc' (with Clark, of course) to dance, to see, to be seen . . .

When Carole is not working—and what's the difference, you tell me—she rises at 10.30 in the mornings if the telephone gives her that much respite . . . it doesn't, of course. You know Mister Bell, "may his soul rest in pieces," says Carole. . . . She rises and dashes over to Claudette's for two sets of tennis . . . she dashes back home, dresses, lunches at the Vendome with friends she has not been able to see during production . . . at 2.30 on almost every "non-working" day she had an appointment at the studio for story conferences on her next picture . . . she then spends an hour in the gallery for portrait sittings for her Art which must "do" throughout the next production . . . she dashes home for dinner . . . she gives a few small, informal parties at home . . . for her director and

the cast of her last picture . . . for friends . . . she takes in the fights, the circus when it is in town, the amusement piers, the dentist . . . she writes letters, signs autographs, repays luncheons, teas, cocktail parties and just doesn't know what to do with her time!

I was talking with Jeanette MacDonald the other day—just after she had announced her engagement to Gene. You envision the joy-giving Jeanette, no doubt, reclining in bed, leisurely, an exquisitely appointed breakfast tray upon her knees, drapes drawn, house quiet. Ah, no! Jeanette never breakfasts in bed. But *never*. Jeanette never properly breakfasts at all. What happens is this: A tray with a pot of coffee, a glass of fruit juice is brought to Jeanette each morning at seven. She sips coffee with one hand, so to speak, and answers the telephone with the other. Just for fun she counted the number of phone calls that came in one morning last week between the hours of 7.30 and 8.30. *There were forty-three of them.* And this, despite the fact that the stars change their phone numbers on an average of once a week.

They now have a new and nifty little



**GIRLS HERE'S A REAL
X'MAS BARGAIN! I'M GIVING
SILVER SCREEN TO ALL
MY FRIENDS!**

Yes! Here's the sensible and economical way to solve that problem of what to give. For only \$2 you can take care of three names on your Christmas list—and in a way to make you proud and the recipient delighted. For who wouldn't be glad to get as a present 12 issues of SILVER SCREEN? An entire year of the sprightliest and most popular of screen magazines?

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This is a special Christmas offer. Regularly, the price is \$1 per yearly subscription. So, take advantage of this bargain and give as many as you like . . . three . . . six . . . nine! At the right time, we'll send a handsome holiday card announcing your gift. And then, SILVER SCREEN will follow for twelve whole months!

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45 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find \$..... for which you are to send Silver Screen for one year and a holiday card announcing this gift in my name to:—

Name..... Address.....

Name..... Address.....

Name..... Address.....

Your Name.....

method of swapping telephone numbers. In other words, what is Jeanette's telephone number this week may be Greta Garbo's next week, and so on. Imagine dialing Clark Gable and getting Hugh Herbert, for instance! But then, anything can happen in Hollywood. Anyway, Jeanette had to answer the forty-three calls herself. They were from the studio, from the director, from her manager, from radio agents, from her singing teacher, from Gene, from her attorney, from friends. . . . Immediately after breakfasting and telephoning and dressing she rushes to her singing lesson which lasts two hours. Two hours every day whether she is working or not.

She seldom has time for social luncheons, but on rare occasions and so as not to lose the personal touch entirely, she does go to the Vendome, to the Assistance League, to the Derby. And while she is lunching there, radio agents buzz about, friends pause for a chat, invitations are given, phones are plugged in at her table and Jeanette eats three mouthfuls of expensive Vendome food.

After luncheon there is her French lesson. After her French lesson there is, almost without fail, an interview. After the interview there is her tennis lesson. After her tennis lesson there is her masseuse. After her masseuse there is some practising to be done, sometimes with Nelson Eddy, sometimes alone. After the practising there is dinner, sometimes at home with her mother and Gene, sometimes Jimmy Stewart comes over from next door. Now and again they dine, Jeanette and Gene, at the Troc', at the Derby, go on to the Coconut Grove, perhaps, for dancing. And after that there is the shower, cold creaming, a few relaxing exercises, ten or fifteen telephone calls, lines to be learned for the next day and after *that* the lazy, indolent girl hasn't a thing to do but turn over and go to sleep!

Fred MacMurray tried to get married for months. The spirit was willing but the schedule was weak, or something like that. It takes a couple of hours to get married. And Fred could barely take time off to convince his Lilian that he is flesh and bone instead of celluloid, a man instead of a shadow she saw upon the film. He finally had to elope to Las Vegas while they were still shooting it out on "The Texas Rangers"—spiced between shots, as it were. Even as LeRoy Printz, dance director, took time out between steps to marry Betty Bryson . . . Fred didn't even leave a trail of breadcrumbs behind him when he eloped lest the studio get wise to the Hansel and Gretel motif and track him down.

And even now, a bridegroom, Fred arises at 6.30 a. m. of each working day. Lilian cooks his breakfast for him and plenty of it. He rushes to the studio. He is always late. Lilian stands by the phone at home to answer the studio's frantic calls of "Where is Fred?" He takes half an hour for make-up. He arrives on the set. He works. He dashes off again between 9.30 and 10 a. m. for another cup of coffee. He works. He reads the papers. He cracks jokes with Oakie. He rushes to the commissary for luncheon at 12.30. He goes back on the set. Between 3 and 3.30 p. m. he sends the property boy, employed for this purpose and no other, to get him his afternoon cup of coffee and hunk of pie. He works some more. He rushes home. He dines at home or at the Club La Maze. He studies his lines. In between whiles he and Lilian swim, play tennis, fish, play Monopoly, go to the races, go to the fights, go to the homes of friends, just fritter away their time . . .

They hardly have time to fall in love. They have almost no time at all to fall out of love. Ginger Rogers told me that she literally did NOT have time to be a wife, a home-maker, let alone a mother, of all things! She never knew, she said, what

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thrive and grow ever lovelier
with the care of these

GERM-FREE BEAUTY CREAMS



**Germ-free element helps
protect skin from Blemish...
Vitamin D quickens skin's
youthful breathing process**

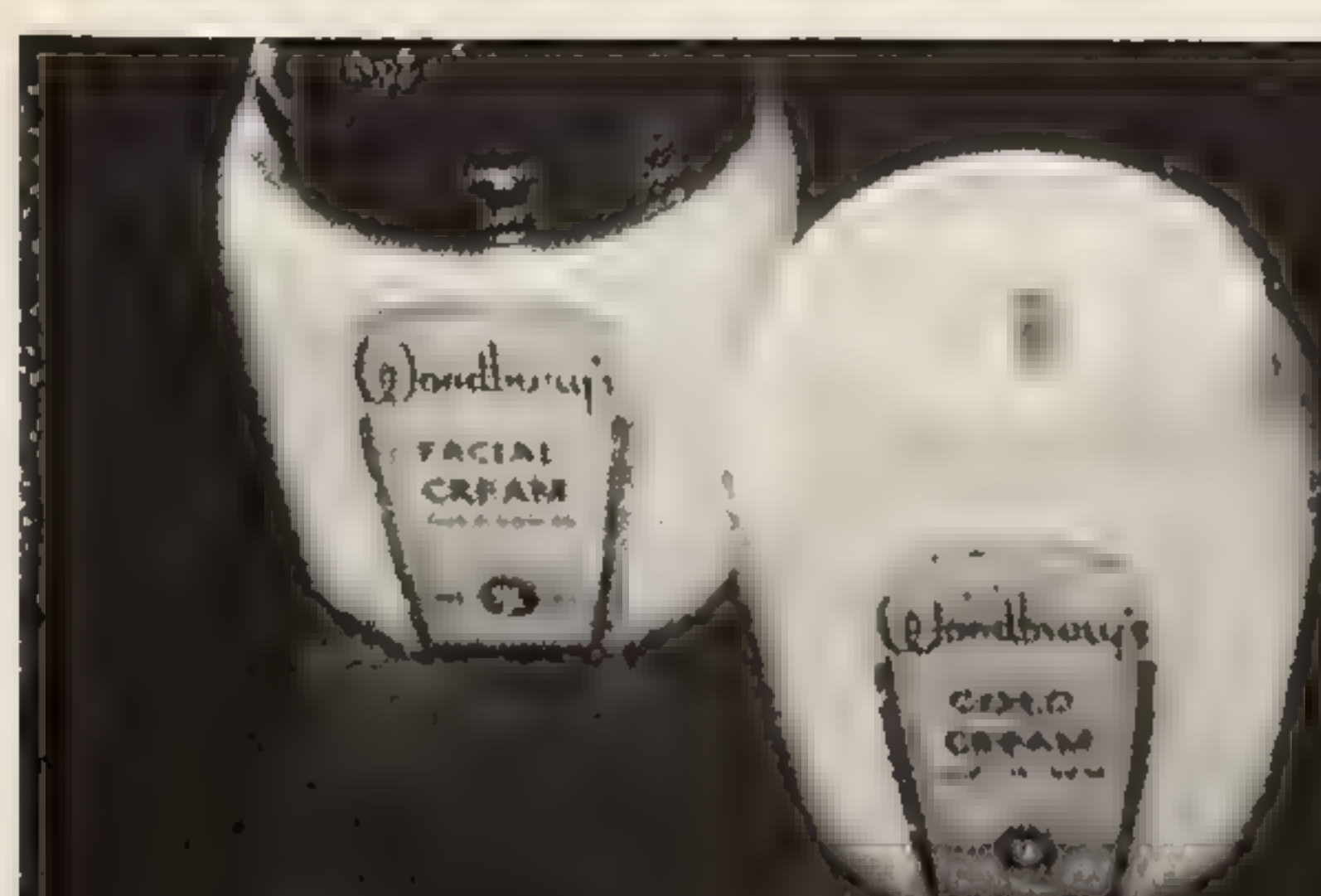
CLEAR, lovely skin! That's the complexion Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream will bring you! It helps guard your skin, however sensitive, against the blemishes that germs can cause.

There's always the chance that germs may get under the skin through some crack or scratch and cause a blemish-infection. But Woodbury's Cold Cream, which stays permanently free of germ-

growth, helps to safeguard your complexion against this beauty hazard.

One ingredient of this famous cream is now irradiated with kindly rays which create Sunshine Vitamin D in the cream. This new element helps stimulate skin cells to breathe more quickly. And only when the skin breathes *rapidly*, takes up oxygen at a rapid rate, does it retain its youthful vigor. Vitamin D in Woodbury's does this for *your* skin!

For finishing, use Woodbury's Facial Cream. It blends powder and rouge with even smoothness. Each, 50c, 25c, 10c in jars; 25c, 10c in tubes.



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Germ-free Creams

SEND FOR 9-PIECE LOVELINESS KIT!
Contains tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams;
guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap; 6 shades,
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“Yes—it *does* overcome chapping *more* quickly than anything I ever used before,” report 97 8/10% of hundreds of Italian Balm users, recently surveyed from coast-to-coast.

“But you must emphasize *more* in your advertising that it PREVENTS chapping, too!” many of them add. And, of course, it *does*. Furthermore, 92 9/10% of these same women state that Italian Balm *costs less to use* than anything they ever tried.

Don't take anybody's word, however, for the true merit of this famous Skin Softener. Send for a FREE Vanity bottle. Use it on your hands, lips, face and body. Then *you* be the judge. Mail the coupon *today*.

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Imperial Pictures

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or just a few!*

There are many flattering ways to arrange your hair with Hollywood Rapid Dry Curlers. Will you have tight little curls that fit close to your head... or soft loose ones to form a halo? Will you have many curls... or just a few? Whatever style of curl you select can be yours easily, quickly, right at home... with the “Curler used by the Stars.”

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RAPID DRY CURLER

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Kay Francis,
Ruth Chatterton and Director Fritz Lang meet at Grace Moore's party.

Wide World

she was going to have for dinner or when or where or with whom. She couldn't entertain, not even her husband, because at any moment of the day or night, Christmas, Easter, Admission Day, birthdays, anniversaries, she might well hear Fred Astaire saying “Let's go through this routine again, Ginger”—and Fred wots not of clocks or time tables or date books or train schedules.

Or, again, if she tried to telephone her ex-husband that she would be home in fifteen minutes she would hear a voice from the set intone “Hold it for a still, please, Miss Rogers.” And that was that. She never lunched alone but always with an interviewer, with her director, with a radio agent. She is building a new home for herself and her mother in Beverly Hills. She “reads” blue prints while she gives four or five hours to fittings for the elaborate wardrobe which is hers in every picture.

She goes to the Bowl when the summer concerts are on, to the Philharmonic in the winter. She has a beach house at Malibu and an apartment in town and the new house in process of construction. When she awakes in the morning after an evening spent, perhaps, dancing with Jimmy Stewart at the Troc, she doesn't remember whether she is in the Malibu house or in the apartment or on the set... in her brief dreams she hears Fred Astaire calling “Let's go through this routine again, Ginger...” she has been known to rise in her sleep and do a few *pas de seules* until put back to bed by her mother...

Nelson Eddy has three careers... the screen... radio... concert... in his leisure moments, I mean when he is not practising, recording, studying lines, conferring, being photographed, doing autographs, he runs his home, plays tennis, takes a gal out to dine and dance, swims in his pool, entertains and just moseys about...

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone work all day on the sets, take voice lessons, piano lessons, study French, psychology, read all the best books, entertain, write, produce, act, give plays in their little theatre, get sun-tanned in season, get un-sun-tanned out of season, fritter the languid hours away...

They don't have enough to do... go in for ranching and raising cabbages like Francis Lederer, raise dogs like Stu Erwin, do movie photography like Leslie Howard, give kiddies' parties for ten and twelve in-

fants like the Frederic Marches, run horses like Clark Gable, move out of a brand new house into a brander new one like Claudette Colbert, write songs like Ginger Rogers, have nervous breakdowns like Carole Lombard, give circuses like Harold Lloyd, write books like Errol Flynn... just invent ways and means to fill in their spare time, you know...

It's like eating too much. The more you eat, the more you can eat. Your tummy stretches, to be literal if not lovely. And similarly, the more you live, the more you can live. Your capacity stretches, too.

It's speed, that's what it is. The race is to the swift. They spurt, dash, gallop, scamper, dart, flit, spring, boom, march in quickstep, shoot, fly, whisk, skim, scud...

Is your hat still on? Mine's not. It's off—to them.

Have you lost your breath? I have.

Do they *ever* stop? They do not. I do. Here. Now. Finis.

Be sure to enclose 3c stamp

Too Thin? UNDEVELOPED?
GAIN 15 LBS.! DEVELOP 3 IN.!

Wonderful new method really reaches basic trouble, starting development. Vitalizing, concentrated food powder completes results. Amazing results! Beautiful flesh, complete development. *Guaranteed.* Testimonials arriving every day. *You need be undeveloped no longer.* Write: The Star Developing System, Iron Mountain, Mich.

Sufferers from Asthma Paroxysms!

If you suffer from the choking, wheezing paroxysms of asthma, if you have difficulty sleeping at night without being propped up by pillows, you will be interested in reading a little booklet called “The Health Question.” Many people report longer periods of time between their paroxysms, others report they “sleep like babies again.” Perhaps relief is *not* hopeless. At least read the story of the experience of others in this booklet. You owe it to yourself to do so. Address Nacor Medicine Company, 171 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana.

10 Yr. Guar.

GIVEN TO YOU!

Let us tell you how to obtain one of these gorgeous, Guaranteed Wrist Watches absolutely **free of all cost**—or how to earn some money. Write today! A postal will do. **GAIR MFG. CO., 1916 Sunnyside DEPT. 12-18 CHICAGO, ILL.**

STUDIO NEWS

[Continued from page 17]

Lee is like to explode. "A date!" he echoes and turns to O'Malley. "You hear that, Joe? And the Old Man wonders why I kick on dames cluttering up a man's job!"

"Yes, sir, Inspector," Gloria announces coolly, starting for the door, "I've got a date—with a tenderloin steak."

Lee calms down at the mention of food. "That's right," he speculates. "It is about time for dinner. How're you fixed for cash, Joe?"

Gloria pauses at the door and she and O'Malley look at each other again, as though all this were an old, old story.

"I got *three* bucks," he informs Lee warily, emphatically.

Lee turns expectantly to Gloria.

"No, you don't," she snaps before he can say anything. "You still owe me twenty on that Chicago touch."

"The memory of an elephant," Lee barks.

"Always broke! Always hungry!" Gloria sneers. "What do you *do* with your money?"

"Can I help it if I have a gentleman's tastes?" Lee whines.

"Ha!" she sneers. "What an imagination!"

Well, that's about all there is to this scene so I move on to the next one. Oh yes! They get their man and find they were meant for each other.

The next, and last, set on this lot is "The Smartest Girl in Town" formerly called "Million Dollar Profile." This one stars Ann Sothorn and Gene Raymond and is being directed by Joseph Santley. We won't go into the story again of how wonderful they all are. They really are—but I've told you before. And Time is marching on—at a most alarming pace.

Gene is a millionaire good-for-nothing who is always having to write checks for dames because he can't manage to control his enthusiasm. Ann is a model. Eric Blore (than whom—take a bow, Eric—there is no funnier comic in fillums) is Gene's valet. Thinking Gene will be away for a few days he rents his yacht to an advertising company to make a few pictures. Needless to say, Ann is the model they send to pose. Gene returns unexpectedly and they mistake him for the male model. He is about to expostulate when he sees Ann and decides to go through with it.

The set is so realistic that if you only looked above the deck you couldn't tell it wasn't a real yacht.

I forgot to mention that the company has been held up for hours because the male model hasn't appeared. That is why, when they see Raymond approaching in a boat they think he's it.

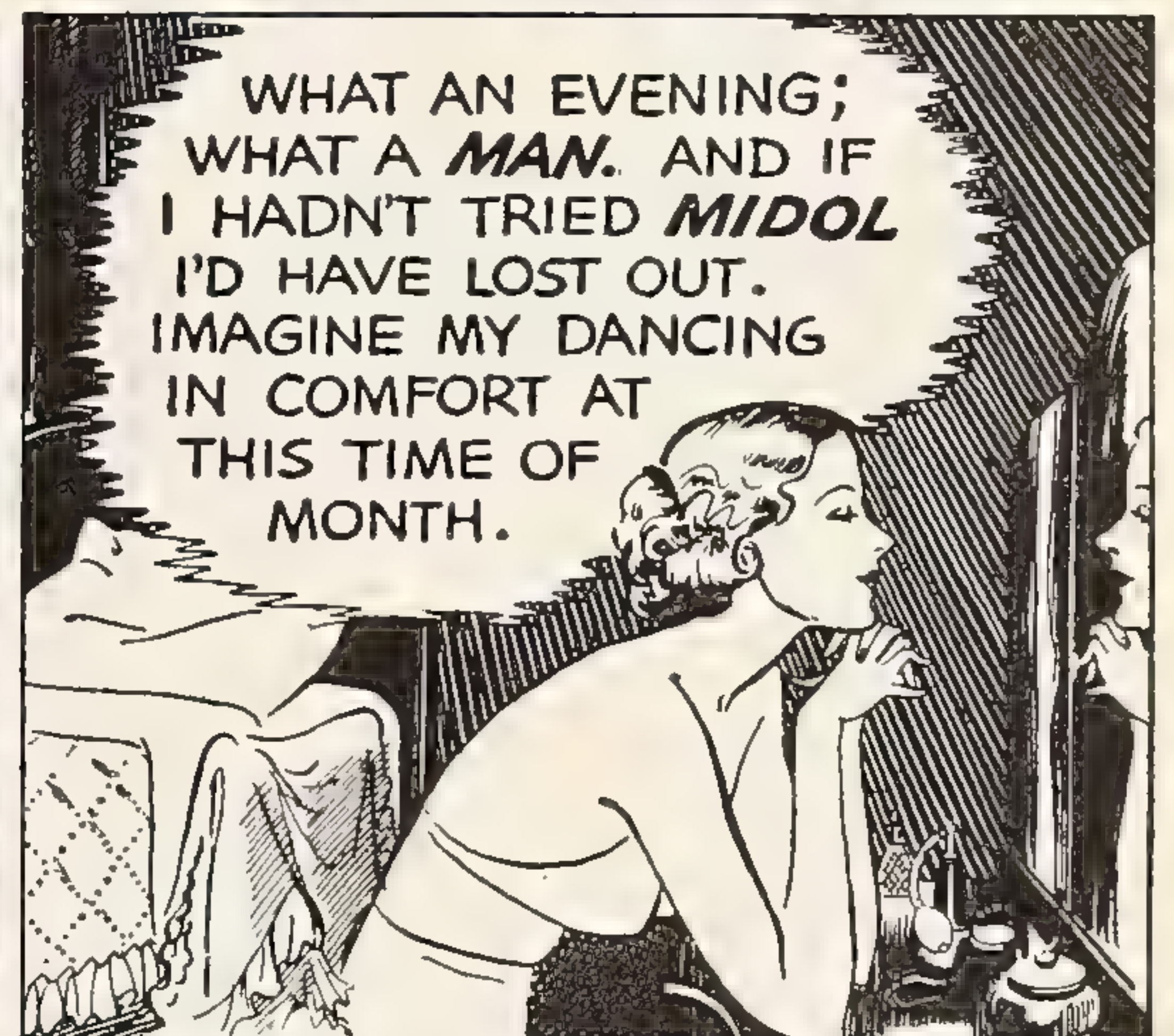
"Don't hurry, Apollo," Ann calls sarcastically as Gene approaches. "Why'd you bother to come at all? Why didn't you just wire regrets?"

"Cup your hands, Ann," Santley suggests. Then he turns to the camera man: "Do you think she should cup both hands or just the one farthest away from the camera?"

"Well," the camera man replies judiciously, "I think in pictures just the one away from the camera."

Ruminating on the difference between the way things are done in pictures and real life—because if she cupped only one hand her voice would be deflected in my direction instead of carrying out to Gene, which would be all right with me, too, but not at all what Joe wants—I move on up the street to—

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER



THERE is no longer any excuse for giving-in to periodic pain! It's old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable remedy for such suffering. Some women who have always had the hardest time are relieved by Midol.

Many who use Midol do not feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment's discomfort during the entire period. So, don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" certain days of

every month! Keep going, and keep comfortable—with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven remedy for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

You can get Midol in a trim little aluminum case at any drug store. Then you may enjoy a new freedom!

Midol's relief is so swift, you may think it is a narcotic. It's *not*. And its relief is lasting; two tablets see you through your worst day.

Songwriters

Collaborate with a composer of proven ability. Valuable "Songwriters' Manual" revealing vital information sent free. Write STANDARD SONG SERVICE, 310 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. B, Chicago.

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Dimples for You

HAVE MORE CHARM MORE LOVE LURE



Hit of Inventors' Convention in Boston! Pictured and printed in newspapers all over U S.! Lady Isabella Dimple Maker brings youthful tempting dimples to your cheeks while you read, rest or work. Letter after letter tells grateful thanks of happy users. Why doesn't *your* smile bring men clustering around *you*?

BANISHES WRINKLES AND LINES IN CHEEKS

Even natural dimples often flatten out, become lines or wrinkles. Lady Isabella's marvelous invention restores the dimple, smoothes out the lines and folds, lifts the cheek muscles, helps retain youthful expression. Simply hook it over ears, as shown at left, set rubber pads at dimple-spot—that's all.

START YOUR DIMPLES TODAY

Win your man! Luring dimples help enormously, call attention to the beauty of your skin and lips. If your cosmetic store hasn't this amazing beauty aid yet, use coupon TODAY—NOW

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Enclosed find \$2.00. Send me your Dimple Maker, postpaid. I understand you will send me also an "Isabella French Beauty Pack" formula if I send the names and addresses of five friends with my order.

Name—

Address—

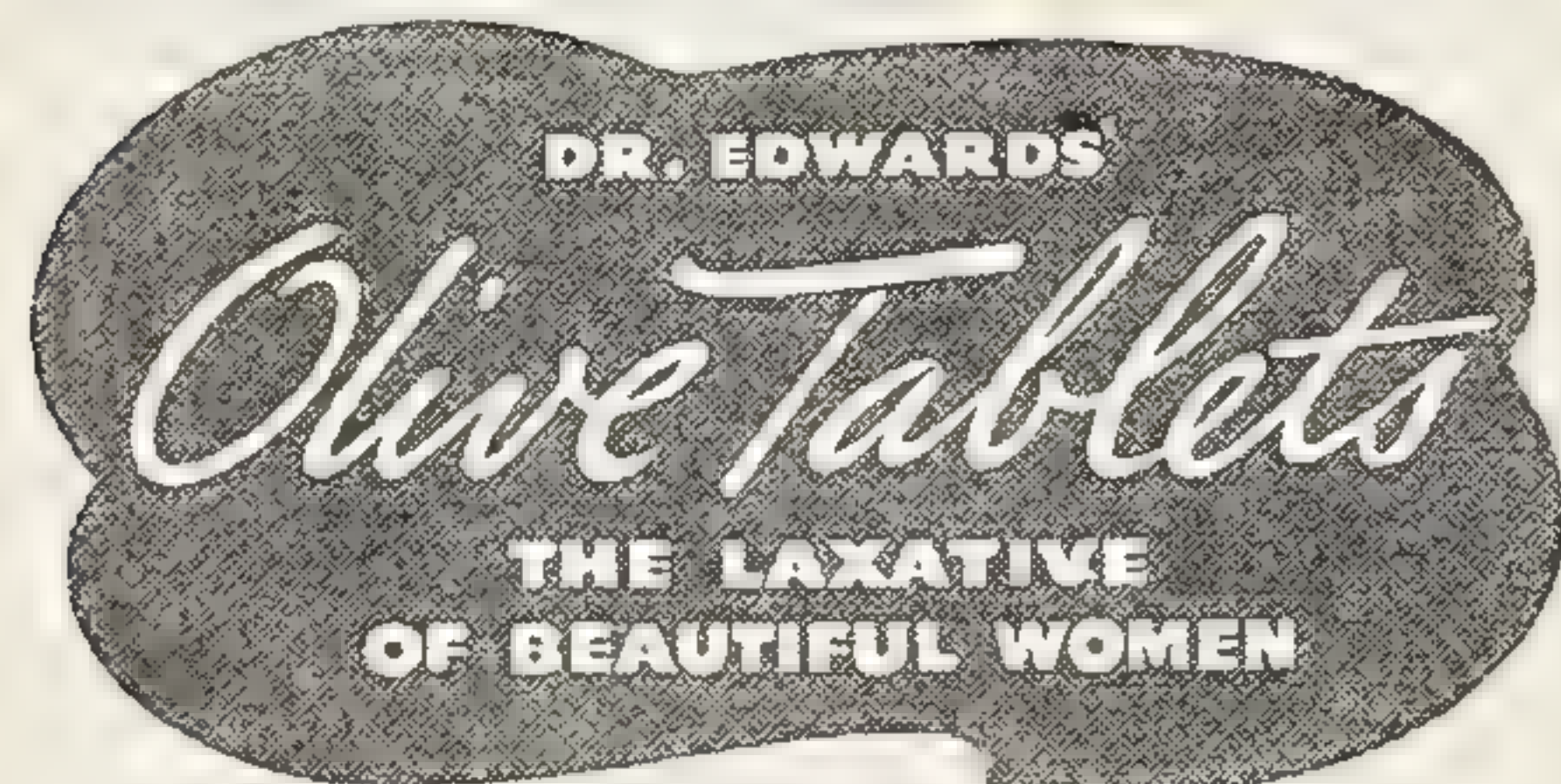


Think! Has more than one day gone by without adequate elimination?

If so, take Olive Tablets before you turn out the bathroom light tonight.

Prescribed for years by an Ohio physician, Olive Tablets are now one of America's best known proprietaries—famous because they are so mild and gentle.

Keep a supply always on hand. Remind the whole family to think of them on the second day. Three sizes: 15¢, 30¢, 60¢—at all druggists.



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores.

Lovelier Thicker Hair Now Since GLOVER'S Drove Out DANDRUFF

Glover's keeps your scalp immaculately clean and gives your hair an alluring sheen. No Dandruff; no itching. It checks excessive Falling Hair and promotes normal hair growth. Use Glover's Mange Medicine regularly; shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap. Start today!



GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

Universal

THERE are three pictures in production here but two of them (a serial and a western) are on location. The other one, "Three Smart Girls" with Alice Brady, Louis Hayward and Binnie Barnes, is on the lot. Unfortunately, Alice isn't working and Louis is home sick. Miss Barnes isn't in the scene I see. The three girls are working. It isn't an important scene so I'll go back later and tell you about this one next month. Miss Barnes is playing bridge and explaining to the kibitzers that she didn't have to get set on that last hand. She could have let her king of spades ride (instead of trumping it) and sloughed a losing diamond. But it's too late now. She didn't let it ride, she did trump it and she did get set.

Wondering why people in a bridge game persist in re-hashing hands that are deadlier than yesterday's newspaper, I leave Universal and proceed to—

Paramount

THERE'S quite a little activity over here, or at least so it seemed as I came through the parking lot. But when I get inside the studio I find that "Rose Bowl," a football picture featuring Tom Brown, is on location and there is only one other one on the lot I haven't already told you about, "Champagne Waltz" and "The Plainsman" having been duly reported. The unreported one is "Hideaway Girl" with Robert Cummings, James Eagles, Wilma Francis, Shirley Ross, and Monroe Owsley.

The set is Cummings' cabin on a ship. Even ship's cabins, apparently, are now modernistic—with a profusion of red plush. Gathered in the cabin are the people mentioned above.

Miss Francis is a thief—a jewel thief, I believe—and it's time for the showdown.

"Muriel!" Bob exclaims to Miss Francis. "Then it was you who put the glass in my cabin!"

"You're crazy," she retorts in a panic. "I don't know what you're talking about!" Eagles tries to take her by the wrist. "Take your hands off me, do you hear? Mike—make them stop!"

"Better quiet down, Muriel," Cummings advises. "These men are from Police Headquarters."

At this Wilma throws back her head and gives out a screech of derisive laughter. "Them? Don't make me laugh," thrusting a forefinger in the direction of Owsley. "That's Jake Grenados—the biggest crook on two sides of the Atlantic—and this mugg

is in with him."

"Is that true?" Shirley asks Monroe quietly.

"No, it isn't," he answers curtly.

"It is!" Wilma insists.

"How do you know—unless you are Lady Jane?" Bob asks her quietly but Wilma only glares at him, unable to reply.

There is a pause in the scene. "She's stuck," the director surmises, and turns to his assistant. "She doesn't know what to say."

So they have to stop production while they figure out something for Wilma to say.

"I take it you're up to no good again," I suggest to Monroe.

"Did you ever see me in a picture when I was up to any good?" he demands. A moment later he sighs reminiscently. "And when I was on the stage I used to play dashing young lovers—light, airy, carefree."

"Yes," I agree, "I remember your telling me about one time on the stage when you'd forgotten to fasten your trousers and the wind billowed through them."

"Never mind," he interrupts hastily, "we won't go into that. At least, these villainous parts keep me in gasoline and breakfast food."

They still haven't figured out a comeback for Miss Francis so I leave them—still in a quandary—and seek the sunny side of the street.

"Maid of Salem" starring Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray is just starting so I'll tell you about that one next month.

And now we'll see what's doing at—

Columbia

THE first picture I run into over here is called "The Depths Below" and stars Richard Dix and Chester Morris. There is a story going around Hollywood about this opus to the effect that Harry Cohn (vice-president of Columbia) said: "I made this picture once for forty thousand dollars and it cleaned up. So I made it again for a hundred thousand and it still made money. I'm going to spend a quarter of a million on it this time and if it still makes money I'll know I have nothing to worry about. I can just go right on remaking this picture as long as pictures are made and it will always make money."

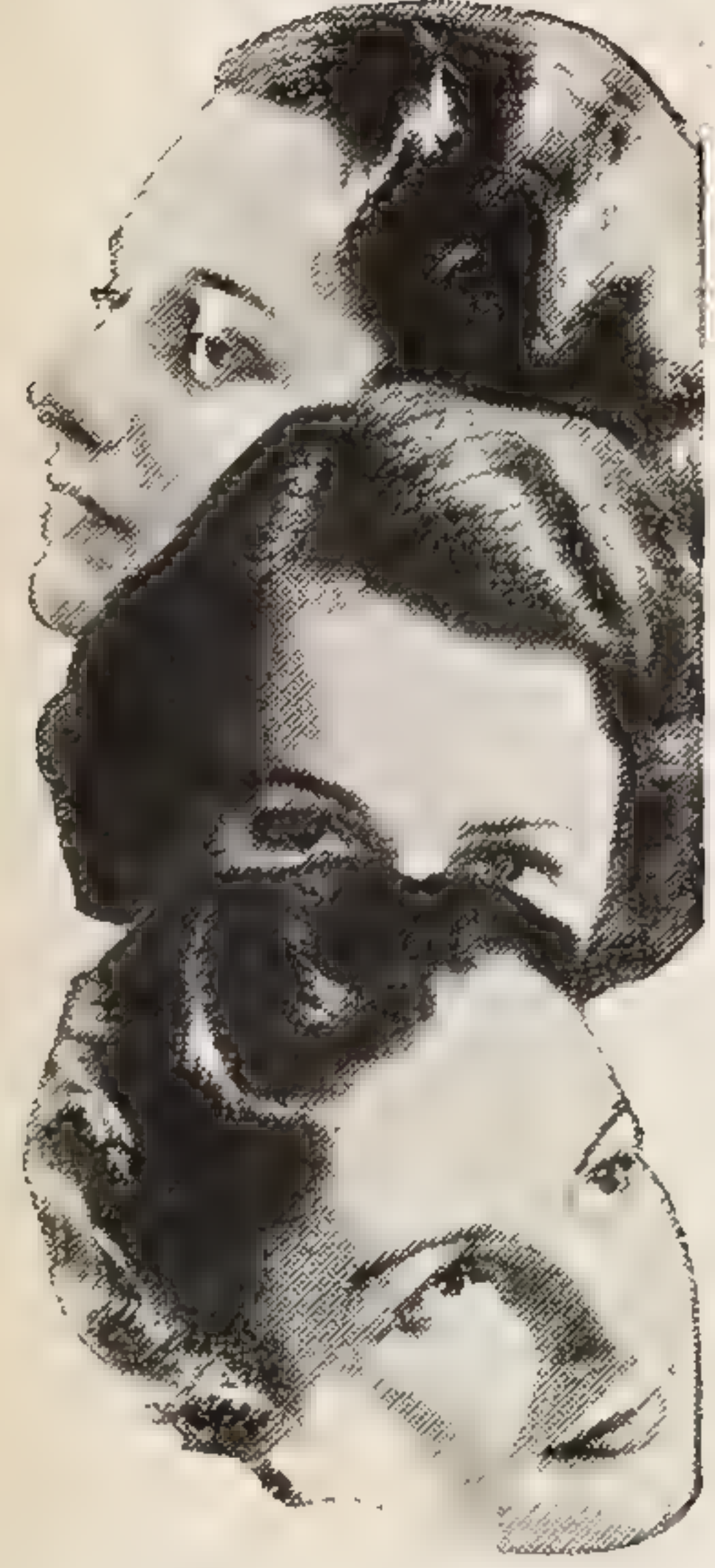
Personally, I don't believe he said it. From what I know of Mr. Cohn his humor isn't that dry. But that's none of my business.

It's a good story, anyhow. I think the



In "The Depths Below," Chester Morris finds himself submerged in beautiful womanhood—there's the basis of a plot right there.

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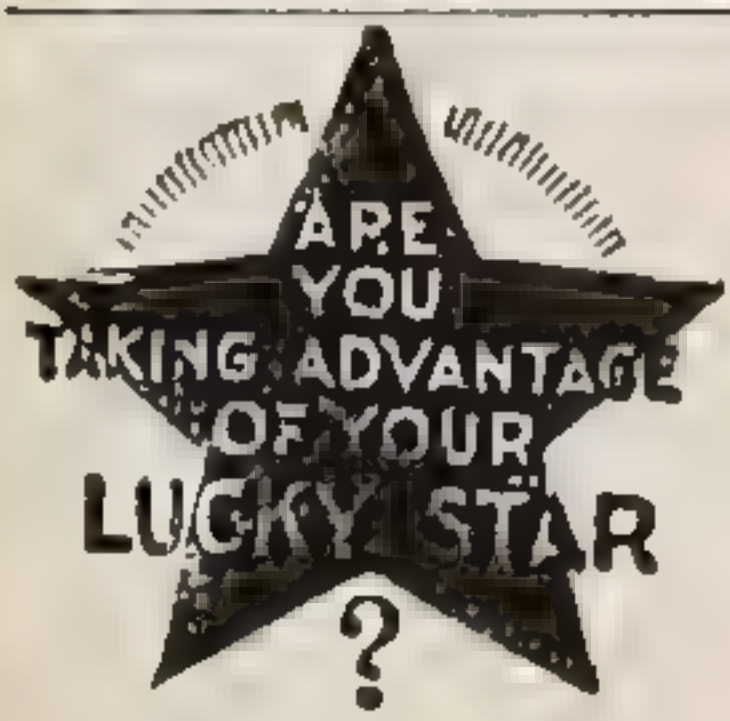
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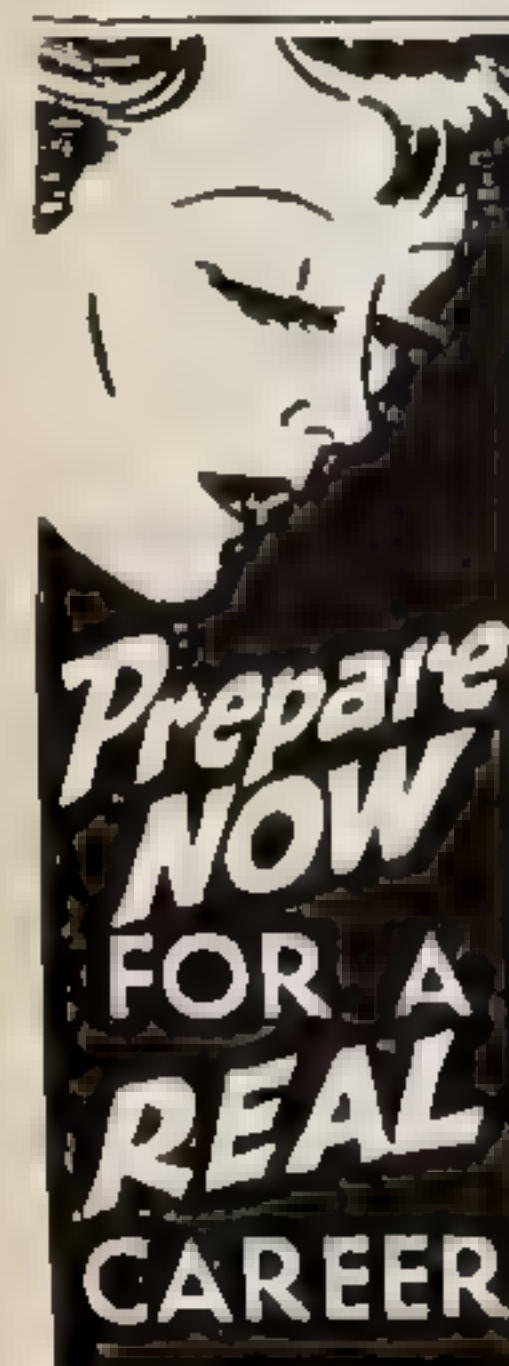


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hundred thousand dollar production boasted the presence of Jack Holt and Ralph Graves and was called "Submarine." It had a gala premiere at the Chinese in what are vaguely referred to as "boom days." It's about a couple of submarine divers (the gents mentioned above) who are inseparable—rough and tumble type, with hearts of gold and shy as a couple of convent girls.

The scene I see is right at the beginning of the picture and is what is known as an "atmospheric shot" to establish the camaraderie existing between the two.

Chester, in some manner known only to the Morris family, has managed to crash a party at a most exclusive home in Cuba or South America. He is sitting in one of those fan-shaped wicker chairs surrounded by a bevy of Latin beauties and he's really going to town on the subject of his prowess and exploits when he is interrupted by Miki Morita—a Filipino butler.

"Excuse, please," Miki entreats. "Your friend, Admiral Dorgan, outside. He say he like see you. Is all right?"

"Dorgan? Dorgan?" Chester repeats reflectively. "I never heard of no Admiral Dorgan. He must be an imposter, trying to crash the party. Throw him out!"

Of course, the girls all take their cues from Chester and add their instructions to the butler in their native tongue—whatever it is and Chester continues his boastful, if slightly ungrammatical, recital of his accomplishments.

Miss Dolores Del Rio is the love interest.

Chester is such swell company I wish I could loiter on this set longer but, alackaday! There's work to be done.

"Lady from Nowhere" starring Mary Astor is on location and, there being nothing more to see here, I leave for—

20th Century-Fox

ONLY two pictures shooting here, heaven be praised, but both of them are important. One is "The White Hunter" starring Warner Baxter, with Gail Patrick in her first leading rôle.

Simone Simon was to have played Gail's stepdaughter but she took sick and the studio also decided the part was not big enough for her after her sensational success in "Girl's Dormitory" so now June Lang is doing the rôle.

The story is long and complicated... but interesting. Years before, Warner had been disgraced in England by giving information about munitions to Gail, with whom he was in love, and who is married to Wilfred Lawson. Warner had left England and gone to Africa and become a white hunter, heading safaris. Eight years later Lawson, his daughter and Gail come to Africa and find Warner at the head of their safari. They are terrified—all but the daughter who, knowing nothing of the *contretemps* and what has gone before, falls in love with Warner. Gail tries once to get Warner back—unsuccessfully. Later she makes another effort—and that is where we find them now, moonlight streaming over the plains and silvering the palms.

As Warner enters his tent, strikes a match and lights the lamp, he suddenly sees Gail curled up on his cot in an alluring posture. She smiles up at him. "I've been waiting a long time," she says silkily. As he doesn't answer, she slowly straightens to a sitting position. "Don't you ever tire of being the strong silent man?" she asks with an attempt at lightness.

Warner merely looks at her, his expression cynical. Gail rises, trying to give the impression she is perfectly at ease but one is aware of a desperate anxiety in her manner.

"And you used to be such a charming host," she remembers. "You might offer me a drink, you know."

"You're amazing, Helen," Warner says

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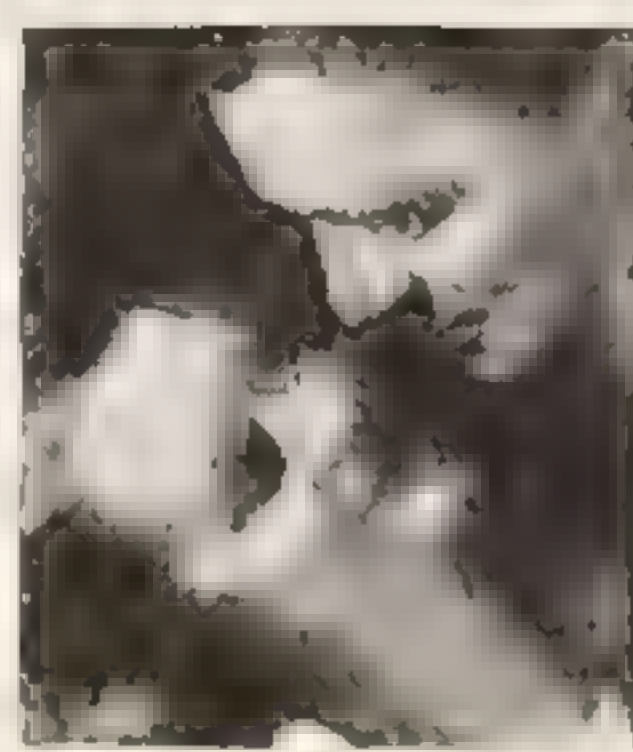
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with a sudden smile. "You haven't changed a bit."

"I'm glad you appreciate me," she smiles nervously.

He merely shoves his hands in his pockets and stands regarding her with a look of bitter amusement. Realizing she is not getting anywhere, she takes a step towards him. "Clark," she says tensely, "let's put an end to this stupid cat-and-mouse game."

"Don't tell me you're suggesting *this* time I'm the cat—and you're the poor little mouse," he exclaims mockingly.

For an instant she seems frustrated—unable to cope with his remoteness, but then she goes on appealingly: "I know what you think of me—and I don't blame you. There's nothing you could say to me," rushing along in a torrent of self-abasement, "that wouldn't be deserved. You know that but," with a burning intensity, "perhaps there's something you *don't* know—something I didn't even know myself—until these last few days—You're the only man I've ever loved!"

Baxter stands regarding her gravely and for the moment he seems to believe her.

"I must have been insane to do what I did," she continues impetuously, coming close to him. "But I'll make up for it, darling! Any way you say! I'll leave Varek (Lawson) tonight! I'll go with you—anywhere!"

There is an instant's dramatic pause. His face is expressionless. She waits breathlessly to be taken in his arms. Then, suddenly, he laughs—a short, contemptuous laugh. "That was superb, Helen," he mocks. "A remarkable performance!"

She stares at him, realizing she has failed. Then—with an abrupt change of manner—she smiles bitterly and shrugs.

"It *should* be amusing to hear you talk about love," he says, his eyes smiling but his voice cutting, "but somehow it isn't." Then, abruptly, he yawns and turns towards the door. "And now, if you don't mind, Helen, I'm tired."

Gail looks at him angrily, turns quickly and goes out.

It's a fine scene—finely played.

I say "hello" to Warner and his wife who is visiting him on the set and wonder how in the name of Allah she contrives to look comfortable when she's smothered in silver foxes and the thermometer is about 110 on the stage.

Then Gail and I chat for awhile and she tells me how happy she is over this big chance she's getting and how much she likes being loaned around to other studios as she has been during this past year. And I congratulate her on the fact that of all the five Panther Women whom Paramount brought out here five years ago, as the result of a nation-wide contest they conducted, Gail, alone, has survived and done anything.

Gail is so beautiful, so intelligent and so witty I hate to say "goodbye" but there is still "Lloyd's of London" to be covered.

This has to do with the founding of the famous Lloyd's Insurance Company.

The hero of the story is Jonathan Blake, played by Freddie Bartholomew as a child and by Tyrone Power, Jr. as an adult. Loretta Young was to have been the love interest but the part wasn't big enough to suit her so she walked out of the picture and set sail for Honolulu. Now Madeleine Carroll is the love interest and the part has been enlarged.

When Tyrone finds she is the wife of the man he hates, his despair knows no bounds. He swears to climb so high in public esteem that everyone will respect and fear him—and cultivate him. And he makes good his threat.

The set is the interior of Lloyd's and I wish you could see it in reality, rather

than merely on the screen. Many of the pieces used as props were actually brought from England.

The place is a bedlam. News has just been received of Lord Nelson's defeat. The hundreds of men in the place are staring



"Lloyd's of London" is the thrilling story of how a nice little business in England had its beginnings. Tyrone Power, Jr., and Miles Mander in an exciting moment.

at a bell. The bell tolls once to denote a disaster and twice for good news. It has tolled once. All of them are staring at it, that is, save two. One of the two, Miles Mander (who plays *Jukes*), is sitting in a booth. Suddenly he whips out a pistol and points it at his head. Tyrone who has been watching him, leaps on a bench, reaches over the top of the booth and pushes the gun away just as it's fired.

"You fool!" he yells. "That won't help things."

Suddenly he hears the voice of Sir Guy Standing, whose protege he is, calling, "Jonathan! Jonathan!! Jonathan!!!"

At the third "Jonathan!" Tyrone looks around the room to locate Sir Guy, sees him, jumps off the bench and walks over to him.

"Cut!" calls the director.

"When they wanted to borrow me from Paramount for this part," Sir Guy explains to me afterwards, "the studio called me in and asked me to read the script and see what I thought of it. I took it up to my dressing room and started reading it. It was a big thick script. I became so engrossed in it I completely forgot it was a script and that I was supposed to be reading it to see what kind of part I'd have. I read it as though it were a novel in which I had no direct or personal interest."

That certainly speaks well for the plot development.

And now we'll make a quick jaunt to M-G-M and then call it a day.

At M-G-M

THE Marx Brothers are cutting capers in their new picture titled "A Day At The Races." The scene is Groucho's bedroom but I don't see Groucho around. Instead, Esther Muir, one of our more opulent blondes, all done up in black satin that fits her like a sausage skin and shows her off like a diamond in a Tiffany setting, is sitting at a table with a huge compact, which she is holding in front of her as she powders her face. Harpo is standing at her shoulder, annoying her.

"Blow! Blow, will you?" Esther screams at him in a rage, meaning he should take the air.

But Harpo grins fiendishly, smiles as though he understood perfectly what she means, leans over, takes a deep breath and blows so hard he almost lifts Esther out of her seat. He doesn't quite, but he does loosen all the powder from its moorings. As the gust of breath hits the compact the powder flies all in her face, all over

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her dress. My word! There's hell to pay and the chase is on.

Aside from Esther, the most distinguishing feature of this set is the huge basket of flowers on the table. They're artificial—the work of Steve McDonald, who makes all of M-G-M's flowers. The man is really an artisan. I defy anyone to stand five feet away from any of his flowers and tell they're not real. Some of them you can only distinguish from real flowers by touching them. The artificial flowers cost more than real ones but the heat from the lights wilts real flowers so rapidly it's cheaper to use artificial ones.

Next we have "The Cockeyed Cruise" featuring Edmund Lowe, Elissa Landi, ZaSu Pitts and Eadie Adams.

The scene is the bar on board a ship bound for San Francisco. At the bar are Edgar ("Average Man") Kennedy, ZaSu Pitts and Harland Briggs, who plays her husband. Mr. Kennedy, I believe, is a crook posing as a detective. They are sipping drinks—or guzzling them—with Pittsie quavering and fluttering all over the place, when Lowe dashes in and makes straight for detective Kennedy.

"Sergeant!" he gasps. "Quick. There's a dead man in my stateroom."

"Hey!" Kennedy growls to the barkeep. "Will you slip this guy a Mickey Finn?"

"Oh, Mr. Trent," ZaSu quavers, all agog and atwitter, "did I hear you say what I thought I heard you say—or didn't I?"

"You heard him all right," Kennedy mutters.

"But listen," Lowe persists to Kennedy, "this is on the level—and it isn't the same man that was dead before."

"Oh," Kennedy sneers with heavy sarcasm, "you gotta collection."

"I don't like the way you're talking to Mr. Trent," ZaSu announces to Kennedy. "If he says he's gotta dead man you can be dead sure he's dead right."

Need I tell you this is a "Cops and Robbers" story and that it all comes about over the theft of an enormous diamond known as "The White Dragon"?

"Maytime" has been taken out of production temporarily for some re-writing so that leaves only "Love on the Run" starring Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone.

I'm ashamed to confess I've forgotten the plot of this picture, except that Joan and Clark steal an airplane to get out of England. Then they steal a delivery truck which, curiously enough, belongs to a *couturier* from whom she frequently buys clothes. Therefore, she doesn't feel she's doing anything very wrong when she appropriates one of the dresses she finds in the truck. It fits her to perfection and is it lovely!

"You're looking swell," I compliment Joan when the scene is finished.

"I do not!" she retorts indignantly, drawing herself and showing me her waistline which is so small I could put my two hands around it. "I weigh a hundred and thirty and that's entirely too much."

Florence, the script girl, comes up dragging a strange woman visitor on the set with her. "Joan," Florence begins, "will you show my friend your stomach?"

"Well, really," Joan gasps, a little disconcerted at the idea of showing a perfect stranger anything so personal.

"I mean, how thin it is," Florence explains and turns to me. "She's got everybody in the company on a diet," Florence continues. "Me, Mr. Gable, Joe Manckiewicz the producer, and she's trying to get Mr. Van Dyke to go on one, too."

All of which just goes to prove that no matter which way you part your teeth, a smile is still a smile.

I'll be seein' ya!

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A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert

ROBERT TAYLOR and Clark Gable may be your Dream Boys, dear fans, but it seems that to the extra girls on their sets they're just a couple of actors. Recently a newspaper man took a vote among the extras on one of the Metro sets as to what men they would like to marry. Of the thirty-five girls one voted for Robert Taylor, one for Clark Gable, one for Gary Cooper, and all the rest for King Edward. Well, Mrs. "Wally" Simpson must be right.

IT WAS not until Sally Eilers had moved into a hunting lodge near the Denham studios on the edge of London that she heard the legend that the lodge was haunted. Sally learned from her informers that the lodge belonged to an earl some hundreds of years ago who went forth on a grouse hunting trip and never returned, although the neighbors and servants say that his spirit often returns. Sally is eagerly waiting to meet the astral earl—she hopes he looks like Robert Donat.

CESAR ROMERO is Martha Raye's latest escort about town. And Simone Simon seems to be dividing her time between Willie Wyler, director, and Jacques Thiery, writer. Maybe it's because they both speak French and Simone's English is still sadly lacking. Simone attended her second preview, "Ladies in Love" with Thiery and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boyer.

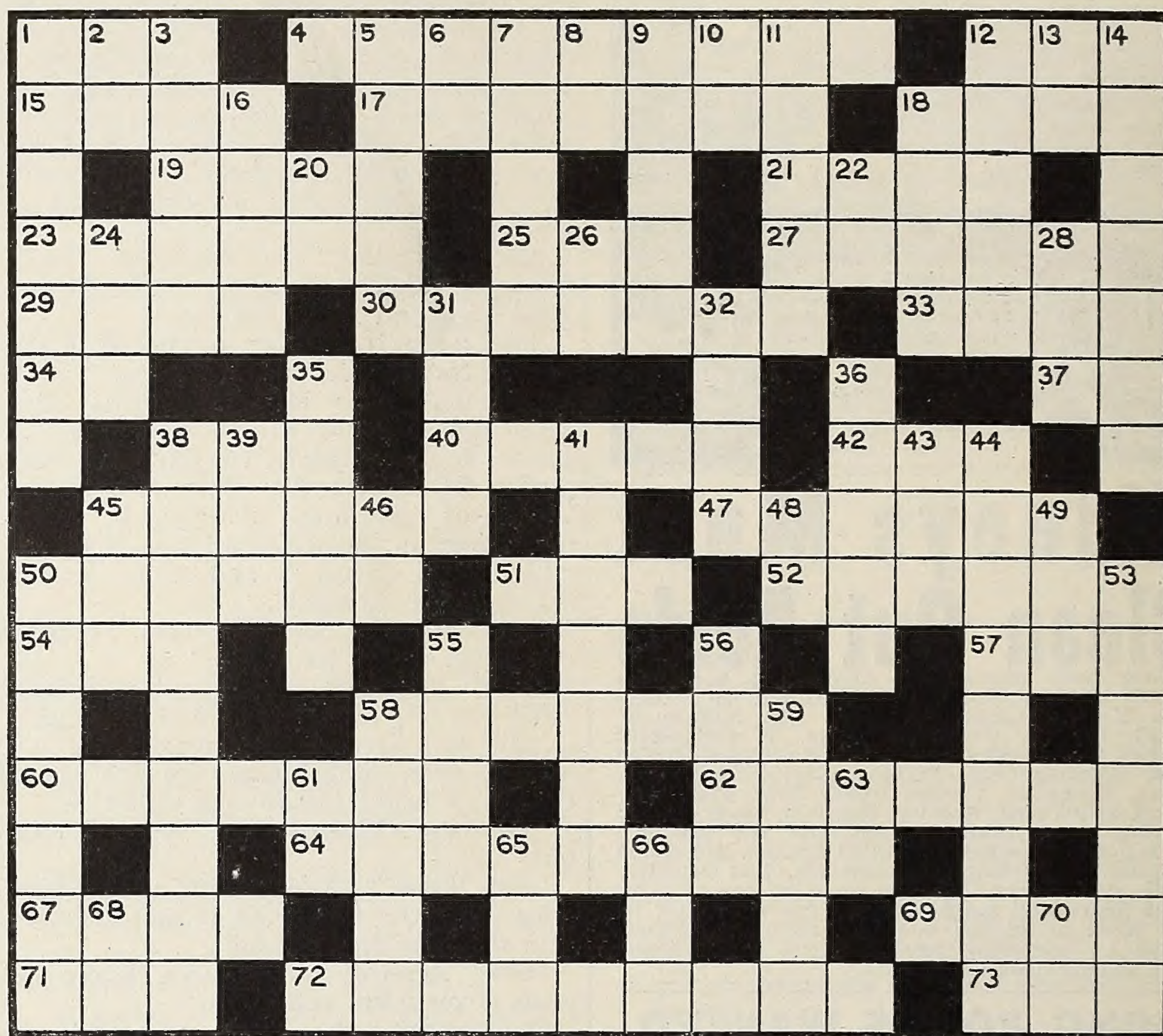
JOAN BLONDELL and Dick Powell rather reversed things on their recent honeymoon in New York. They sent all their friends postcards on which they had written: "Having a grand time. Glad you are not here."

ALICE FAYE just can't get New York out of her blood, so she has put an auto horn on her new car which sounds exactly like a Hudson River boat.

WHEN someone asked Merle Oberon what she wanted as a "going away" present (Merle has to go back to London for that Korda picture) she very promptly replied that a huge box of chewing gum would be the thing she'd appreciate most of all. It seems she doesn't like the British variety.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE had to speak a few words of Chinese in her next picture "Stowaway," so the studio had a sweet little Chinese woman in to teach her. The woman made a game out of it with a bouncing ball and Shirley became so intrigued that she didn't want to stop taking lessons. Just tell Shirley it's a "game" and she'll study anything. She adores games.

IF YOU are a close friend of Joan Crawford's she will probably give you her own recording of the song "Lost." She is mad about the song and whenever she goes to the Trocadero for dinner and dancing with Franchot, the popular Phil Ohlman always has his orchestra play it for her several times. Ohlman is the composer of the song.



ACROSS

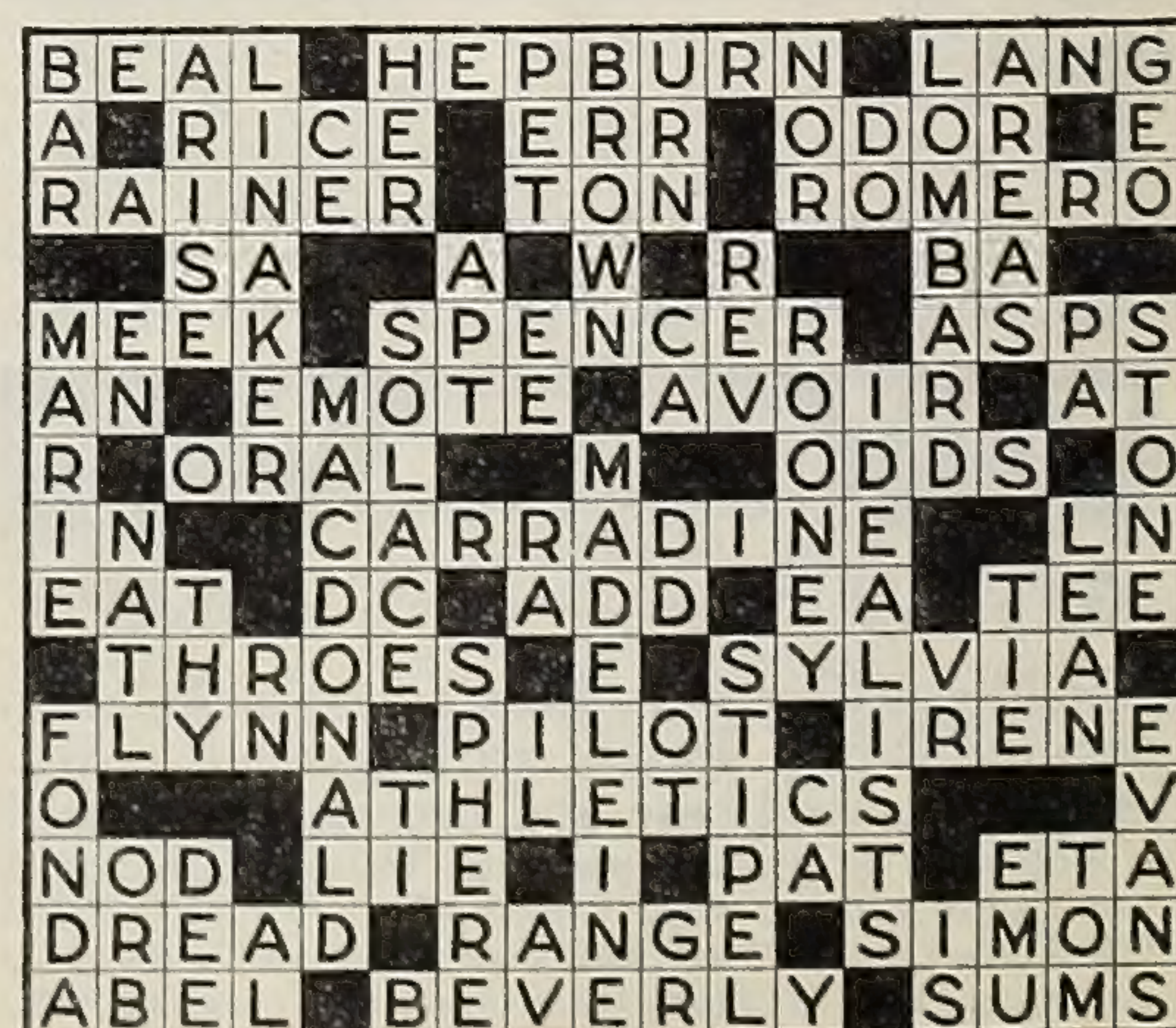
- 1 Not many
- 4 Charles Laughton's next characterization
- 12 Barbara Stanwyck's boy friend
- 15 The comedienne in "Rhythm on the Range"
- 17 He's starred in "The Gay Desperado"
- 18 Female horse
- 19 Prefix denoting against
- 21 The most joyous of winter seasons
- 23 A circuitous way
- 25 By birth
- 27 Lee Laird in "Public Enemy's Wife"
- 29 Specks
- 30 The rich heiress in "My American Wife"
- 33 A small bitter plum
- 34 Within
- 37 Thororoughfare (abbr.)
- 38 Feminine personal pronoun
- 40 A favorite comedian
- 42 Bustle
- 45 A course of business
- 47 Hardship
- 50 With Clark Gable in "Cain and Mabel"
- 51 Small cabin
- 52 In "Back to Nature"
- 54 Son of Mohammed
- 57 A strong alkaline solution
- 58 In "The Big Broadcast of 1937"
- 60 The hobo in "My Man Godfrey"
- 62 Ringing
- 64 Of short duration
- 67 The nurse in "The Road to Glory"
- 69 A player on the Fox lot
- 71 Cover
- 72 Ruth Chatterton and Walter Huston appeared in this
- 73 Feminine first name

DOWN

- 1 His next picture will be "Lloyds of London"
- 2 Every (abbr.)
- 3 In love with Ronald Colman in "The Lost Horizon"
- 5 Mohammedan princes
- 6 Parent
- 7 With Kay Francis in "Give Me Your Heart"
- 8 A direction (abbr.)
- 9 A famous woman evangelist
- 10 Former movie vamp (initials)
- 11 Myrna Loy's friend in "To Mary, With Love"
- 12 Tybalt in "Romeo and Juliet"
- 13 Either
- 14 With Joel McCrea in "Two in a Crowd"
- 16 Son of Seth (Bib.)
- 18 Roman god of war
- 20 Week-day (abbr.)

- 22 She and Charles Ruggles are a favorite comedy team (initials)
- 24 Period of time
- 26 Expression of slight surprise
- 28 Goddess of dawn
- 31 Above
- 32 Uncas in "The Last of the Mohicans"
- 35 Remarkable child singer in "Rainbow on the River"
- 36 He made the first round trip across the Atlantic Ocean
- 38 The wife of "Anthony Adverse"
- 39 A silk worm
- 41 John Randolph in "The Georgious Hussy"
- 43 God (Latin)
- 44 A recent bride
- 45 California (abbr.)
- 46 A suffix
- 48 On high
- 49 A pen for swine
- 50 The blind mother in "Star for a Night"
- 53 A burglar (slang)
- 55 City in Ohio
- 56 Stakes in gambling
- 58 "Winter set" is her latest picture
- 59 A favorite English actor
- 61 Neuter pronoun
- 63 Lieutenant (abbr.)
- 65 National Academy of Science (abbr.)
- 66 Japanese statesman
- 68 Three-toed sloth
- 70 The sun god

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



BE IRRESISTIBLE—USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

IRRESISTIBLE

YOU picture the Irresistible woman before you see her. She appears in a halo of exquisite fragrance. Men are instinctively drawn to her. The power to attract, to fascinate is the secret of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Let it be yours, too.

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Millions of women everywhere — on Park Avenue, along Broadway, in countries throughout the world . . . prefer IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME for its exotic, lasting fragrance.

To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature which gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

Only 10c each at all 5 & 10c Stores



IRRESISTIBLE LIP LURE—THE NEW GLOWING VIBRANT LIPSTICK



Mrs. Alexander Black, descendant of a California family prominent since the early Spanish settlements. This is her latest portrait, a study by Hurrell.

Mrs. Alexander Black
of Los Angeles
recalls with pleasure:

Lazy days at Del Monte...casual house parties at her husband's Shasta County ranch...the amusing new evening jackets...charity work...up-country hunting and fishing, dashing East on holidays...attending the film *premieres*...gathering a gay crowd for a midnight snack from the chafing dish: perhaps sweetbreads in cream with chopped almonds...Melba Toast...cheese...coffee.

And always within reach...Camels. Camels are important in the success of this clever hostess. "For me and for most of my friends, Camels are a natural, necessary part of social life. Camels add a special zest to smoking," says Mrs. Black, "and they have a beneficial effect upon digestion. They give one a comforting 'lift' that is easy to enjoy but hard to describe."

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
MISS MARY BYRD, Richmond
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, Boston
MRS. ERNEST du PONT, JR., Wilmington
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN, III, Baltimore
MRS. LANGDON POST, New York
MISS ANNE C. ROCKEFELLER, New York
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, New York

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The Trianon Room, Ambassador Hotel, New York, where you see Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York too! John Gayet, *maitre d'hôtel*, says: "The Ambassador's discriminating clientele prefer finer food and finer tobaccos. Camels are an outstanding favorite at our tables."

Both a pleasure and an aid to digestion:
Smoking Camels!

One of the happiest experiences of daily living is smoking Camels. Their grateful "lift" eases you out of a tired mood...their delicate flavor always intrigues the taste. Meals become more delightful with Camels between courses and after. They accent elusive flavors...and lend their subtle aid

to good digestion. For Camels stimulate the flow of digestive fluids, bringing about a favorable alkalizing effect. Camel's costlier tobaccos do not get on your nerves or tire your taste. They set you right. Make it Camels from now on — for pleasure...and for digestion's sake!



COSTLIER TOBACCOS: CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

— for Digestion's sake... Smoke Camels